THE

INVISIBLE SPY.

120 f. c. 3.
1/3.

BY EXPLORABILIS.

Exploralibus
K

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. N° 18, Paternoster Row.
M DCC LXXXVIII.

THE

INVISIBLE SPY.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE PUBLICK.

I Have obſerved that when a new book begins to make a noiſe in the world, every one is deſirous of becoming acquainted with the author; and this impatience increaſes, the more he endeavours to conceal himſelf. I expect to hear an hundred different names inſcribed to the Inviſible, ſome of which I ſhould, perhaps, be proud of, others as much aſhamed to own. Some will doubtleſs take me for a philoſoper, others for a fool; with ſome I ſhall paſs for a man of pleaſure, with others for a ſtoick; ſome will look upon me as a courtier, others as a patriot: but whether I am any one of theſe, or whether I am even a man or a woman, they will find it, after all their conjectures, as difficult to diſcover as the longitude.

I think it therefore a duty incumbent on my good-nature to put an early ſtop to ſuch fruitleſs inquiſitions; and alſo at the ſame time to ſatisfy, in ſome meaſure, the curioſity of the publick, by giving an account of the means by which I attained the gift of inviſibility I poſſeſs.

Know then, gentle reader, that in the former part of my life it was my good fortune to do a ſignal ſervice to a certain venerable perſon ſince dead: he was deſcended from the ancient Magi of the Chaldeans, inherited their wiſdom, and was well verſed in all the myſtick ſecrets of their art. Beſides his gratitude for the good offices I had done him, he ſeemed to have found ſomething in my humour and manner of behaviour that extremely pleaſed him; he would often have me with him, and entertained me with diſcourſes on things of which otherwiſe I ſhould have had no idea.

But it was not long that I enjoyed this benefit. He ſent for me one day, to let me know he was much indiſpoſed, and deſired I would come immediately to him: I went, and found him, not as I expected, in bed, but ſitting in an eaſy chair. After the firſt ſalutations were over, and I had placed myſelf pretty near him—'My good friend,' ſaid he, taking hold of my hand, 'I feel that I 'muſt ſhortly quit this buſy world; the 'ſilver cord is looſened, the golden bowl 'is broken, every thing within me haſ-'tens to a ſpeedy diſſolution; and I was 'willing to ſee you once more before I 'ſet out on my journey to that land of 'ſhades; as Hamlet truly ſays—

"That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe
"bourn
"No traveller returns."

'As the remembrance of you,' continued he, 'will certainly accompany 'me beyond the grave, I would wiſh, 'methinks, to hold ſome place in yours

'while you remain on earth, to the end 'that I may not be quite a ſtranger to 'you when we meet in eternity. I have 'no land, nor tenements, nor gold, nor 'ſilver, to bequeath, yet am not deſtitute 'of ſomething which may be equally 'worthy your acceptance.'

Then, after a little pauſe—'Take 'this,' added he, giving me a key; 'it 'will admit you into a cloſet which no 'one but myſelf has ever entered. I call 'it my cabinet of curioſities, and I be'lieve you will find ſuch things there as 'will deſerve that name: chuſe from 'among them any one that moſt ſuits 'your fancy, and accept it as a token 'of my love.'

He ſaid no more, but rung his bell for a ſervant, who, by his orders, conducted me by a narrow winding ſtair-caſe to the top of the houſe, and left me at a little door, which I opened with the key that had been given me, and found myſelf in a ſmall ſquare room, built after the manner of a turret. All the furniture was an old wicker chair, with a piece of blanket thrown careleſsly over it, I ſuppoſe to defend the ſage from the air when he ſat there to ſtudy: near it was placed a table, not leſs antiquated, with two globes, a ſtandiſh with ſome paper, and ſeveral books in manuſcript, but wrote in characters too unintelligible for me to comprehend any part of what they contained. Juſt in the middle of the cieling hung a pretty large chryſtal ball, filled with a ſhining yellowiſh powder, and this inſcription paſted on it—

THE ILLUSIVE POWDER.

A ſmall quantity of this powder, blown through the quill of a porcupine when the Moon is in Aries, raiſes ſplendid viſions in the people's eyes; and, if applied when the ſame planet is in Cancer, ſpreads univerſal terror and diſmay.

I eaſily perceived that this was one of the curioſities my friend had mentioned, and a great one indeed it was; but, as I had neither intereſt nor inclination to impoſe upon my fellow-creatures, I judged it fitter for the poſſeſſion of ſome one or other of the mighty rulers of the earth.

I then turned towards the walls, which were all hung round with teleſcopes, horoſcopes, microſcopes, taliſmans, multipliers, magnifiers of all degrees and ſizes, loadſtones cut in various forms, and great numbers of mathematical inſtruments; but theſe, as I was altogether ignorant of their uſes, I paſſed ſlightly over, till I came to a hand-bell, which having the appearance of no other than ſuch as I had ordinarily ſeen at a lady's tea-table, I ſhould have taken no notice of, but for a label prefixed to it, on which I found theſe words—

THE SYMPATHETICK BELL,

The leaſt tinkle of which not only ſets all the bells of the whole country, be it of ever ſo large extent, in motion, without the help of men to pluck the ropes, but alſo makes them play whatever changes the party is pleaſed to nominate.

Though I thought art could produce no greater wonder than this bell, yet I felt no ſtrong deſire of becoming maſter of it; but proceeded to examine what farther rarities this extraordinary cabinet would preſent. The next I took notice of was a phial, not much unlike thoſe which are commonly ſold in the ſhops with French Hungary-water: it had this inſcription—

SALTS OF MEDITATION,

Which, held cloſe to the noſtrils for the ſpace of three ſeconds and a half, corrects all vague and wandering thoughts, fixes the mind, and enables it to ponder juſtly on any ſubject that requires deliberation.

This beneficial ſecret I alſo rejected, through a mere point of conſcience, as thinking it would be a much better ſervice to mankind if in the poſſeſſion of the divines, lawyers, politicians, or phyſicians; eſpecially the two laſt mentioned, as it might prevent the one from engaging in any enterprize they have not abilities or courage to go through with; and the other from falling into thoſe groſs miſtakes they are frequently guilty of in relation to the caſe of the diſeaſed.

The next, and indeed the firſt thing that raiſed in me any covetous emotions, was the apparatus of a belt, but ſeemed no more than a collection of atoms gathered together in that form, and playing in the ſun-beams. I could not perſuade myſelf it was a real ſubſtance, till I took

I took it down, and then found it ſo light, that if I ſhut my eyes I knew not that I had any thing in my hand. The label annexed to it had theſe words—

THE BELT OF INVISIBILITY,

Which, faſtened round the body, next the ſkin, no ſooner becomes warm, than it renders the party inviſible to all human eyes.

A little farther, on the ſame ſide of the wall, was placed a tablet, or pocket-book; which, on examining, I found was compoſed of a clear glaſſy ſubſtance, firm, yet thin as the bubbles which we ſometimes ſee riſe on the ſurface of the waters: it was malleable, and doubled in many foldings, ſo that, when ſhut, it ſeemed very ſmall; but, when extended, was more long and broad than any ſheet I ever ſaw of imperial paper. It's uſes were decyphered in the following inſcription—

THE WONDERFUL TABLET,

Which, in whatever place it is ſpread open, receives the impreſſion of every word that is ſpoken, in as diſtinct a manner as if engraved; and can no way be expunged but by the breath of a virgin, of ſo pure an innocence as not to have even thought on the difference of ſexes. After ſuch a one, if ſuch a one is to be found, has blown pretty hard upon it for the ſpace of ſeven ſeconds and three quarters, ſhe muſt wipe it gently with the firſt down under the left wing of an unfledged ſwan, plucked when the Moon is in three degrees of Virgo: this done, the Tablet will be entirely free from all former memorandums, and fit to take a new impreſſion.

Note, That the virgin muſt exceed twelve years of age.

I was very much divided between theſe two: the Belt of Inviſibility put a thouſand rambles into my head, which promiſed diſcoveries highly flattering to the inquiſitiveneſs of my humour; but then the Tablet, recording every thing I ſhould hear ſpoken, which I confeſs my memory is too defective to retain, filled me with the moſt ardent deſire of becoming maſter of ſo ineſtimable a treaſure. In fine, I wanted both; ſo encroaching is the temper of mankind, that the grant of one favour generally paves the way for ſoliciting a ſecond.

While I was in this dilemma, a ſtratagem occurred, which I heſitated not to put in practice, and found it anſwer to my wiſhes. I took both the Belt and Tablet in my hand; and having carefully locked the door of the cabinet, returned to the adept: he ſaw the Belt, which being long, hung over my wriſt; but not perceiving I had the Tablet—'The choice you have made,' ſaid he with a ſmile, 'confirms the truth of 'what I always believed, that curioſity 'is the moſt prevailing paſſion of the 'human mind.'

'However juſt that poſition may be,' replied I, 'that propenſity is not ſtrong 'enough in me, to make me able to de-'cide between the wonderful Tablet, 'and the no leſs wonderful Belt: they 'appear to me of ſuch equal eſtimation, 'that whenever I would fix on the one, 'the benefits of the other riſe up in op-'poſition to my choice; and I know not 'which of the two I ſhould receive with 'moſt pleaſure, or leave with the leaſt 'regret. I have therefore brought both 'down to you, and intreat you will de-'termine for me.'

I ſoon perceived he underſtood my meaning perfectly well; for, after a little pauſe—'When I made you the offer,' ſaid he, 'of whatever you liked beſt 'among my collection of curioſities, I 'intended not that your acceptance of 'one thing ſhould render you unhappy 'through the want of another: take, 'then, I beſeech you, both the Belt and 'the Tablet; you ſhall leave neither of 'them behind you; nor do I wonder 'you ſhould deſire to unite them; they 'are, in a manner, concomitant; and 'the ſatisfaction that either of them 'would be able to procure, would be 'incompleat without the aſſiſtance of the 'other.'

Thus was I put in poſſeſſion of a treaſure, which I thought the more valuable, as I was pretty certain no other perſon, in this kingdom at leaſt, enjoyed the like. After making proper acknowledgments to the obliging donor, I took my leave, and returned home with a heart overflowing with delight.

I was not long before I made trial of my Belt, and found the effects as the label had deſcribed. I alſo opened my Tablet, ſpoke, and ſaw my words immediately

mediately imprinted on it. I then procured ſome ſwans-down, according to direction, and entreated ſeveral young ladies to breathe upon it, one after another: but though I dare anſwer for their virtue, the favour they did me was in vain; the impreſſion remained ſtill indelible.

Indeed, when I began to conſider maturely on the conditions preſcribed in the label of the Tablet, I was ſenſible that it was not enough for a virgin to be perfectly innocent; ſhe muſt alſo be equally ignorant, to be qualified for the performance of the taſk required: and not to have once thought on the difference of ſexes, ſeemed a thing ſcarce poſſible, after ſix or ſeven years of age at moſt; and would have been as great a prodigy as either of thoſe which had been beſtowed upon me by the adept.

What would I not have given for ſuch a one as Dorinda in Shakeſpeare's Inchanted Iſland! but ſuch a hope being vain, I was extremely puzzled, and knew not what to do. At laſt, however, a lucky thought got me over the difficulty; it was this: I prevailed, for a ſmall ſum of money, with a very poor widow, who had ſeveral children, to let me have a girl of about three years old, to bring up and educate as I judged proper. I then committed my little purchaſe to the care of an elderly woman, whoſe diſcretion I had experienced. I communicated to her the whole of my deſign, and inſtructed her how to proceed in order to render it effectual.

The little creature was kept in an upper room, which had no window in it but a ſky-light in the roof of the houſe; ſo could be witneſs of nothing that paſſed below. Her diet was thin, and very ſparing. She was not permitted to ſleep above half the time generally allowed for repoſe; and ſo no living thing but the old woman, who lay with her, gave her food, and did all that was neceſſary about her.

I frequently viſited them in my inviſibility, and was highly pleaſed and diverted with the diligence of my good old woman. She not only obeyed my orders with the utmoſt punctuality, but did many things of her own accord, which, though very requiſite, I had not thought of. To prevent her young charge from falling into any of thoſe diſtempers which the want of exerciſe ſometimes occaſions, ſhe contrived to make a ſwing for her acroſs the room; taught her to play at battledore and ſhuttlecock; to toſs the ball, and catch it at the rebound; and ſuch like childiſh gambols, which both delighted her mind, and kept her limbs in a continual motion.

This conduct, and this regimen, conſtantly obſerved, maintained my virgin's purity inviolate; as I did not fail to make an eſſay in a few days after ſhe entered into her thirteenth year, and the ſucceſs of my endeavours made me not regret the pains I had been at for ſuch a length of time.

Now it runs in my head that ſome people will not credit one word of all this; for as there are many who believe too much, there are yet many more who will believe nothing at all but what their own ſhallow reaſon enables them to comprehend. Well, then, let them judge as they think fit; let them puzzle their wiſe noddles till they ache; I ſhall ſit ſnug in my inviſibility, while they loſe half the pleaſure, and, it may be, all the improvement, of my lucubrations.

But thoſe who reſolve to purſue me through the following pages with an ingenuous candour, I flatter myſelf will loſe nothing by the chace. They will find me in various places, though not in ſo many as perhaps they may expect. They would in vain ſeek me at court balls, city feaſts, the halls of juſtice, or meetings for elections; nor do I much haunt the opera or play-houſes. In fine, I avoid all crowds, all mixed aſſemblies, except the maſquerade and Venetian balls. I am a member of the eſtabliſhed church; but, as I am not aſhamed of appearing at divine worſhip, never put on my Inviſible Belt when I go there. I revere regal authority, but ſeldom viſit the cabinets of princes; becauſe they are generally ſo filled with a thick fog, that the chryſtalline texture of my Tablets could not receive what was ſaid there ſo as to be read diſtinctly: nor do I much care to venture myſelf among their miniſters of ſtate, or any of their under-working tools; the floors of their rooms, in which their cabals are held, are compoſed of ſuch ſlippery materials, that the leaſt *faux pas* might endanger my inviſibility, if not my neck. I ſhould be more frequently with the military gentlemen,

emen, but that they are ſo apt to draw their ſwords without occaſion, that while they think they are fencing in the air, they might chance to cut my belt aſunder. And what a figure I ſhould make, when one half of me was diſcovered, and the other was concealed! I will not mention the conſequence ſuch a ſight might produce in ſome of them.

But it would be of little importance to the publick to be told where I am not, unleſs they alſo know where I am. Have patience, then, good people, and you ſhall be ſatisfied.

Sometimes I ſtep in at one or other of thoſe gaming-houſes which are above law, by being under the protection of the great; but I ſeldom ſtay long in any of them, as I can ſee nothing there but what I have ſeen an hundred times before in thoſe leſſer aſſemblies of the ſame kind that have been ſo juſtly put down by authority.

Sometimes I peep into the cloſet of an antiquarian, where I find matter enough to excite both my pity and contempt. What greater inſtance can we have of the depravity of human nature, than in a rich curmudgeon, who, while he grumbles to allow his family neceſſary food, chearfully unties his bags, and pours out fifty, or, it may be, an hundred guineas, for the purchaſe of a bit of old copper; only becauſe a fellow of more wit than honeſty tells him it was found under the ruins of an ancient wall, where it had been buried ever ſince the time of Julius Cæſar, or Severus?

Sometimes, too, I amuſe myſelf with turning over the collection of a virtuoſo; where I am always filled with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, at finding ſums ſufficient to endow an hoſpital laviſhed in the purchaſe of wings of butterflies, the ſhells of fiſhes, dried reptiles, the paw of ſome exotick animal, and ſuch like baubles, neither pleaſing in their proſpect nor uſeful in their natures.

Sometimes I make one at the levee of a rich heir, juſt arrived from his travels to the poſſeſſion of an overgrown eſtate; where I cannot help trembling for the future fate of the poor youth, on ſeeing him beſieged with a crowd of marriage-brokers, pleaſure-brokers, exchange-brokers, lawyers, gameſters, French taylors, Dreſden milliners, petitioning harlots, congratulating poets; in fine, with ſharpers, flatterers, and ſycophants, of every kind.

Sometimes I mingle in the route of a woman of quality; ſee who wins, who loſes, at play; and in what manner ladies are frequently obliged to pay their debts of honour.

When I have nothing better to employ my time, I loiter away ſome hours in St. James's Park, Kenſington Gardens; or at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Mary-le-bon; and am often witneſs of ſome ſcenes exciting preſent mirth and future reflection.

But my chief delight is in the drawing-room of ſome celebrated toaſts, whence I often ſteal into their bed-chambers.—But don't be frighted, ladies; I never carry my inſpections farther than the *ruelle*.

Theſe are ſome few particulars of the tour I have made. To give the whole detail would be too tedious. I ſhall therefore only ſay that, wherever I am found, I ſhall always be found a lover of morality; and no enemy to religion, or any of it's worthy profeſſors, of what ſect or denomination ſoever.

And now, reader, having let thee into the ſecret of my hiſtory, as far as it is convenient for me to reveal, I ſhall leave thee to enjoy the advantage of thoſe diſcoveries my inviſibility enabled me to make.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINS SOME PREMISES VERY NECESSARY TO BE OBSERVED BY EVERY READER; AND ALSO AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S FIRST INVISIBLE VISIT.

IT was in the beginning of that ſeaſon of the year which affords moſt food for an enquiring mind, that I had got all things in order to ſally forth on my inviſible progreſſions. The auguſt repreſentatives of the whole body of the people were juſt ready to aſſemble; the expounders of the Law were hurrying to Weſtminſter Hall, and thoſe of the Goſpel to pay their compliments at St. James's. The ſhips of war were moſtly moored; and their gallant commanders had quitted the rough, athletick toil, for the ſoft charms of eaſe and luxury. The land-heroes, who, having no employment

ployment for their ſwords, had paſſed their days in rural ſports, now hunted after a different ſort of game, at the theatres and maſquerades. Frequent conſultations were held at the toilets of the ladies, on ways and means to outſhine each other in the circle. Former amours were now revived, and even new ones every day commenced. Madam Intelligence, with her thouſand and ten thouſand emiſſaries, all loaded with reports, ſome true, ſome falſe, flew ſwiftly through each quarter of this great metropolis; and had every pore of every human body been an ear, they all might have been fully gratified.

Beſides the gratification of a darling paſſion, I had another, and much more juſtifiable reaſon, for the value I ſet upon the legacy of my departed friend; which is this: I have it in my power to pluck off the maſk of hypocriſy from the ſeeming ſaint; to expoſe vice and folly in all their various modes and attitudes; to ſtrip a bad action of all the ſpecious pretences made to conceal or palliate it, and ſhew it in it's native uglineſs. At the ſame time, I have alſo the means to reſcue injured innocence from the cruel attacks begun by envy and ſcandal, and propagated by prejudice and ill-nature. In fine, I am enabled, by this precious gift, to ſet both things and perſons in their proper colours; and not in ſuch as, either through malice or partial favour, they are frequently made to appear.

I ſhould be ſorry, however, if any thing I have ſaid ſhould give the reader occaſion to imagine I am going to preſent him with a book of ſcandal: no; the ſecrets of families, and characters of perſons, ſhall be always ſacred with me. I ſhall give no man the opportunity of indulging a malicious pleaſure of laughing at his neighbour's faults. My aim, in this work, is not to ridicule, but reform. I would touch the hearts, not call a bluſh upon the face. And, as few people have errors ſo peculiar to themſelves, as there are not many guilty of the like, if the offender keeps his own counſel, he may very well paſs undiſtinguiſhed among the crowd of others equally culpable.

Verramond is juſtly accounted one of the moſt accompliſhed gentlemen of the preſent age. The gracefulneſs of his perſon, the engaging manner of his converſation his fine addreſs, and uncommon capacity, make his company deſired by all the young and gay part of the world; as his great learning, and perfect knowledge of men and things, render him the oracle of the more grave and ſerious. I had frequently the honour of meeting him at ſeveral places where I viſited, and found nothing in him which could in the leaſt contradict thoſe high ideas fame had given me of him.

It was therefore natural for me to take the advantage of my gift of inviſibility, in order to view this great perſon in his moſt retired moments; I mean, when he was alone, and diveſted of all thoſe modes and ceremonies which often diſguiſe the real man, and ſhew him to the publick far different from what he is.

Accordingly, the firſt viſit I made in my Belt was at his houſe. I ſlipped in as ſoon as I ſaw the door opened, went up ſtairs, and paſſed through ſeveral rooms, till I came to that where he was ſitting. I found him with a book in his hand, on which he ſeemed very intent. I doubted not but it was a treatiſe of philoſophy, or ſome other piece of learning or wit, ſuitable to the capacity of ſo great a genius: but how much was I ſurprized, when, looking over his ſhoulder, I perceived it was Hoyle's Method of Playing the Game of Whiſt! He appeared more than ordinarily taken up with one page, for he read it over three or four times; then ſtarted up from his chair, and throwing the book from him in a rage—'Curſe on this ſtuff!' cried he; 'it is good for nothing but to 'teach a man how to undo himſelf 'with more art.' After walking for ſome minutes backwards and forwards in the room with a diſordered motion, he flung himſelf into his chair, and fell into a profound reverie; in which I know not how long he might have continued, if he had not been rouzed from it by the approach of a perſon who I preſently found was his ſteward.

The buſineſs on which this man came into the room was no way pleaſing to Verramond; but becauſe I would avoid the troubleſome repetitions of 'ſaid he,' and 'replied he,' and 'reſumed the 'other,' and ſuch-like introductions to every ſpeech, I ſhall preſent all thoſe dialogues which are proper to be communicated to the publick, in the ſame manner as in the printed copies of theatrical performances.

Steward. My lord, the ſeveral tradeſmen

men whom your lordſhip ordered to come this morning are below, and wait your lordſhip's commands.

Verramond. I have no commands for them at all; ſo ſend them away.

Steward. Shall I bid them attend your lordſhip to-morrow?

Verramond. Aye, to-morrow ſix months, if you will; for I ſhall ſcarce have any buſineſs with them before.

Steward. My lord, I told them they ſhould all be paid off this morning. What excuſe can I make to them for ſuch a diſappointment?

Verramond. E'en what you will. If you can invent nothing better, you may tell them that you lyed when you made that promiſe in my name.

Steward. Your lordſhip knows it was by your own order I made that promiſe; and that you ſent me into the city yeſterday for money, which I doubted not but was to make good what I had told them. If your lordſhip pleaſes to conſider, it is now a long time ſince they brought in their bills, and they have had a great deal of patience.

Verramond. Rot their patience! Do you think to make a merit to me of their patience? Go, I ſay; ſend them away, and let me hear no more of them.

The tone in which Verramond uttered theſe words was ſo auſtere, that the honeſt domeſtick had not courage to reply, but left the room immediately; probably to receive no ſofter treatment below, from thoſe he was compelled to diſappoint, than he had juſt met with above, for attempting to intercede in their behalf.

Lord Macro was preſently after introduced. The late ſullenneſs of Verramond ſeemed now entirely diſſipated. Whatever was in his heart, his countenance wore only ſmiles; and he ran to receive him with open arms, and all the teſtimonies of the moſt perfect ſatisfaction: and yet, as I ſoon found by the diſcourſe they had together, this very Macro, the night before, had won of him at play fifteen hundred pounds, which was the ſum he had ſet apart for the payment of his creditors. Their converſation turning wholly upon gaming, a ſubject neither entertaining nor improving, I ſhall give my readers no more than a bare ſpecimen of it.

Lord Macro. My dear Verramond, I could not be eaſy till I ſaw you this morning: I thought you left the company ſomewhat abruptly laſt night, and was afraid your ill luck had given you ſome chagrin.

Verramond. Not in the leaſt, my dear Macro. I never think any thing loſt that a friend gains. But I remembered that I had ſome letters to write; otherwiſe ſhould have ſtaid and truſted Fortune with a brace or two of hundreds farther.

Lord Macro. As it is an honour to get the better of your lordſhip in any thing, ſo it will be no diſgrace to be overcome by a perſon of ſuch ſuperior abilities; therefore, I am ready to give you your revenge when you think fit.

Verramond. Nay, as for that, Macro, it muſt be confeſſed you know the game better than I.

Here followed a long ſucceſſion of mutual compliments on each other's ſkill in play; of which growing heartily tired, I was beginning to think of leaving the place; and ſhould have done ſo, if the appearance of the ſteward a ſecond time had not made me expect ſome change in the ſcene. His errand, and the ſucceſs it met with, will not, perhaps, appear ſo extraordinary to thoſe acquainted with the modiſh way of thinking, as it then did to me.

Steward. Farmer Hobſon is below, my lord. The poor man has rode hard all night, on purpoſe to reach town this morning, and lay his miſerable condition before your lordſhip.

Verramond. Piſh! what have I to do with his condition?

Steward. He ſays, my lord, that his crop proved ſo bad laſt year, that he had ſcarce wherewith to ſtock the ground; that Mr. Hardmeat, your lordſhip's ſteward in the country, is very ſenſible of his misfortunes; yet, though there are but five quarters due, threatens to turn him out of the farm next week. He therefore humbly hopes your lordſhip will take compaſſion on him, as he has ſix ſmall children, and his wife now lying in of the ſeventh.

Verramond. What buſineſs have ſuch fellows to get children? Does he expect my rent ſhall go for the maintenance of his brats?

Steward. He begs your lordſhip to

conſider that, for heſe eleven years he has rented the farm, he has always paid your lordſhip honeſtly; and does not doubt, through Providence, but to do ſo ſtill, if your lordſhip is pleaſed to have patience till next harveſt is over, and not ruin him at once.

Verramond. Let me hear no more of this ſtuff! I leave all to Mr. Hard-meat: he knows what he has to do; and I ſhall give myſelf no trouble about it.

The ſteward, with whoſe good-nature I was infinitely charmed, had his mouth open to urge ſomething farther in behalf of the diſtreſſed farmer, but was prevented by a ſervant that inſtant coming in, and preſenting a letter to Verramond; who then bid him go down, and tell the unhappy ſupplicant he might return home, for there was no anſwer to be given to his complaint.

Verramond would not open the letter he had juſt received till he knew who ſent it; but, on his footman's informing him it came from Mr. Gamble, he haſtily broke the ſeal, and found the contents as follows—

'MY EVER-HONOURED LORD,

'I Happened to be engaged laſt night 'at a houſe where the conſtable, 'with his poſſe, made a forcible en-'trance, demoliſhed our tables, put 'moſt of the company to flight, and 'ſeized the reſt. I was unluckily one 'of the laſt claſs; and committed to 'durance vile, as Hudibras ſays, as 'your lordſhip will perceive by the 'date hereof.

'A perſon here has undertaken, for a 'fee of five guineas, to procure my im-'mediate diſcharge; and I do not 'doubt, by the method he propoſes, but 'he is able to do it. I am not, how-'ever, at preſent, maſter of as many 'ſhillings: nor can any way raiſe the 'money he demands; having been 'obliged, the day before this accident 'befel me, to leave my watch, linen, 'and beſt apparel, at Mr. Grub's, in 'truſt for a ſmall ſum required of me 'by the pariſh-officers, on account of a 'baſtard child, which a wench of the 'town has done me the honour to ſwear 'I am the father of.

'All my hopes, therefore, of get-'ting out of limbo, are in your lord-'ſhip's generoſity; which if you vouch-'ſafe to grant me this one more proof 'of, I ſhall, if poſſible, be more than 'ever, with the moſt profound duty, 'dear patron, your devoted vaſſal,

'RICHARD GAMBLE.

'BRIDEWELL.

'P. S. I had forgot to acquaint 'your lordſhip, that I ſhall have need 'of more than the above-mentioned 'ſum, for diſcharging the fees of this 'curſed hole; without the payment 'of which I cannot be releaſed.'

Verramond heſitated not a moment to comply with this requeſt, nor even whether he ſhould exceed what was deſired of him: he drew out his purſe, put ten guineas into the footman's hands, and ordered him to run directly to Bridewell. 'Carry that money to 'Mr. Gamble, with his compliments; 'and let him know he ſhould be glad 'to ſee him, as ſoon as he has recovered 'his liberty.'

Who will ſay now that Verramond is not liberal? But, alas! how ill-placed an act of benevolence was this? Was it not rather caprice than true charity, which induced him to beſtow this money to ſave a common ſharper from the puniſhment he juſtly merited; yet, at the ſame time, refuſe to an honeſt, induſtrious tenant, a ſmall reſpite of payment, though to preſerve him and his poor family from deſtruction? But Gamble was a neceſſary perſon at a gaming-table; he was of importance to his pleaſure that way: and the farmer being only regarded for the rent he paid, when deficient in that, muſt be thrown out like a piece of uſeleſs lumber, and his place occupied by ſome one who promiſed to be of greater utility.

Yet do I not think ſuch a conduct is always to be aſcribed to the fault of nature. Verramond has certainly the ſeeds of virtue and honour in his ſoul; but they are ſuffocated and choaked up by his immoderate love of play. Strange is it, that a man, capable of thinking ſo juſtly, will not be at the pains of thinking at all, but ſuffer himſelf to be ſwayed, by a darling propenſity, to actions which, if he once reflected upon, he would be ſo far from perpetrating, that he would deſpiſe the very temptation of being guilty of!

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

PRESENTS THE READER WITH SOME PASSAGES WHICH CANNOT FAIL OF ENTERTAINING THOSE NOT INTERESTED IN THEM, AND MAY BE OF SERVICE TO THOSE WHO ARE.

AMONG the numerous troops of Britiſh toaſts, there are few who ſhine with more diſtinguiſhed luſtre, in all publick places, than the beautiful Marcella. Beſides an exact ſymmetry of features, a moſt delicate complexion, and a fine-turned ſhape, there is ſomething peculiarly enchanting in her air and mien. I never ſee her, without being reminded of the celebrated deſcription Milton gives of Eve in her ſtate of innocence—

'Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
'In ev'ry geſture dignity and love.'

She was married very young to Celadon; and though neither of their hearts had been conſulted in the match, yet they had the reputation of living well together. They behaved to each other with the greateſt complaiſance in publick; and if any cauſe of diſcontent ever happened between them, both had the diſcretion to keep it extremely private.

I could not, therefore, expect to make any extraordinary diſcoveries in this family. The door, however, happening to be open one day as I paſſed by, I ſtepped in without any previous deſign; and, now I did ſo, was rather excited by curioſity of ſeeing ſome fine pictures, which I had been told were in the houſe, than of prying into the behaviour of the owners.

But it frequently falls out, that what we leaſt ſeek we moſt eaſily find; and thoſe things we imagine fartheſt from us, are in effect the neareſt. In paſſing through the ſeveral rooms in this houſe, I ſaw Marcella writing in her cloſet; and never was I ſo much amazed as now, to find ſo fair a form harbour a mind capable of dictating theſe lines—

'TO FILLAMOUR.

'DEAREST OF YOUR SEX,

'THANKS to the powers of love and liberty, that hated bar to all my happineſs is removed for a ſhort time! Celadon is gone upon a party of pleaſure, and this night is entirely my own. If, therefore, no more agreeable engagement detains you, come here between the hours of twelve and one. I ſhall take care to ſend all the family to bed, except the faithful Rachel; who ſhall attend to admit you, on your giving a gentle rap againſt the ſhutter of the parlour-window next the door. Let me know by the bearer whether I may expect you; though it is a bleſſing I ſcarce doubt of, if any of that affection be ſincere, as you have often vowed to the believing and paſſionate

'MARCELLA.'

Having ſealed this billet, ſhe called her chambermaid, and ordered her to ſend it, as directed, by a truſty porter; then threw herſelf upon a couch, took the novel of Sylvia and Philander, read a little in it, ſighed, and ſeemed all diſſolved in the moſt tender languiſhment; when her emiſſary returned, and brought this anſwer to her ſummons—

'TO THE CHARMING MARCELLA.

'DEAR ANGEL,

'I Am at preſent ſurrounded with a great deal of company, and have no opportunity to thank as I would the kindneſs of yours. I can only ſay, that nothing ſhall keep me from flying to my adorable Marcella at the appointed hour: till then, adieu. Be aſſured that I am always, with the utmoſt ardency, your devoted vaſſal,

'FILLAMOUR.'

The fair libertine now expreſſed the higheſt ſatisfaction, and immediately fell into diſcourſe with her confidante, Rachel, concerning the manner in which this nocturnal gueſt ſhould be concealed, and how neither his entrance nor his exit be diſcovered, or even ſuſpected, by any of the family.

I had no curioſity to know any thing farther of this affair, ſo took the firſt opportunity of leaving the houſe; extremely troubled in my mind that a woman, whoſe beauty had ſo much attracted my reſpect, ſhould prove herſelf ſo unworthy of it by her conduct.

'With what boldneſs,' ſaid I within myſelf, 'does the lovely wanton run 'headlong to her ruin; fearleſs of 'guilt, and of the puniſhment which, 'one time or other, muſt be the un-'failing conſequence!

"As if that faultleſs form could act no
"crime,
"But Heaven, on looking on it, muſt for-
"give!"

I went home, and got my Tablets cleared from the impure contents of the above-recited epiſtles. I wiſhed, indeed, to think no more of this tranſaction; and, to ſecond my endeavours that way, towards evening ſallied out again, equipped in my Inviſible Belt, like a true knight-errant, in ſearch of ſuch adventures as chance ſhould preſent me with.

I went to the houſe of an elderly lady, with whom I formerly had been acquainted. She was at that time looked upon as a pattern of piety and prudence: fathers, huſbands, brothers, all who had any concern for the virtue and reputation of the female part of their family, recommended her example for their imitation; but, at laſt, after a long ſeries of the moſt laudable and becoming actions, ſhe at once degenerated into the very reverſe of what ſhe had been; fell into all the faſhionable follies of the times, at an age when others are beginning to grow weary of them, and commenced a coquette at fifty-five.

I had been told ſuch things, in relation to her conduct, as ſeemed to me too unaccountable to be believed; and was extremely ſorry to find, in the viſit I now made her, all thoſe reports confirmed by the teſtimony of my own ſenſes.

This lady, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Lamia, ſets an high value upon herſelf for her great ſkill at picquet. She challenged Grizelda, another antiquated belle, who alſo pretends to be an adept in that ſcience, to play with her for an hundred guineas the firſt four games in ſix. The other loved money; and, not doubting ſhe ſhould come off conqueror, readily embraced the propoſal; and the night agreed upon between them for the deciſion of this event, happened to be that in which I went.

Grizelda came to the door juſt as I did; ſo I ſlipped in behind, and followed her up ſtairs; where ſhe was received by Lamia with the greateſt politeneſs and ſhew of affection. The card-table was called for, and the ladies ſat oppoſite to each other. I placed myſelf at the end of the table, that, being between them, I might have the better opportunity of obſerving what both did. They were now very ſerious, and attentive to the buſineſs they were upon: played, or rather cheated, each other with great caution; for I ſoon perceived that it was in this latter part of the art of gaming that the excellence of either chiefly conſiſted.

For a time, each was ſo taken up with her own *petites fourberies*, as not to have leiſure to obſerve thoſe practiſed by her adverſary. At laſt, however, Lamia having re-taken in a card ſhe had laid out, Grizelda perceived it, and accuſed her of the change. Rage and diſdain, on finding herſelf detected, made the cheeks of the other glow with a deeper ſcarlet than the carmine had given them; and her eyes, even in deſpight of age, ſparkle with fires which love and youth had never power to fill them with. The other was no leſs enflamed.—But their reſentment will beſt be ſhewn in the expreſſions made uſe of by themſelves.

Lamia. I am ſurprized you can ſuſpect me guilty of ſo mean a thing as cheating at cards. Sure you cannot think I value the trifle we are playing for! What is an hundred guineas to me? I regard an hundred no more than a pinch of ſnuff.

Grizelda. Madam, I value an hundred guineas as little as yourſelf; but I hate to be impoſed upon.

Lamia. What do you mean, Madam? Do you ſay I have impoſed upon you?

Grizelda. I ſay you would have done it, Madam, if my eyes had not been quicker than your hands.

Lamia. Madam, I ſcorn your words! and if you were not in my houſe, ſhould tell you that you lyed.

Grizelda. And if it were not in reſpect to your age, Madam, I ſhould tell you that you were a baſe woman, and had invited me hither only to cheat me of my money.

Lamia. My age!—good lack, my age!—I leave the world to judge which of us two looks the oldeſt. I beg, Madam, you will not deceive yourſelf. It is not your long falſe locks, hanging dangling on each ſide your face, that hide the wrinkles of it.

Grizelda,

R. Smirke del. pa. 12. Thelott sculp.

Plate II.

Publish'd as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Aug. 1. 1788.

Grizelda. I wear no plumpers, Madam! Do you not remember, when one of yours dropped out of your mouth at Lady Betty's drawing-room, how all the company were frighted at you, and cried out you had loſt half your face?

I ſtarted on hearing this reproach of Grizelda, being, at that time, utterly unacquainted with the meaning of it; but, as it is highly probable that a great many of my readers may be as ignorant in this point as myſelf then was, I ſhall explain it, by giving a direction of the uſe and preparation of plumpers, as I have ſince received it from the waiting-maid of a woman of condition.

A SURE WAY TO HELP LANK CHEEKS.

TAKE a piece of the fineſt, cleaneſt ſponge you can get. Cut out of it two ſmall bolſters, and place them between your cheeks and teeth, if you have any; if not, the gums will ſerve to keep them up. On taking them out of your mouth, going to bed, throw them into a tea-cup of roſe or orange-flower water, and let them ſoak all night: this will not only cleanſe them from whatever impurites they may have happened to have received, but will alſo give a delectable flavour to the breath.—*Probatum eſt.*

Theſe ladies purſued their mutual altercations for a conſiderable time, in a faſhion which the intelligent reader may eaſily conceive by the ſample I have given. I ſhall therefore only ſay that, after having charged each other with all the vices and foibles that either of them could think of, they at laſt quarrelled themſelves into a reconciliation, begged each other's pardon, and went to play a ſecond time: then fell out again; and provocations on both ſides being renewed, and reproaches ſtill growing more piquant, Lamia tore the cards, and threw them into the fire. Grizelda called for her chair, and left the houſe in a great fury. I gladly followed her out, being heartily ſick of what I had ſeen between theſe fair, or rather unfair antagoniſts; but had no opportunity of getting away before, as the door had never once been opened.

It was now near two hours paſt midnight; and I found more ſatisfaction in the thoughts of going to my repoſe, than in thoſe diſcoveries my inviſibility had entertained me with. I was making all the ſpeed I could to my apartment for that purpoſe, but fate decreed it otherwiſe, and had contrived an accident which renewed all my former curioſity. In my way home I paſſed through the ſtreet where Marcella lived; and the ſight of her houſe bringing freſh into my mind what the morning had preſented, I could not keep myſelf from ſtopping ſhort, to make reflections on the conduct of that fair fallen angel. 'She is doubtleſs by this time in the arms of her beloved Filamour,' ſaid I to myſelf; 'and, while revelling in the pleaſures of 'a looſe inclination, forfeits all ſenſe of 'honour, duty, fame, and even what 'is owing to the merit of thoſe charms 'nature has endowed her with; and 'oh! ſtrange paradox of a vicious flame! 'renders herſelf cheap and contemptible 'in the eyes of the very man whoſe 'eſteem ſhe moſt wiſhes to preſerve!'

How long I ſhould have remained in this reverie I know not, but I was rouzed from it by the ſudden appearance of Celadon, who, with a light carried before him, came haſtily down the ſtreet, and knocked at his own door. To ſee him return at a time when I knew he was ſo little expected, made me not doubt but that he had received ſome information of the injury done him, and came in order to detect and revenge himſelf on the guilty pair. I trembled for poor Marcella; but what grounds I had to do ſo, as well as the event of this night's tranſaction, muſt be left to the next chapter.

CHAP. IV.

CONCLUDES AN ADVENTURE OF A VERY SINGULAR NATURE IN IT'S CONSEQUENCES.

THE anxiety I was under to know what would become of poor Marcella, immediately determined me to follow her huſband into the houſe. A man-ſervant not having obeyed his lady's commands in going to bed, having ſomething or other wherewith to employ himſelf in his own room, on hearing ſomebody at the door, looked through the window, and perceiving it was his maſter, flew down ſtairs, and gave him entrance on the firſt knock.

Rachel,

Rachel, who had been poſted centinel in a back-parlour, in order to watch the break of day, and conduct Fillamour out of the houſe before any of the family were ſtirring, now came running out on hearing the ſtreet-door opened; but, ſcarce could an apparition have ſpread a greater terror through her whole frame than did the ſight of Celadon at this juncture.

Rachel. Lord, Sir, who could have thought your honour would have come home to-night?

Celadon. I did not deſign it, indeed; but, is it ſo ſtrange a thing that a man ſhould change his mind?

In ſpeaking this he was paſſing on, but ſhe threw herſelf between him and the foot of the ſtairs, and catching faſt hold of the ſleeve of his coat, prevented him from going up, with theſe words:

Rachel. Oh, dear Sir! I beg you will not diſturb my lady; ſhe is gone to bed very much diſcompoſed: pray be ſo good as to ſtep into the parlour; there is a good fire, and I will go and ſee if ſhe is awake, and tell her you are here.

Celadon. My wife ill! What is the matter with her?

Rachel. I do not know, Sir, but ſhe was ſeized with a ſort of a—— I can't tell the name of it, indeed not I; but I believe it was ſomething like a fit; and ſo, Sir, ſhe went to bed; but I will go and let her know you are come.

Celadon. No, no, ſhe may be aſleep, and it would be a pity to wake her; therefore I'll take your advice, Mrs. Rachel, and ſit a little in the parlour.—Tom, do you go to bed, I ſhall not want any thing to-night.

The fellow did as he was commanded; and I could eaſily perceive, by Rachel's countenance, that ſhe was upon the wing to be gone too, impatient, I ſuppoſe, to apprize Marcella of what had happened, and aſſiſt her in contriving ſome means for concealing her gallant: but whatever her thoughts were, Celadon had that moment got ſomething in his head which effectually prevented any ſchemes ſhe might otherwiſe have laid for ſecuring the honour of her lady. Tom was no ſooner gone than Celadon took hold of both her hands, and drew her gently into the parlour, with theſe words—

Celadon. Come, Mrs. Rachel, if I am ſo complaiſant to my wife's diſorder as to refrain going to bed to her, I think I may very well be allowed the pleaſure of your company, by way of conſolation.

Rachel. Oh, dear Sir! what pleaſure can you find in the company of ſuch a one as I?

Celadon. As much as I can wiſh. Come, ſit down; nay, you ſhall ſit by me; now we are alone, there is no occaſion for all this diſtance between us. I have a great deal to ſay to you; nothing, ſure, was ever ſo lucky as my coming home to-night! I like you, I love you, and have longed, almoſt ever ſince you came into the family, for an opportunity to tell you ſo.

Rachel. Lord, Sir, how ſtrangely you talk to one! I wiſh your honour would let me go up ſtairs, to ſee how my lady does.

Celadon. No, indeed, I ſhall not ſuffer you to run away, and leave me alone here; if my wife wants any thing ſhe will ring her bell. Come, none of this coyneſs; let me tell you, child, too much reſerve in private with a man who loves you, and has it in his power to make your fortune, is as unbecoming as too much familiarity would be in publick. You may depend upon it, whatever favours you beſtow on me ſhall be returned with others no leſs agreeable to yourſelf. I know very well how a perſon of my ſtation ought to behave towards one of yours in theſe caſes, and ſhall act accordingly.

Rachel made no reply to all this, but hung down her head, and looked extremely ſilly. Celadon, interpreting her ſilence as a half conſent to his deſires, began now to add kiſſes and embraces to his ſolicitations: the warmth with which he preſſed her, ſoon wrought the effect it was intended for; though I eaſily perceived the moſt prevailing argument he made uſe of was taking out his purſe, and pouring twenty guineas into her lap. The tranſport which ſparkled in the eyes of this mercenary creature, on beholding the glittering bait, put me immediately in mind of what Mr. Dryden makes Jupiter ſay in his play of Amphytrion—

'When I made
'This gold, I made a greater god than Jove,
'And gave my own omnipotence away.'

But it is little to be wondered at that a girl, ſuch as this Rachel, ſhould fall proſtrate before that reigning idol of th

worlde

world, who has for it's votaries not only men of the greateſt parts and abilities, but alſo too many among thoſe who make the higheſt profeſſions of honour, probity, and virtue; nay, I am ſorry to ſay, of religion: daily experience, however, and a very ſmall obſervation of the corruption of the preſent age, evinces this melancholy truth.

So finding a ſcene was likely to enſue, which it was not agreeable to my inclination, or any way proper that I ſhould be witneſs of, I withdrew into an adjacent parlour, where ſolitude, darkneſs, and the profound ſilence of every thing about me, contributed to promote the moſt ſolemn meditations. I reflected on the extreme folly, as well as wickedneſs, of giving way to an inordinate gratification of the ſenſes, and the certain danger, and almoſt certain infamy, which attends the doing ſo. On this occaſion ſeveral paſſages and accidents relating to many of my acquaintance occurred freſh to my mind; and when I remembered how ſome, who had been endowed by Heaven and Fortune with every requiſite, excepting virtue, to compleat their happineſs, yet by the want of that alone had expoſed themſelves to a condition the moſt abject and contemptible to which a reaſonable being can poſſibly be reduced, I could not forbear crying out with the inimitable Cowley—

'All this world's noiſe appears to me
'But as a dull, ill-acted comedy.'

While I was thus ruminating, and wondering within myſelf what would be the conſequence of this night's tranſaction, I perceived through the crevices of the window-ſhutters, that the day began to break, and preſently after heard a certain ruſtling upon the ſtairs: it was occaſioned by Marcella and Fillamour, who, on finding Rachel did not come up as they expected, and the light was pretty far advancing, were creeping ſoftly down. The noiſe Marcella made in unfaſtening the chain that went acroſs the ſtreet-door, waked Celadon and Rachel, who it ſeems had both fallen aſleep: the former, on hearing the noiſe, was running out of the parlour, to ſee what was the matter; but Rachel prevented him, by ſaying, ſhe was ſure it was only one of the footmen, who went out more early than ordinary to the ſtable. This excuſe might have ſolved all, if Marcella herſelf had not unluckily been her own betrayer. That lady, incenſed beyond meaſure, puſhed open the door of the room where Rachel was ordered to attend, beginning to upbraid before ſhe ſaw her.

Marcella. So, minx, you have ſerved me finely; it is almoſt broad day. I have knocked the heel of my ſhoe almoſt off, for I would not ring for fear of alarming the family. I ſuppoſe you have been aſleep: this it is to place any dependance on ſervants.

Celadon, on hearing his wife's voice before ſhe entered, had ſtepped behind a ſcreen, either ſuſpecting ſomething of the truth, or becauſe he was unwilling to be ſurprized with Rachel at that hour; and Rachel, doubly confounded between her lady's reproaches and the knowledge who was witneſs of them, that ſhe was utterly unable to ſpeak one word for ſome time, but ſhook her head, winked, and pointed to the ſcreen, thinking, by thoſe ſignificant geſtures, to prevent Marcella from ſaying any thing farther; till finding ſhe was again opening her mouth, ſhe recovered herſelf enough to cry out—

Rachel. Lord, Madam, do not ſtand talking here; you will certainly get cold, and make yourſelf worſe; conſider you are half naked; pray go to bed again.

Marcella. What does the wench mean? but I ſuppoſe you have been at the ratifia bottle, and ſtupified yourſelf, according to cuſtom. Well, 'tis your own loſs; for I dare ſwear Fillamour would have given you no leſs a preſent than five guineas for your diligence, if you had come up as you ought to have done: 'tis now quite light in the ſtreet, and a thouſand to one but ſome of the neighbours may have ſeen him go out.

Celadon coming forward. So, Madam, I find you have been diverting yourſelf, and Fillamour is the man to whom I am obliged for giving you conſolation in my abſence.

That perſon muſt know very little of nature, who does not eaſily conceive what Marcella felt in ſo ſhocking a juncture; ſurprize, ſhame, and vexation for having thus fooliſhly expoſed her guilt, quite overwhelmed her heart; ſhe gave a great ſhriek, and ſunk, half-fainting, into a chair. Rachel ran to her aſſiſtance, and at the ſame time willing to relieve,

retrieve, if poſſible, told Celadon that he muſt not take any notice of her lady's words; that ſhe went very ill to bed; that ſhe was delirious, and knew not what ſhe ſaid. This, however, had no effect upon him; he was too well convinced of the injury that had been done him, and loaded his tranſgreſſing wife with every invective that a huſband, in his circumſtances, could invent.

But certainly it is impoſſible for any woman to behave with greater courage and reſolution than Marcella now did; ſhe preſently regained her ſenſes, and after having made Rachel leave the room, a moment's reflection ſerved her to reply to the reproaches made her by her huſband, in theſe terms—

Marcella. Well, Sir, I confeſs appearances are againſt me, nor do I wonder at, nor will reſent the aſperity of your treatment. Though guilty of no real crime, my vanity has led me into a folly which merits all you have ſaid to me. I have not, in fact, diſhonoured either myſelf or you, and my behaviour this night has only mortified the pride and arrogance of a man who would have rivalled you in my eſteem and affection.

Celadon. Excellent, i'faith—beyond imagination. I have been told, indeed, that a woman need but look down upon her apron-ſtring to find an excuſe for the moſt enormous crime ſhe can be guilty of; but this of yours is ſuch a one, as cannot fail of giving a good deal of diverſion in a court of judicature; though I ſcarce think it will ſave either Fillamour's eſtate from the penalty the law inflicts on an attempt to baſtardize an honourable family, or his throat from the juſtice of my ſword.

The boldneſs of Marcella was not to be awed by theſe menaces; ſhe found he had too much underſtanding to be impoſed upon by the ſhallow artifice ſhe had made uſe of; that he now heartily diſpiſed her, and that ſhe had no longer any meaſures to preſerve with him: therefore, collecting all the courage ſhe was miſtreſs of, ſhe threw her eyes upon him with a contempt equal to that which he looked upon her, and made him this reply—

Marcella. 'Tis mighty well, Sir; you are at your liberty to make uſe of all the weapons in your power for revenge; but I would have you to remember, that whether Fillamour cuts your throat, or you cut his, and are hanged for it, the matter will be of little importance to me; and as for a court of judicature, I believe you will find it very difficult to make good any accuſations you may exhibit againſt me there: no one ever ſaw me in bed with Fillamour, much leſs can prove any criminal converſation between us, ſo that the ridicule would turn wholly upon yourſelf; and perhaps provoke me, as I have had no child by you, to bring in a bill of impotency, in which caſe I ſhould have all my fortune returned; a thing your preſent circumſtances would not very well bear, as ſome part of your eſtate is already mortgaged.

To all this Celadon was able to make no other reply, than that he ſtood amazed at her audacity; that he found ſhe was abandoned to all ſenſe of ſhame; that ſhe was a monſter of impudence, and ſuch like: at which ſhe ſeemed not in the leaſt moved, but proceeded to reaſon with him in the ſame determined faſhion ſhe had begun.

Marcella. Look you, Celadon, all the fury you can be poſſeſſed of will remedy nothing: let us argue like rational creatures; whatever opinion we may have of each other, the only way to preſerve either of our characters, is to live well together in the eyes of the world. I tell you that I am innocent, and it is for your eaſe and intereſt, as well as mine, that you ſhould believe I am ſo; which if you do, I faithfully promiſe to regulate my conduct in ſuch a manner as to bring no diſreputation on myſelf, or diſhonour to you; but if you fly into extremes, you will oblige me to do the ſame; and, what but our mutual infamy and deſtruction can be the end of ſuch a conteſt? I leave you to conſider on what I have ſaid, and wait your cooler moments for an anſwer.

With theſe words ſhe went haſtily out of the room. Celadon offered not to detain her, but continued walking backwards and forwards, teſtifying, by ſeveral diſordered geſtures, the inward agitations of his mind. After ſome moments paſſed in the ſilent expreſſions of his rage, he called to the ſervants, moſt of whom were now ſtirring, to get a bed prepared for him in another chamber; but I am of opinion, that when he retired thither, it was leſs to ſleep than to reflect how it would beſt become him to behave under the

the ſhocking circumſtance he was now involved in.

Finding no farther diſcoveries were likely to be made at this time, I left the houſe on the firſt opening of the ſtreet-door, and returned home; where, fatigued as I was for want of reſt, the aſtoniſhment I was in at the behaviour of Marcella would not ſuffer the leaſt ſlumber to cloſe my eyes.

For ſome days I was extremely impatient to know the reſult of this affair; but, hearing no talk of it about town, began to conclude that the wife's arguments had prevailed, and the huſband had ſubmitted his reſentment to his convenience. I ſoon found I was not deceived in my conjectures, for in leſs than a week I ſaw Celadon and Marcella taking the air together in their own coach, with the ſame appearance of ſerenity in both their countenances, as if nothing of the adventure I have been relating had ever happened.

CHAP. V.

SHEWS, THAT THOUGH A REMISSNESS OF CARE IN THE BRINGING UP OF CHILDREN, CAN SCARCE FAIL OF BEING ATTENDED WITH VERY BAD CONSEQUENCES; YET, THAT AN OVER EXACT CIRCUMSPECTION IN MINUTE THINGS, MAY SOMETIMES PROVE EQUALLY PERNICIOUS TO THEIR FUTURE WELFARE.

VARIOUS were the reports concerning Alinda, both while ſhe was alive, and after her deceaſe; but all the world could ſay with any certainty, either of her affairs or conduct, might be comprized in the following articles.

That ſhe was the only child of a very eminent and wealthy merchant in the city, who, on the death of his wife, left off buſineſs, and having purchaſed an eſtate of near a thouſand pounds a year in the country, retired thither to paſs the remainder of his days, taking Alinda with him, at that time about ten years of age.

That through ſome peculiarities in his temper, ſhe was educated in a very odd faſhion, ſecluded from all converſation with the neighbouring gentry, and ſcarce ſuffered to ſpeak to any one out of their own family.

That after his death, which happened in her ſeventeenth year, ſhe returned, with the conſent of her guardians, to London, lived in a manner ſuitable to her fortune, and had many advantageous offers of marriage, all which ſhe rejected without giving any reaſon for doing ſo.

That at one and twenty ſhe fell into a waſting diſorder, which was judged to proceed rather from ſome inward grief preying upon her ſpirits, than from any diſtemper of the body; it baffled, however, all the ſkill of the phyſicians, and ſhe expired after a tedious languiſhment of near three years, leaving the poſſeſſion of her eſtate to a nephew of her father's, who was the next of kin.

All theſe things, I ſay, were publick; but as to the motive which made her avoid liſtening to any propoſals for changing her condition, or the cauſe of that melancholy which brought on her death, every one ſpoke of them as they thought proper, and according as the diſpoſitions of their own hearts inclined them to judge.

Few, however, were charitable enough to put the beſt conſtruction on her conduct; ſome ſaid ſhe was a man-hater; others, that loving the ſex too well, ſhe could not think of entering into a ſtate which muſt confine her to one alone. Thoſe who entertained the moſt favourable opinion, imagined ſhe had unhappily engaged her heart where there was no poſſibility of a return: this laſt conjecture ſeemed indeed moſt probable, and gained ground after ſhe fell into that heavy languor which excluded her from all thoſe pleaſures ſhe had been accuſtomed to partake, and at length deprived her of life; but all this, to make uſe of the vulgar adage, was ſpeaking without book; my gift of inviſibility gave me alone the means of penetrating into the myſtery.

As I had been acquainted with her, and viſited her while ſhe continued to ſee company, I frequently ſent, or called to enquire after her health. One day when I did ſo, a ſervant belonging to her kinſman and heir at law came to the door at the ſame time, and we both received for anſwer, that ſhe expired the night before.

The fellow ran directly to inform his

maſter, to whom theſe tidings would probably be not unwelcome; and I went home, clapped on my Belt of Inviſibility, and returned in a ſhort time to the houſe of Alinda. The reader will perhaps wonder for what reaſon, and it is not fit I ſhould keep him in ignorance.

There was a clergyman lived in the houſe with her, and performed the office of a chaplain; he was a perſon of whom her father having conceived a high opinion, had taken into his family, and ſet over her in the manner of a preceptor, and he had ever ſince continued with her. I had ſeveral times dined with him at her table, and perceived he profeſſed an extraordinary ſanctity, and the extremeſt regard for the welfare of his fair patroneſs; and this it was that made me deſirous of ſeeing in what manner he would behave upon her death.

I expected to have found him either in his own chamber, bewailing the early fate of ſo beneficent a friend, or ſitting by her corpſe religiouſly moralizing on the ſhadowy happineſs of this tranſitory world; but, after ſeeking him in vain in theſe and ſeveral other rooms, at laſt I diſcovered him in a cloſet, where I knew ſhe repoſited her things of greateſt value; he was buſily employed in rummaging her bureau, from the little cell of which I ſaw him convey, as near as I could gueſs, between two and three hundred pieces of gold, and ſeveral bank-bills to a much greater amount; he then pulled out a drawer which contained her jewels; he firſt took up one, then another, ſurveyed them with a greedy eye, but laid them down again, and ſhut the drawer; but, after a moment's pauſe, opened it a ſecond time, and took out a ring ſet round with large brilliants. 'I may keep this,' cried he; 'it will 'ſcarce be miſſed; or, if it be, I can pre-'tend ſhe made me a preſent of it in her 'life-time, and nobody will ſuſpect the 'contrary.' Here he gave over his ſearch, locked the bureau, put the key into his pocket, and went into his own room.

It would be hard for me to determine, whether aſtoniſhment or indignation was moſt predominant in me at this ſight; I wiſhed never to have beheld it, or that I had been at liberty to pluck the ſacred robe from off the back of that vile profaner of his order. I was going away with a mind more troubled than I can well expreſs, when one of Alinda's maids came running into the room with a ſealed packet in her hand, and delivered it to this diſciple of Judas Iſcariot, telling him at the ſame time, that it had been found under her miſtreſs's pillow juſt after her death, but that ſhe had forgot in the hurry to bring it to him before.

He replied, with an affected indifference, that it was very well; that he would look over the papers, and take care that whatever injunctions they contained ſhould be fulfilled; and with theſe words diſmiſſed her.

The ſuperſcription on the cover of this packet was to a lady with whom Alinda had been extremely intimate, but had not ſeen for a conſiderable time, ſhe being excluded, as well as the reſt of her acquaintance, after ſhe fell into that deep melancholy which ended her days. The prieſt immediately broke the ſeal, and found a little letter to the above-mentioned lady, the contents whereof were as follow—

'DEAR MADAM,

'THAT I have not ſeen you ſo long 'has not been owing to want of 'friendſhip, but to a reſolution of de-'priving myſelf of every thing that was 'agreeable to me in life; and that I do 'not now, in theſe laſt moments of my 'life, aſk to ſee you, is only becauſe I 'would not tax your pity with the ſight 'of ſo ſad an object. I am blaſted, my 'dear friend, withered in my bloom, 'and ſcarce the ſhadow of what I was. 'The incloſed memoirs will inform you 'of the cruel cauſe, which I intreat you 'will publiſh to the world after my de-'ceaſe; the ſhocking tale may perhaps 'be a ſerviceable warning to ſome pa-'rents as well as children. I have given 'my couſin ****** orders concerning 'ſome things I would have done; among 'the number of which is, that he will 'preſent you with my hoop diamond 'ring. I beg you will accept and wear 'it in remembrance of your dying 'friend,

'ALINDA.'

He ſtarted, bent his brows, turned pale and red by turns, and ſeemed in great confuſion while looking over this little epiſtle; but all his emotions were very much increaſed on examining the papers that accompanied it: ſtill as he read, he tore the leaves aſunder and threw them on the fire, which happening not

not to burn very fiercely, I was quick enough to ſnatch from the intended deva-ſtation, and convey into my pocket, while he was taken up with the remaining pages, and thought himſelf ſecure by the tale of his miſdeeds being extinct in all-devouring flames.

He had but juſt finiſhed, when a ſervant came running into the room, and told him that Mr. ***** was below; and having been informed that Alinda's keys had been delivered to him, demanded to ſpeak with him immediately. On this, the artful hypocrite compoſed his countenance, drew every feature into the attitude of ſolemn ſadneſs, and holding a white handkerchief to his eyes, went down to act the part he thought would beſt become him before the kinſman of Alinda.

I followed cloſe at his heels into the parlour, where Mr. ***** and two other perſons waited for him. He began, with well-diſſembled grief, to expatiate on the loſs the world had in ſo excellent a lady as Alinda; and failed not, in his harangue, artfully to intermix ſome praiſes on himſelf, for the good principles his precepts had ingrafted on her mind.

Mr. ***** ſeemed to take very little notice of all he ſaid on this occaſion, and prevented him from going ſo far as perhaps he otherwiſe would have done, by telling him, in a very grave and reſerved tone, that he was in great haſte at preſent; that he came thither only to give the neceſſary orders concerning his couſin's funeral; and that till the melancholy ceremony was over, he ſhould put a friend in poſſeſſion of the houſe, and whatever effects it contained; therefore expected the keys of every thing ſhould be immediately delivered.

To this the parſon replied, that he had got them into his hands with no other view than to ſecure them for him, who had the undoubted right to all which his dear benefactreſs had been miſtreſs of: 'For indeed,' continued he, 'I apprehended ſome foul play might have been attempted, as at the hour of her deceaſe ſhe had none but ſervants about her, ſome of whom had been too lately taken into the family to have given any great proofs of their integrity.'

After this they went through every room, examining what was to be found; all which ſcrutiny, as yet, afforded the heir no reaſon for complaint. On opening the above-mentioned bureau, and looking over Alinda's jewels, he miſſed not the ring he had been defrauded of; but when the other private drawers preſented him ſo little of what he expected, he could not forbear diſcovering ſome ſuſpicion, as it muſt be owned he had ſufficient cauſe; for the perſon who had been before-hand with him in the ſearch, had left no more than eight guineas and one ſix and-thirty piece in ſpecie, with three or four bills of an inconſiderable value.

'I am ſurprized,' ſaid Mr. *****, 'that a woman of my couſin's fortune 'ſhould leave herſelf ſo bare of caſh; 'and cannot imagine by what means 'ſhe diſſipated ſo large a yearly income.' —'Alas, Sir!' replied the pretended zealot, with his hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, 'it ought not to appear ſtrange 'to you, that a lady of your excellent 'kinſwoman's charitable and benevolent 'diſpoſition ſhould refuſe nothing in her 'power, when the cries of diſtreſs, and 'the moans of affliction, called for her 'aſſiſtance. If you would know in what 'manner ſhe diſpoſed of her money, en-'quire of hoſpitals, the priſons, and the 'neceſſitous petitioners that every day 'received their ſuſtenance from her 'bounty, and you will find an eaſy ac-'count of her expences in her large and 'numerous donations.'

Mr. ***** only anſwered ſullenly, that he ſhould be better able to judge how he ought to think of the affair after he had ſpoke to her ſteward. On which the other, clapping his hand upon his breaſt, was beginning to make many aſſeverations, that till that moment he never knew what ſum or ſums the lady had by her when ſhe died, or had ever looked, nor even entertained a thought of looking into any place where it might be ſuppoſed ſhe kept her money. I ſtaid not, however, to hear what effect his hypocriſy produced, but went home, being impatient to ſee the contents of Alinda's manuſcript.

CHAP. VI.

WILL FULLY SATISFY THE CURIOSITY THE FORMER MAY HAVE EXCITED.

THE haſte I made in ſnatching the following papers from the flames, happily preſerved them ſo entirely from

the deſtruction to which they had been deſtined, that though the edges were in many places much ſcorched, yet not a ſingle word throughout the whole was any way damaged; and the reader may depend on having the ſtory as perfect as if he ſaw it in the heroine's own hand.

MEMOIRS OF THE UNFORTUNATE ALINDA, WROTE BY HERSELF, AND FAITHFULLY TRANSCRIBED FROM THE ORIGINAL COPY.

'I Am ſenſible that many people have 'been very buſy with my fame while 'living; nor do I expect to be treated 'with leſs ſeverity after I am dead: I 'cannot, however, think of an eternal 'ſeparation from this world, without 'leaving ſomething behind me which 'may ſerve to clear up thoſe paſſages in 'my conduct which, by their being 'myſterious, have given room for cen'ſure; and I do not this with any view 'of ſoftening the aſperity of the ill'natured for the errors I have been 'guilty of, or of exciting compaſſion 'in the more generous and gentle for 'my misfortunes, but merely to the end 'that, if I am condemned, I may be 'condemned for real, not imaginary, 'facts.

'Sorry am I to accuſe a father who 'tenderly loved me: yet certain it is, 'that his over anxiety for my welfare 'has been the primary ſource of every 'woe my heart has laboured under; 'and that, by his miſtaken endeavours 'to make me great and happy, I have 'been rendered the moſt miſerable of 'created beings.

'The fortune I was born to be poſ'ſeſſed of, and ſome natural endow'ments his affection fancied in me, 'made him flatter himſelf with the hopes 'of ſeeing me one day blaze forth in all 'the pomp of quality; nor could he 'endure the thoughts of marrying me 'to any man beneath the rank of right 'honourable: and for fear any partial 'inclination of my own ſhould diſap'point theſe high-raiſed expectations, 'he kept me from the converſation of 'every one whom he thought capable of 'attracting a heart unbiaſſed by inte'reſt and unambitious of grandeur.

'Soon after my mother's death, he 'quitted buſineſs, and retired to an 'eſtate he had ſome time before pur'chaſed in the country. When we 'removed, I was too young to have any 'taſte for the pleaſures of the town, 'and regretted only the want of thoſe 'play-fellows I had left behind: in'deed, I wonder that I was not quite 'moped. I was ſuffered to go to no 'ſchool, though there was a great one 'very near us; never ſtirred beyond the 'precincts of our garden-walls; went 'not to church, becauſe there it would 'have been impoſſible for me not to ſee 'and be ſeen. No company viſited us; 'for my father deprived himſelf of the 'pleaſure of converſing with any of the 'neighbouring gentry, for fear that, as 'I grew up, I might take a liking to 'ſome one or other of their ſons, none 'of whom he thought a match good 'enough for me, as they were not dig'nified with titles. I had learned writ'ing and dancing, but was far from 'being perfect in either; and my fa'ther, being unwilling I ſhould be 'without theſe accompliſhments, took 'the pains himſelf to ſet me copies to 'improve me in the one; and at length 'provided a maſter, too old and too 'ugly to give him any apprehenſions, 'to inſtruct me in the other. Beſides 'theſe two avocations, I had no amuſe'ment except reading; which, as I 'much delighted in, my father con'ſtantly ſupplied me with ſuch books 'as he thought proper for my ſex and 'age.

'Excepting ſome treatiſes of divi'nity, the ſubjects of my entertainment 'afforded little improvement to my un'derſtanding, they conſiſting only in 'romances, and ſome very old plays; 'ſo that the ideas they inſpired me with 'were as antiquated as the habits worn 'in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and 'I was utterly ignorant of the modes, 'manners, and cuſtoms, of the age I 'lived in.

'In this ſtupid and diſpiriting 'ſituation did I paſs full nineteen 'months; about the expiration of 'which time, my father happened into 'company with a perſon who wears the 'ſacred appearance of an eccleſiaſtick, 'but is in reality one of thoſe men'tioned in Holy Writ by the name of 'wolves in ſheeps cloathing. His out'ward behaviour ſeems directed by the 'miniſters of grace and goodneſs, while

'in

'in his treacherous heart a thouſand 'fiends lie in wait to bring ruin and de'ſtruction on the credulous liſtener to 'his wiles.—But, before I proceed in 'my unhappy ſtory, it is fit I ſhould 'give a more particular character of the 'wretch who has ſo great a ſhare in it.

'Firſt, for his extraction.—His fa'ther was a Frenchman, ſervant to a 'perſon of diſtinction in Normandy: 'but having more ambition than ho'neſty, found means to rob his maſter 'of a conſiderable ſum, and came over 'to England, where he ſet up for a 'gentleman, and a moſt zealous Pro'teſtant; told a long plauſible ſtory of 'the great hardſhips he had ſuſtained 'on the ſcore of religion, and found 'here the ſame pity and encouragement 'as many others had done who fly here 'for an aſylum on the ſame pretences.

'Soon after his arrival, he married 'a Dutchwoman, by whom he had a 'ſon who inherits all his father's vir'tues, and is the perſon whoſe ſtory is 'ſo unhappily interwoven with my 'own.

'Young Le Bris (for that is the name 'of this worthy family) diſcovered in 'his youth ſome indications of a good 'capacity for learning; inſomuch that 'a certain lord, taking a great fancy to 'him, ſent him to Weſtminſter School, 'and afterwards to the univerſity, in 'order to qualify him for the pulpit; 'aſſuring him, that he ſhould not be 'without a benefice as ſoon as he ſhould 'be fit to receive it.

'But he had ſcarce compleated his ſtu'dies for that purpoſe, when all his 'preſent ſupport and future expect'ations vaniſhed, on the ſudden death 'of his noble patron; which was fol'lowed, in a few months after, by that 'of his father; ſo that he was left en'tirely deſtitute, his mother not being 'able to afford him the leaſt aſſiſtance.

'After many long and fruitleſs ſoli'citations for a living, he was glad to 'accept of a ſmall curacy in one of the 'remoteſt counties in England, where 'he reſided ſeveral years; but was at 'laſt turned out on account of neglect 'of duty, and other miſbehaviour. He 'then came back to London, and gave 'out printed bills for teaching French 'and Latin at very low rates; but find'ing little encouragement that way, 'turned Fleet parſon, and earned a pre'carious ſuſtenance by clandeſtine mar'riages.

'It was in theſe wretched circum'ſtances that my father met with him, 'being in town on ſome buſineſs; and 'being told by ſome one, who it is 'likely knew no more of him than 'what he was pleaſed to ſay of himſelf, 'that he was a very worthy, though 'diſtreſſed clergyman, made him the 'offer of a handſome ſalary to come 'into his family by way of chaplain; 'and withal, to inſtruct me in the 'French language, and whatever elſe 'was fit for me to learn, or he was ca'pable of teaching. He readily em'braced the propoſal; and, on my fa'ther's return, came down with him.

'My father preſented him to me as a 'kind of tutor or preceptor; told me I 'muſt ſubmit myſelf to his directions; 'be attentive to all he ſaid to me; and, 'in every thing, treat him with the 'greateſt reſpect and reverence: "For," 'added he, "it is by the leſſons he is "capable of giving you, that you alone "can make any ſhining figure in the "ſtation wherein I hope to ſee you "placed."

'It will, perhaps, afford ſome matter 'of ſurprize, that my father, who had 'hitherto preſerved ſuch an extreme cau'tion in preventing my having the leaſt 'converſation with any man, ſhould 'now ſo ſtrenuouſly recommend this 'perſon to me: but it muſt be conſi'dered, that he was no leſs than ſix or 'ſeven and forty years of age; that, 'though not deformed, he was far from 'handſome; and, beſides, had a certain 'auſterity in his manners which could 'not be very agreeable to youth.

'It was, indeed, ſome time before I 'could be contented with the dominion 'given him over me; but my obedience to 'my father obliging me to behave to'wards him with ſtrict cuſtom at laſt 'converted that complaiſance, which was 'at firſt no more than feigned, into ſin'cere. A kind of affection, by degrees, 'mingled itſelf with the reverence I was 'bid to pay him; I was never ſo happy 'as in the hours ſet apart for receiving 'his inſtructions; and the thoughts of 'the benefits that might be ſuppoſed to 'accrue from them, afforded leſs plea'ſure than the praiſes I was always cer'tain he would beſtow on my docility. 'In fine, I not only loved the teacher

'for

'for the precept's ſake, but, as the poet ſays—

"I lov'd the precepts for the teacher's "ſake."

'Nor is it to be wondered at that I 'taſted more ſatisfaction in his ſociety 'than I had ever known before. I 'wanted not ideas, though hitherto I 'had nothing to improve them. I had 'been allowed to converſe with none 'but the ſervants; who could only di-'vert me with idle tales of thieves, appa-'ritions, and haunted houſes. My tu-'tor, after having finiſhed his graver 'leſſons, would frequently entertain me 'with ſome extraordinary incident or 'other, either taken from hiſtory or ro-'mance; but whether real or fictitious, 'I had ſenſe enough to know were 'ſuch as enlarged my underſtanding as 'well as charmed my ears.

'It is certain, indeed, that he ſpared 'no pains to inſinuate himſelf into my 'good graces; and no leſs certain alſo, 'that the ungrateful deſign he had in 'doing ſo ſucceeded, to the utter de-'ſtruction of the whole happineſs of my 'future life, and, at laſt, of my life it-'ſelf, as will appear by theſe memoirs; 'which, while I am writing, I know 'not whether I ſhall have ſtrength to 'finiſh.

'I ſhall therefore reduce my unhappy 'ſtory into as ſhort a compaſs as I can. 'In ſpite of the little amiableneſs this 'tutor had in his perſon, in ſpite of the 'vaſt diſparity of years between us, I 'conceived the moſt tender affection for 'him. Alas! I was then too young, 'too innocent, to know what was 'meant by the word Love, any farther 'than that love which we naturally bear 'to a father, brother, or ſome other 'near relation; and thought not what 'I felt for him was any more, or would 'be attended with any other conſe-'quences; and, as I apprehended no 'ſhame or danger in the kindneſs I had 'for him, endeavoured not to put a ſtop 'to the growth of it, nor even to con-'ceal it.

'But Le Bris ſaw much better into 'my heart than I did myſelf; and dread-'ing leſt my father ſhould be alarmed 'at the too open fondneſs of my beha-'viour to him, began to treat me with 'leſs familiarity, and exerted the ma-'ſter much more than he had done. 'This change both ſurprized and grieved 'me: I bore it, however, for two whole 'days, without ſeeming to take any no-'tice of it; but on the third, being alone 'with him in his cloſet, where I con-'ſtantly went every morning to receive 'my leſſons—"What is the matter "with you, my dear tutor?" ſaid I; "I "hope I have done nothing to offend "you? I am ſure I would not wil-"lingly be guilty of deſerving that you "ſhould frown upon me."—"No, "my precious charge," replied he, af-'ter a pauſe, "it is not in your na-"ture to give offence; but I would not "incur your father's diſpleaſure either "towards you or me. Men are apt to "be jealous of the affections of their "children; and I am ſometimes afraid "that he ſhould think you love me al-"moſt as well as you do him."—"In-"deed I do ſo—quite as well," cried I 'eagerly. "But why ſhould he be an-"gry at that, when he bid me uſe you "with the ſame love and reſpect as I "did himſelf?"

"People, on ſome occaſions," an-'ſwered he, "will be diſpleaſed at a "too exact performance of their own "commands; and if my worthy patron, "your father, ſhould happen to be of "this opinion, the conſequence would "infallibly be an eternal ſeparation be-"tween us; he would drive me from "his houſe, and I ſhould never ſee my "pretty charge again."

"If you think ſo," returned I, "though I have all kind of diſſimula-"tion, I will make him believe I am "weary of learning of you, and that I "cannot abide you."—"Dear, pretty "angel!" cried he, tenderly taking me 'in his arms, "there is no need of go-"ing to ſuch extremes; I would only "have you behave with more diſtance "towards me than you have done of "late: and it will not be amiſs if you "ſometimes complain that I ſet you too "hard leſſons; becauſe, if you ſhould "ſeem to learn too faſt, he may begin "to think there will ſoon be no occaſion "for a tutor."—"Well," ſaid I, "I "will do every thing you bid me; for "indeed it would almoſt break my heart "to part with you." Here he kiſſed 'off the tears that fell from my eyes in 'ſpeaking theſe laſt words, and I re-'turned all his endearments with the

'ſame

'ſame affection as the fondeſt child 'would do thoſe of the moſt indulgent 'parent.

'It will perhaps ſeem a little ſtrange, 'that a girl turned of thirteen, as I 'then was, ſhould think or act in the 'manner I did; but the way in which I 'had been brought up, left me in the 'ſame ignorance and innocence as 'others of ſix or ſeven years old.

'I obeyed his inſtructions with ſo 'much exactneſs, that my father was 'far from ſuſpecting either my folly, or 'the baſeneſs of the perſon he had ſet 'over me. The reſt of the family were 'no more quick-ſighted; nor could it 'be expected they ſhould be ſo. Our 'houſe-keeper, though a very good, was 'a ſilly old woman, and knew nothing 'beyond the œconomy of thoſe affairs 'committed to her charge. The maid 'who waited on me was her daughter, 'and had been bred to think every man 'who wore the habit of a parſon was 'to be worſhipped; and the other ſer-'vants were too ſeldom with us to have 'any opportuninity of making diſco-'veries.

'I arrived at my fourteenth year. 'My father kept my birth-day ſo far, 'as to order ſomething better than ordi-'nary for dinner, and drank my health 'ſeveral times at table. Among other 'diſcourſe concerning me, he ſaid to 'Le Bris—"Well, doctor, your pupil "will now begin to think herſelf a wo-"man, and I muſt find a huſband for "her who will be able to reward the "care you have taken of her with a "good fat benefice." To which the 'fawning hypocrite replied, that the 'pleaſure of ſeeing his worthy patron's 'daughter happy would be to him the 'beſt benefice he could obtain.

'Nothing farther paſſed, at this time, 'on the ſame ſubject; but the next morn-'ing, when I was alone with my tutor 'in his cloſet—"Do you remember, "my dear Miſs," cried he, with a very 'melancholy air, "what your father "ſaid yeſterday? You will be mar-"ried ſoon, and I ſhall loſe you for "ever!"—"Do not talk ſo," replied I 'haſtily; "I do not want to be mar-"ried: but if my father ſhould compel "me to it, all the huſbands in the world "ſhould not make me forget you; no, "you ſhall always live with me; I "would not part from you to be a "dutcheſs."—"Nor would I part "from you," ſaid he, taking me in his 'arms, "for an archbiſhoprick. And "to be plain," continued he, "I have "received letters ſince I have been here, "with the offers of ſeveral great livings; "but I have refuſed them all, rather "than quit my dear pupil."—"Have "you, indeed?" returned I, hanging 'fondly on him; "Oh how kind you "have been! I ſhould be the moſt un-"grateful creature upon earth, if I did "not love you dearly for it."—"But "will you always keep me with you?" 'cried he. "As long as I live," an-'ſwered I. "Will you ſwear it?" re-'joined he. "Yes," anſwered I; "a "thouſand and a thouſand times over, "if you deſire it."

'The wretch did not fail to take me 'at my word: I bound myſelf, by the 'moſt ſolemn imprecations that words 'could form, that, when I became miſ-'treſs of my actions, he ſhould always 'live with me. After this, the hours 'we paſſed together were employed more 'in improving the fooliſh affection I had 'for him, than in any leſſons for im-'proving my underſtanding. My fa-'ther imputed the ſlow progreſs I made 'in my ſtudies not to any want of abi-'lities in my teacher, but to my own 'neglect, and often chid me for it; 'which I bore patiently, as I believed it 'the ſureſt means of keeping my dear 'tutor with me. This he took ſo kindly, 'that he told me one day, he flattered 'himſelf I loved him almoſt as well as 'I did my father. "I hope it is no "ſin," cried I childiſhly, "if I love "you quite as well."—"Far from it," 'anſwered he: "you are only his "daughter by nature, but you are mine "by affection; you are the child of my "ſoul, and therefore ought to love "me better."—"I am glad of that," 'rejoined I; "for indeed I do love you "a great deal better—I am ſure I do." 'It will ſcarce be doubted but that he 'now beſtowed upon me thoſe endear-'ments I had declared myſelf ſo well ſa-'tiſfied with; and ſome minutes after, 'as I had turned to a looking-glaſs to 'adjuſt ſome diſorder in my head-dreſs, 'he pulled me to him, and making me 'ſit upon his knee—"You are very "pretty, my dear," ſaid he; "and "have no defect in your ſhape, but be-"ing a little too flat before." With 'theſe words, he thruſt one of his hands 'within my ſtays; telling me, that

'handling

'handling my breaſts would make 'them grow, and I ſhould then be a 'perfect beauty.

'Not conſcious of any guilt, I was 'ignorant of ſhame; and thinking every 'thing he did was right, made not the 'leaſt reſiſtance; but ſuffered him, by 'degrees, to proceed to liberties, which 'had I known the meaning of, I ſhould 'have ſtabbed him for attempting; but, 'as I have ſomewhere read—

"By no example warn'd how to beware,
"My very innocence became my ſnare."

'It will perhaps be ſuppoſed, that the 'perfidious man did not ſtop here, but 'proceeded yet farther, to the utter 'completion of my diſhonour; but I 'ſhall do him the juſtice to ſay, that 'he never offered any ſuch thing; though 'I have good reaſons to believe he was 'prevented only by his fear of the con-'ſequences that might have attended it, 'to the ruin of a deſign which promiſed 'him more ſatisfaction than the enjoy-'ment of my perſon.

'In the ridiculous way I have been 'deſcribing did we continue till I was 'in my ſeventeenth year; about which 'time, my father being obliged to go 'to London on a law affair, he left the 'ſole management of the family, as 'well as of myſelf, to his favourite 'chaplain, till he ſhould return, which 'he expected to do in two months.

'He had not been gone full three 'weeks before a ſtranger came to our 'houſe on a viſit to my tutor: he re-'ceived him with great marks of civi-'lity; and told me afterwards that he 'was the land-ſteward of a nobleman, 'who had ſent him on purpoſe to court 'his acceptance of a benefice worth near 'eight hundred pounds per annum. 'As I ſuſpected not the truth of this, 'I was terribly frightened; and cried 'out—"Then you will leave me at "laſt!"—"It would be with an ex-"treme reluctance I ſhould do ſo," 'replied he; "but what can I do? If "I ſhould hereafter be expoſed to any "misfortunes, how would the world "blame me for having refuſed ſuch an "offer?"—"What misfortunes," ſaid 'I, "have you to fear? I ſhall always "have enough to ſupport my dear "tutor."

"My dear child," reſumed he, "you "forget that, when once you are mar-"ried, there will be nothing in your "power; all will be your huſband's, "who may take it into his head to turn "me out of doors directly."—"No "ſuch matter," replied I haſtily; "for 'I will make him promiſe and ſwear "beforehand to keep you always in the "family."—"Few men," ſaid he, "pay any regard, after they become "huſbands, to the promiſes and vows "they made when they were lovers. "In fine, my little angel," continued 'he, taking me tenderly in his arms, "there is but one way to ſecure our "laſting happineſs, to which if you "agree, I will immediately refuſe the "great offer now made me, with all my "future hopes of riſing in the church, "and devote myſelf eternally to you."

'Theſe laſt words I thought ſo highly 'obliging to me, that I hung about his 'neck, kiſſed his cheek, and cried I 'would do every thing he would have 'me. He then told me that a writing 'ſhould be drawn up between us, by 'which we ſhould mutually bind our-'ſelves, under the penalty of the half 'of what either ſhould be poſſeſſed of, 'never to ſeparate.

'On my ready compliance with this 'propoſal, he ventured to make a ſe-'cond, even more impudent than the 'firſt. After ſeeming to conſider a lit-'tle within himſelf—"I have been "thinking," ſaid he, "that if the per-"ſon you ſhall marry ſhould happen "to be of a croſs, perverſe nature, "though for his own ſake he will not "drive me from his houſe, yet he may "uſe me ſo ill as to compel me to go out "of it of my own accord: ſuppoſe, "therefore, you ſhould bind yourſelf "by the writing I have mentioned, "and under the ſame penalty, never to "marry any man without my con-"ſent?"

"Bleſs me!" cried I, a little ſur-'prized, "how can I do this? You "know I muſt obey my father."—"Heaven forbid you ſhould do other-"wiſe!" rejoined the artful hypocrite; "you may be ſure I ſhall never oppoſe "either his will, or your own inclina-"tion, in the choice of a huſband: "what I ſpeak of is only a thing of "form, which, when ſhewn to your "huſband, will oblige him to treat me "with gratitude and reſpect."

'I was entirely ſatisfied with this; 'and replied, I would do what he de-

'ſired

'fired as ſoon as he pleaſed: on which—"It happens luckily," ſaid he, "that "the gentleman who came here on the "buſineſs I told you of was bred to "the law; I will let him know as "much as is neceſſary of our affair, "and get him to draw up a proper in-"ſtrument." In ſpeaking theſe words, 'he left me, and went in ſearch of his 'friend, who at that time was walking 'in the garden, waiting, no doubt, his 'coming.

'I had little time allowed me to re-'flect on what I was about to do. Le 'Bris immediately returned, bringing 'the lawyer with him; the latter of 'whom deſired to receive inſtructions 'from my own mouth for what he was 'to write; and accordingly I repeated 'the ſenſe of the obligation I was to lay 'myſelf under, leaving it to him to put 'it in ſuch words as he ſhould find 'proper. If I had been miſtreſs of the 'leaſt ſhare of common reaſon, I muſt 'have ſeen that all this ſcheme was a 'thing previouſly concerted between 'theſe two villains; for the lawyer im-'mediately pulled out of his pocket a 'large parchment, with ſeals fixed to 'it, and every thing requiſite to make 'the inſtrument firm and valid: but I 'was infatuated; all my little under-'ſtanding was ſubjected to the will of 'this wicked tutor; I gave an implicit 'faith to all he ſaid, and paid an im-'plicit obedience to all his dictates.

'The lawyer took his leave next day, 'and nothing material happened till 'within a week of the time my father 'was expected home; when, inſtead of 'himſelf, came the melancholy account 'that he had been ſeized with an apo-'plectick fit, and, though he recovered 'from it, expired within two hours 'after. He had made his will about 'a year before, by which he left me ſole 'heir of every thing he was in poſſeſſion 'of, except a few legacies; and in caſe 'his demiſe ſhould happen before I 'was married, or of age appointed 'two gentlemen for his executors and 'my guardians. They both wrote to 'me, as did alſo my couſin *****, ac-'quainting me that it was neceſſary I 'ſhould come to London directly on 'this occaſion, and each inviting me 'to their reſpective houſes; which, as 'they lived in different parts of the 'town, I was at liberty to chuſe which 'I liked beſt.

'My tutor, however, diſſuaded me 'from accepting any of their offers; 'and told me he would write to a friend 'in London to provide a ready-fur-'niſhed houſe for my reception, till 'things were ſettled, and I ſhould re-'ſolve whether I would reſide in town 'or country. Accordingly he did ſo; 'and when we came within ten miles 'of London, we were met on the road by 'the lawyer, who, as I have ſince diſ-o-'vered, was his chief agent in every 'thing. He conducted us to a houſe 'in Jermyn Street, which was indeed 'very neat and commodious.

'It was late when we arrived; but 'I did not fail to ſend the next morn-'ing to my two guardians and couſin '*****, who all came to ſee me the 'ſame day, and expreſſed themſelves in 'very affectionate terms. I preſented 'my tutor to them, as a perſon for 'whom my father had a high eſteem; 'on which they treated him with that 'reſpect they ſuppoſed him to deſerve.

'I now entered into a ſcene of life al-'together new to me. Several diſtant 'relations, whom I knew only by their 'names, and many other gentlemen 'and ladies who had been acquainted 'with my mother, came to pay their 'reſpects to me. All my mornings 'were taken up with meſſages and 'compliments; and all my afternoons 'with receiving and returning viſits. 'How ſtrange was the tranſition! From 'being confined to the narrow precincts 'of a lone country manſion, I had now 'the whole metropolis to range in; 'inſtead of the grave leſſons of two old 'men, my ears were now continually 'filled with the flattering praiſes of ad-'dreſſing beaus; inſtead of having no-'thing to amuſe my hours, new di-'verſions, new entertainments, crouded 'upon each moment; and I was in-'ceſſantly hurried from one pleaſure to 'another, till my head grew giddy with 'the whirl of promiſcuous pleaſures.

'As I was young, not ugly, and 'looked upon as a rich heireſs, pro-'poſals of marriage were every day 'made to me; all which I communi-'cated to my tutor: but though many 'of them were much to my advantage, 'he always found ſome pretence or 'other for refuſing his conſent; and I 'accordingly rejected them to the ſur-'prize of all who knew me, and the great 'diſſatisfaction of my beſt friends.

'He was not, however, half-pleaſed 'with the gay manner in which I lived; 'and, as ſoon as the affairs relating to 'my eſtate were ſettled, would fain have 'prevailed upon me to return into the 'country: but I had too high a reliſh 'for the diverſions of the town to pay 'that regard to his advice I had for-'merly done; and, inſtead of comply-'ing with it, quitted the houſe I was 'in, hired another upon leaſe, and fur-'niſhed it in the moſt elegant manner I 'could. He grew very grave on my 'behaviour; but as I kept firm to both 'the engagements I had made with him, 'he had no pretence to complain of my 'actions in other matters.

'For a time, indeed, my head was 'not the leaſt turned towards marriage: 'I thought no farther of the men than 'to be vain and delighted with their 'flatteries. Happy would it have been 'for me had I continued always in this 'mind! But my ill fate too ſoon, alas! 'preſented me with an object which 'convinced me that all the joys of pub-'lick admiration are nothing, when 'compared to one ſoft hour with the 'youth we love, and by whom we think 'we are beloved.

'I believe there is little need for me 'to ſay that this object, ſo enchanting 'to my ſenſes, was the young, the hand-'ſome, the accompliſhed Amaſis. The 'world, to whom he made no ſecret of 'the paſſion he profeſſed for me, was alſo 'witneſs in what manner I received it: 'we appeared together in all publick 'places; I treated him in all companies 'with a deference which ſhewed the 'eſteem I had for him. My friends 'approved my choice; and the union 'between us was looked upon as a 'thing ſo abſolutely determined, that 'many believed the ceremony was al-'ready over, when, to their great ſur-'prize, they ſaw at once that we were 'utterly broke off; and, in a very ſhort 'time after, the ungrateful Amaſis be-'come the huſband of another.

'My tutor, on perceiving me inclined 'to favour Amaſis more than I had 'ever done any of thoſe who had hi-'therto addreſſed me, began to rail at 'him, and tell me a thouſand ridiculous 'ſtories he pretended to have heard in 'relation to his conduct. I ſtill retained 'too much reverence for this wicked 'man to contradict what he ſaid, but 'not enough to enable me to conquer 'my new paſſion: I loved Amaſis, 'and continued to give him daily proofs 'of it. This ſo incenſed him, that he 'told me, one day, that he wondered I 'would encourage the courtſhip of a 'man whom I muſt never expect to 'marry. "Why not, Sir?" anſwered 'I: "neither his birth nor fortune are "inferior to mine."—"Suppoſe them "ſo," rejoined he, "the moſt material "thing is wanting, which is my con-"ſent."—"When I gave you that "power over me," ſaid I, "you pro-"miſed never to thwart my inclina-"tion."—"I did ſo," replied he; "but, to be plain with you, I then ex-"pected all your inclination would be "in favour of myſelf."—"Yourſelf!" 'cried I, more ſurprized than words 'can deſcribe. "Yes, Alinda," re-'ſumed he; "methinks the thing "ſhould not appear ſo odd to you. Call "back to your remembrance the fami-"liarities that have paſſed between us, "and then juſtify, if you can, to virtue "or to modeſty, the leaſt deſire of giv-"ing yourſelf to any other man."

'Rage, aſtoniſhment, and ſhame, for 'the folly I had been guilty of, ſo over-'whelmed my heart at this reproach, 'that I had not power to ſpeak one 'word; but ſtood looking on him with 'a countenance which, I believe, ſuf-'ficiently expreſſed all thoſe paſſions, 'while he went on in theſe terms—

"How often," continued he, "have "you hung about my neck whole hours "together, and, by the warmeſt fond-"neſs, tempted me to take every free-"dom with you but the laſt; which, if "I had not been poſſeſſed of more ho-"nour than you now ſhew of con-"ſtancy, I alſo ſhould have ſeized, and "left you nothing to beſtow upon a "rival?"

'The ſtorm which had been gather-'ing in my breaſt all the time he had 'been ſpeaking, now burſt out with 'the extremeſt violence: I raved, and 'loaded him with epithets not very be-'coming in me to make uſe of, yet not 'worſe than he deſerved. He heard me 'with a ſullen ſilence; but when I 'mentioned the cruelty and baſeneſs of 'upbraiding me with the follies of my 'childiſh innocence, he told me with a 'ſneer, that he would adviſe me not to 'put that among my catalogue of com-'plaints: "For," ſaid he, "the world "will ſcarce believe, that a lady of

"fourteen,

" fourteen, fifteen, and ſixteen, had the " ſame inclinations in toying with a " gentleman as a baby has with it's " nurſe."

' I would have replied, that the manner in which I was educated kept me ' in the ſame ignorance as a baby; but ' ſomething within roſe in my throat, ' ſtopping the paſſage of my breath, and ' I ſunk fainting in the chair where I ' was ſitting. Whether he was really ' moved with this ſight, or only affected ' to be ſo, I know not; but he ran to ' me, uſed proper means to bring me to ' myſelf, and, on my recovery, I found ' myſelf preſſed very tenderly within his ' arms. His touch was now grown ' odious to me; I ſtruggled to get looſe. " Be not thus unkind," cried he, holding me ſtill faſter; " you once took " pleaſure in my embraces, you have " confeſſed you did. Oh! then, recall " thoſe ſoft ideas, and we ſhall both be " happy!"

" No!" anſwered I, breaking forcibly ' from him; " what then was the effect " of too much innocence, would be " now a guilt for which I ſhould deteſt " myſelf as much as I do you!"—" I " ſtill love you," ſaid he. " Prove it, " then," cried I fiercely, " by giving " me up that writing which your artifices enſnared me to ſign, and ceaſe " to oppoſe my marriage with Amaſis." —" No, Madam," replied he, " if you " perſiſt in the reſolution of marrying " Amaſis, half your eſtate would be a " ſmall conſolation to me for the loſs of " you; and you cannot ſure imagine " me to be weak enough to reſign my " claim to the one, after being deprived " of the other!"

' I had not patience to continue this ' diſcourſe, but retired to my chamber; ' where, throwing myſelf upon the bed, ' I vented ſome part of the anguiſh of ' my mind in a flood of tears: after ' which, finding ſome little eaſe, I began ' to reflect, that tormenting myſelf in ' this manner would avail nothing; ' and that I ought rather to try if any ' poſſible means could be found for extricating me from the labyrinth I was ' entangled in.

' Accordingly I aroſe, muffled myſelf up as well as I could to prevent ' being known, took a hackney-coach, ' and went to the chambers of an eminent lawyer. I related to him all the ' circumſtances of my unhappy caſe, ' concealing only the names of the perſons concerned in it. He liſtened attentively to what I ſaid; and when I ' had done, aſked me of what age I was ' when I entered into that engagement ' I now wanted to be freed from; which ' queſtion I anſwering with ſincerity, he ' ſhook his head, and told me that he ' was ſorry to aſſure me I could have no ' relief from law; and that the beſt, ' and, indeed, the only method I could ' take, was to endeavour to compromiſe ' the affair with the gentleman.

' I returned home very diſconſolate, ' and was above a week without being ' able to reſolve on any thing; but my ' impatience to be united to the man I ' loved, and at the ſame time eaſed of ' the preſence of the man I hated, at ' laſt determined me to follow the lawyer's advice. I ſent for my wicked ' tutor into my chamber; talked to him ' in more obliging terms than I had ' done ſince the firſt diſcovery of his deſigns upon me; but repreſented to ' him the abſurdity of thinking of marrying me himſelf; and concluded with ' telling him, that if he would cancel ' the engagement between us, I would ' make him a gratuity of a thouſand ' pounds, and alſo be ready to do him ' any other ſervice in my power.

' He rejected this propoſal with the ' greateſt contempt. " You are cer" tainly mad, Alinda," ſaid he, " or " take me to be ſo! A thouſand pounds " would be a fine equivalent, indeed, " for the half of your eſtate, jewels, " rich furniture, plate, and whatever " elſe you are in poſſeſſion of; to all " which your marriage will give me an " undoubted claim, and I accordingly " ſhall ſeize."—" Suppoſe I never " marry?" cried I. " Be it ſo," anſwered he; " I muſt ſtill continue to " live with you; and what you offer for " my quitting you does not amount to " five years purchaſe of my ſalary and " board as your chaplain."

' Theſe words making me imagine ' his chief objection was to the ſmallneſs ' of the ſum, I told him I would double, ' nay, even treble it, for the purchaſe of ' my liberty; but he told me it would ' be in vain for me to tempt him with ' any offers of that kind; that no conſideration whatever ſhould prevail with ' him to depart from the agreement between us; and he would always hold ' me to my bargain.

'The determined air with which he 'ſpoke this, made me think it beſt not 'to urge him any farther at that time. 'The next day, however, and ſeveral 'ſucceeding ones, I failed not to renew 'the diſcourſe; but though I made uſe 'of every argument my reaſon could 'ſupply me with; though I wept, 'prayed, raved, by turns cajoled and 'threatened; all I could ſay, all I could 'do, was ineffectual; and the more 'I laboured to bring him to compli-'ance, the more ſtubborn his obſtinacy 'grew.

'To make any one ſenſible what it 'was I ſuffered in this cruel dilemma, 'they muſt alſo be made ſenſible to 'what an infinite degree I loved the 'man whom it was now impoſſible for 'me to be happy with; and both theſe 'are inexpreſſible: I ſhall therefore 'only ſay, that I was very near being 'totally deprived of that little ſhare of 'reaſon Heaven had beſtowed upon 'me.

'Amaſis, to whom I had confeſſed 'the tenderneſs I had for him, was all 'this while continually ſoliciting me to 'compleat our union. One day, when 'he was more than ordinarily preſſing on 'this occaſion, and my heart being very 'full, I cried out, almoſt without know-'ing what I ſaid—"Oh, Amaſis! you "know not what you aſk, when you "aſk me to marry you!" This exclamation ſurprized him: but having begun, I now went on—"You expect," 'ſaid I, "an eſtate of twelve hundred "pounds a year; but I will not deceive "you, you find me worth only the half "of what you have been made to "hope."—"When I made my addreſſes to the lovely Alinda," anſwered he, "I had no eye to the fortune ſhe might bring me. But wherefore this fruitleſs trial of my love? Your "guardians have ſhewn me the writings "of your eſtate; and I know to a ſingle "hundred what you are poſſeſſed of."—"Suppoſe," rejoined I, "that I "ſhould have previouſly diſpoſed of the "one half of what otherwiſe our marriage would have given you?"—"I "will ſuppoſe no ſuch thing," replied he; "it cannot be!"—"It both can, "and is," ſaid I, burſting into tears; "I have unwarily entered into an engagement, by which I forfeit the "moiety of all I am miſtreſs of, even "to my very jewels, if ever I marry "any man, except on certain conditions; which condition, I am now "well aſſured, I never can obtain."

"Death!" cried he, ſtarting up in a 'fury, "What condition?—When!—"Where!—To whom!—On what account was this engagement made?" 'Shame would not let me anſwer to 'theſe interrogatories, and I remained 'in a kind of ſtupid ſilence. "If by "any artifices," purſued he, "you "have been ſeduced to ſign a compact "of this wild nature, unfold the whole "of the affair, and depend, that either "the laws, or this avenging arm, ſhall "do you juſtice." I now repented 'that I had ſo raſhly divulged any part 'of this fatal ſecret; not but I ſhould 'have been glad to have ſeen my wicked 'tutor puniſhed; but I knew that, on 'the leaſt attempt made for my redreſs, 'he would infallibly expoſe the follies 'I had been guilty of in regard to him; 'and, when compared with the loſs of 'Amaſis, my fortune, or even my life 'itſelf, ſeemed a leſs terrible misfortune: for this reaſon, therefore, I 'refuſed the entreaties of a beloved 'lover, and ſcreened the villainy of a 'wretch whom my ſoul abhorred. In 'fine, I would reveal no more than I 'had done. Amaſis left me in a very 'ill humour; and the next morning I 'received a billet from him, containing 'theſe ſtabbing lines—

"TO MISS ALINDA *****.

"MADAM,

"I Have been conſidering on the "amazing account you gave me "laſt night; and as you refuſe to diſ-"cover either the perſon with whom "you made this engagement, or the "motives which induced you to it, can "look on it as no other than a contract "with ſome gentleman once happy in "your affections. A ſecond-hand "paſſion neither ſuits with the delicacy "of my humour, nor to encroach upon "the rights of another with my ho-"nour: I ſhall therefore deſiſt trou-"bling you with any future viſits, but "ſhall be always glad to hear of your "welfare, which I deſpair of doing "till you prevail upon yourſelf to be "juſt to your firſt vows. Sacrifice the

"affection

" affection you have for me to the
" obligations you are under to my
" rival. I yield to his prior title all the
" late glorious hopes I had conceived;
" and wish you more happy with him,
" than it is now in your power to make
" your humble servant,

" AMASIS."

'Here ended all my hopes of happi-
'neſs; all the ſoft ideas of love and
'marriage vaniſhed for ever from my
'breaſt, and were ſucceeded by others
'of the moſt dreadful nature. For ſe-
'veral weeks I abandoned myſelf to
'grief and to deſpair; but pride at length
'got the better of theſe paſſions; and,
'to conceal the real ſituation of my
'heart from the enquiring world, I all
'at once affected to be madly gay, and
'ran into ſuch extravagancies, as,
'without being criminal in fact, juſtly
'drew upon me the ſevereſt cenſures.

'But nature will not bear a perpetual
'violence. Grief and deſpair were the
'ſtrongeſt paſſions in me. In the midſt
'of dancing, tears were ready to ſtart
'from my eyes, and ſighs from my bo-
'ſom, which, when I endeavoured to
'ſuppreſs, recoiled upon my heart, and
'ſhook my frame with the moſt terrible
'revulſions. The marriage of Amaſis
'ſeconded the blow our parting had
'given: I could no longer diſſemble
'what I felt, no longer appear the
'giddy, thoughtleſs libertine, but flew
'from one extreme to the other. I now
'would ſee no company, ſhut myſelf
'up in my chamber, denied acceſs to
'my beſt friends, and never went
'abroad. I ſuffered not Le Bris to
'come into my preſence; and, I believe,
'perceiving me ſo reſolute, he would
'have accepted of a ſum of money to
'have quitted my houſe entirely: but
'I had now done with the world, had
'loſt in Amaſis all I valued in it, and
'would not give the monſter, whom I
'juſtly looked upon as the ſource of all
'my misfortunes, any more than I was
'compelled to do, his bare board and
'ſalary.

'Behold, by theſe memoirs, the be-
'ginning and progreſs of all my miſe-
'ries! The end is near at hand; Death
'is already buſy at my heart, and
'allows no time to apologize for the
'errors of my conduct. Pity is all my
'aſhes can expect!'

CHAP. VII.

CONTAINS A VERY BRIEF ACCOUNT OF SOME PASSAGES SUBSEQUENT TO THE FOREGOING STORY, WITH THE AUTHOR'S REMARKS UPON THE WHOLE.

AS I know very well that ſolidity has but a ſmall ſhare in the compoſition of the lady whom Alinda had intended to entruſt with the publication of her memoirs, I thought the ſureſt way of having the will of the deceaſed performed, was not to trouble a perſon of her character with the peruſal of them, but to take the opportunity of my inviſibility-ſhip to preſent them to the world myſelf, which I accordingly have done.

And now, as I doubt not but the reader will be glad of being informed farther concerning Le Bris, I ſhall relate ſuch particulars as have come to my knowledge.

It muſt be concluded, that this unworthy preceptor, in looking over the papers of Alinda, had either not obſerved, or afterwards forgot, that the ring he had juſt taken from among her other jewels, was the very ſame mentioned in her letter to her friend, otherwiſe he would certainly have had cunning enough to have replaced it where he found it.

Mr. *****, ſoon recollecting what his couſin had ſaid to him in regard of this little legacy, and miſſing it from her other trinkets, made a ſtrict enquiry what was become of it. Le Bris, having had her keys in his poſſeſſion, was one of the firſt interrogated; and, on being ſo, boldly replied, that ſuch a ring had been beſtowed upon him by Alinda. 'How can that be,' cried the other; 'when, but three days be-
'fore her death, ſhe bequeathed it to a
'lady of her acquaintance, and inſiſted
'on my promiſe of delivering it to her?'
—'She muſt then be delirious,' ſaid the parſon; 'but, however that might
'be, Heaven forbid I ſhould detain
'what is even ſuſpected to be the right
'of another!' and, with theſe words, preſented the ring to Mr. *****, who received it from him without the leaſt ceremony.

This affair, notwithſtanding the hypocritical manner in which the ring was returned,

returned, gave Mr. ***** room to imagine there had been ſome foul play in relation to Alinda's effects. The ſteward proved by his books, that he had paid into her hands, a week before her death, two hundred and fifty pounds in ſpecie, and more than twice that ſum in Bank bills, being arrears he had received from the tenants. It ſeemed unlikely to them that ſhe could have diſpoſed of the money, much leſs have had any occaſion to change the bills in ſo ſhort a time; orders were therefore ſent to the Bank to ſtop the payment of ſuch numbers till further notice: but the precaution came too late; the perſon who had ſecreted them had been already there, and converted all his paper into caſh.

The heir, however, was confident that he had been defrauded: he conſulted council upon it, who all adviſed him to have recourſe to equity. Whether Le Bris had any hint given him of what was intended to be done againſt him, or whether his own guilty conſcience made him only apprehend it, is uncertain: but he had not courage to ſtand the teſt of examination; he fled the kingdom; after having thrown aſide that robe which, had he been known for what he truly was, would long before have been ſtripped from his ſacrilegious ſhoulders.

But Providence would not permit him to enjoy his ill-got ſpoils, nor a life he had devoted to ſuch wicked purpoſes. Deſigning to turn trader at Jamaica, he embarked for that place; but the veſſel being overtaken by a ſtorm, was loſt almoſt in ſight of ſhore; and he, with many other, perhaps leſs guilty perſons, periſhed in the wreck. This laſt piece of intelligence I received from his mother; whom, though he had ſupported during the life of Alinda, to prevent being expoſed by her clamours, he now left pennyleſs, deſtitute, and ſtarving, in an extreme old age.

Thus did the vengeance of Heaven at laſt overtake the wretch who, beſides his other impieties, had been guilty of the moſt cruel ingratitude and breach of truſt, in impoſing upon the ſimplicity of a young creature committed to his care, and utterly deſtroying all the views of his generous patron and benefactor.

As for the unfortunate Alinda, though it is certain her conduct cannot be wholly juſtified, yet, according to my opinion, it ought not to be wholly condemned. It would be paſſing too ſevere a judgment, to impute the fondneſs ſhe expreſſed for her wicked tutor to a wanton inclination. If we conſider the various arts of her ſeducer, the commands laid on her by her father to love and obey him as himſelf, the manner in which ſhe was brought up, the perfect ignorance ſhe was kept in of the cuſtoms of the world, and how other young ladies behaved; we ſhall find that theſe are all of them very ſtrong pleas in her defence, and not forbear pitying the miſtakes of ſuch artleſs innocence.

I wiſh as much could be alledged in her behalf on the ſcore of her behaviour after breaking off with Amaſis. The exceſſes into which ſhe ran, in order to conceal the diſquiets of her mind for the loſs of that favourite lover too evidently ſhew that ſhe ſacrificed two of the moſt valuable characteriſticks of womanhood, her prudence and her modeſty, to one of the very worſt—her pride.

Nor can I offer any thing in vindication of the laſt ſtages of her life. If convinced of her error in being perpetually amongſt promiſcuous company, it was flying to an almoſt as inexcuſable extreme, to ſhut herſelf up from her beſt friends, and avoid the ſociety of thoſe whoſe converſation might have diſſipated her chagrin, and, at the ſame time, improved her underſtanding. To do this, ſeems to me, I muſt confeſs, to have more the ſavour of deſpair, than of virtue or true fortitude.

There was, doubtleſs, a certain giddy propenſity in her nature, which wanted to be corrected by reaſon, example, precept, authority, and the rudiments of a good education; all which ſhe was denied: and it muſt therefore be acknowledged, that both her faults and misfortunes were entirely owing to the caprice and credulity of her father, and the baſe deſigns of the perſon appointed to be her governor and inſtructor.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

INVISIBLE SPY.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

THE AUTHOR, BY THE HELP OF HIS INVISIBILITY, HAS DISCOVERED SUCH A CONTRAST IN THE BEHAVIOUR OF TWO MARRIED COUPLE OF DISTINCTION, AS HE THINKS WOULD BE THE UTMOST INJUSTICE TO THE PUBLICK TO CONCEAL.

PLACENTIA, after a long and paſſionate courtſhip, was at laſt wedded to Dalmatius. She brought him an ample fortune, a very agreeable perſon, and an unblemiſhed character. She had ſtudied the duties of a wife before ſhe became ſo, and afterwards practiſed them in the ſtricteſt manner. Whenever ſhe found him gay, ſhe heightened his good humour by her own ſprightlineſs; and when ſullen and perverſe, as was too often the caſe, ſhe endeavoured to diſſipate his chagrin, either by playing on her ſpinnet, or telling him ſome diverting ſtory. Without ſeeming to conſult his palate, ſhe always took care to put ſuch diſhes into her bill of fare as ſhe had perceived he fed upon with moſt ſatisfaction. Whatever company ſuited his taſte, were ſure to be often invited by her, and entertained with the greateſt marks of eſteem and complaiſance. Her whole thoughts, indeed, were taken up with obliging and making him happy: ſhe had no will, no inclination of her own; both were entirely regulated by his: and, to add to all this, ſhe was an excellent œconomiſt, underſtood the management of a family perfectly well, and knew how to make a grand appearance with leſs expence than ſome others are at who are accounted contemptibly parſimonious.

What would ſome huſbands give to be bleſſed with ſo virtuous, ſo tender, ſo endearing a companion! Dalmatius, inſtead of placing this jewel next his heart, hung it careleſsly upon his ſleeve; either not knowing, or not regarding, the true value of it.

During the courſe of ſeveral inviſible viſitations I made at their houſe, never did I ſee him treat her in any degree proportionable to her merit. When in his beſt humours, he returned the careſſes ſhe gave him only with a cold indifference; but when any thing abroad had happened to thwart his view, either of pleaſure or ambition, no man could behave with more churliſhneſs at home. But the manner in which this couple behaved to each other will beſt appear from their own words, which I ſhall give a ſhort ſpecimen of on two different occaſions.

They were to go out together one day, to call on ſome friends who were to accompany them on a party of pleaſure.

ſure. The landau waited at the door. He had juſt finiſhed dreſſing, and ſent up to know if his wife was ready. The meſſage could be ſcarce delivered before ſhe came flying into the room, on which the following dialogue enſued—

Placentia. I hope I have not made you wait for me?

Dalmatius. Not at all. It wants ſome minutes of our appointment; but I know you women are generally ſo long equipping yourſelves, that I was willing to haſten you.

Placentia. I ſhould know but little of the value of time, if I waſted much of it in dreſſing. But pray, my dear, how do you like me to-day?

Dalmatius. Like you! that's an odd queſtion. Why, as well as ever I did.

Placentia. I ſhould be miſerable if I did not think you did. But I mean, how do you like my cloaths? you ſee I am all in new.

Dalmatius. Are you indeed? I ſhould have ſeen nothing of it, if you had not told me: I never mind what women have on.

Placentia. Then I am diſappointed, my dear; for I aſſure you I conſulted your fancy more than my own in the choice I made of this ſilk; as I have heard you ſay an hundred times, I believe, that you thought blue and ſilver the moſt agreeable mixture that could be.

Dalmatius. So it is; but it may not happen to become every body: however, I muſt do you the juſtice to ſay, you look well enough in it, and I believe every body will think ſo.

Placentia. If you think ſo, my dear, it is all I wiſh.

In ſpeaking this, ſhe took hold of his hand, and kiſſed it with the greateſt warmth of affection. He returned the favour with a ſlight ſalute upon her cheek; then looking on his watch, ſaid he believed it was time to go, and went down ſtairs, ſhe following.

The truth of the affair is this. Dalmatius is not only vain and inſolent in his nature, but alſo amorous and inconſtant to an exceſs. Though he no longer had any eyes for the charms of his fair wife, his heart was but too ſuſceptible to thoſe of other women. Miranda for ſome time engroſſed all his devoirs; nor could her being married to the moſt intimate of his friends reſtrain him from making his unlawful addreſſes to her; nor the vow ſhe had taken at the altar, deter her from gratifying an inclination he had found the way to inſpire.

The huſband of this lady is a man of ſo much indolence, and ſo little delicacy, that he never gives himſelf the leaſt concern about what pleaſures his wife may indulge herſelf in, provided ſhe offers no interruption to thoſe he takes himſelf. There are ſome, indeed, who ſay, that on their marriage they mutually agreed to allow each other a perfect latitude in this point; but, be that as it may, Miranda ſeems under no apprehenſions of her conduct being called in queſtion by him.

Her amour with Dalmatius ſoon became ſo notorious, that it was in the mouth of every one. Placentia herſelf was the laſt that gave credit to it; that excellent lady would not ſuffer her heart to entertain ill thoughts of the man ſhe was bound to love, nor could any thing but the teſtimony of her own eyes have convinced her of the guilty truth.

Miranda came to viſit her one day when ſhe happened to be abroad; but Dalmatius being at home, the preſence of his wife was little wanted. She ſoon returned, however; and being told that Miranda was above, ran haſtily up to receive her; but not finding her in the room where company were uſually introduced, yet thinking ſhe heard the murmur of voices very near, ſhe ſtepped towards the place whence it ſeemed to proceed, and peeping through the keyhole of an adjacent chamber, ſaw her huſband and the lady in a poſture ſuch as could leave her no doubt of their criminal converſation.

The ſudden ſhock at firſt transfixed her feet; but preſently recovering herſelf, ſhe retired from the guilty ſcene, and went into her own chamber; where finding her woman at work, ſhe ordered her to go immediately down, and forbid the ſervants to take any notice of her being come home. 'I hear,' ſaid ſhe, 'that Miranda is below, and I am 'not very well, and would not ſee any 'company at this time.'

The woman being withdrawn, to do as ſhe was commanded, Placentia threw herſelf into an eaſy chair, and fell into a profound reverie. I was preſent all this while, but my Belt of Inviſibility did not enable me to penetrate into her thoughts; till ſeeming as if determined on ſomething ſhe had been debating within

within herſelf, ſhe roſe ſuddenly from her ſeat, and burſt into theſe words—'No, 'he ſhall never know I think him falſe, 'much leſs that I have detected him. 'Reproaches would avail me nothing, 'and might harden him in his crime. 'I am his wife; we muſt always live 'together, or be ſubject to the ridicule 'of a laughing and cenſorious world. 'Prudence, therefore, as well as duty, 'commands me to conceal the ſhameful 'diſcovery I have made; and rather en-'deavour, by added tenderneſs, if poſ-'ſible, to reclaim him, and oblige him 'to ſee I am at leaſt as worthy of his af-'fection as Miranda.'

I left her in this reſolution, and found that for ſeveral days ſhe ſtrictly adhered to it; excepting only, that ſhe could not ſo far diſſemble her uneaſineſs as to be able to receive Miranda in the manner ſhe had formerly done: ſhe therefore deſiſted from making her any farther invitations to her houſe, and always excuſed herſelf from accepting any ſent to her by that lady.

This was enough, however, to give the lovers ſome apprehenſions that ſhe ſuſpected their intrigue; but Miranda was of too vain and gay a temper to feel any inquietude on this ſcore; and the ungrateful Dalmatius, finding himſelf treated by his wife with the ſame love and complaiſance as ever, gave himſelf not the trouble either to examine, or be under the leaſt concern, whether ſuch a behaviour proceeded from her ignorance of his fault, or her diſcretion in overlooking it.

But the ſweeteſt diſpoſition may be embittered by continual provocations. Placentia, finding that all the efforts ſhe made for regaining the affections of her huſband were ineffectual, began by degrees to grow more remiſs in her cares of pleaſing; not that ſhe ever departed from the eſſential duties of a wife, ſhe only ceaſed the practice of thoſe which, as the caſe ſtood between them, might juſtly be called works of ſupererogation.

Being to have a great route at her houſe, juſt as ſhe was going to ſend cards to invite the company, Dalmatius came into the room; and having looked over the catalogue of names, on finding Miranda's not there, began with an unuſual haughtineſs to interrogate her on that occaſion; and ſhe now, for the firſt time, replied to what he ſaid with as much indifference as ſhe had formerly done with ſubmiſſion.

Dalmatius. How happens it, Madam, that Miranda is left out among the number of your gueſts?

Placentia. I had forgot her.

Dalmatius. It is well, then, that I reminded you: but methinks a lady of her rank and character in the world might well have deſerved a place in your remembrance.

Placentia. It may be ſo; but one cannot invite every body.

Dalmatius. When any body is invited to our houſe, eſpecially on theſe occaſions, it would be the utmoſt abſurdity to leave Miranda out; therefore I inſiſt upon her coming, for your own ſake.

Placentia. Oh, Sir, you need not give yourſelf any trouble on that ſcore; I am certainly a judge how to behave to my own acquaintance: but if you are ſo deſirous of having Miranda here to-morrow, the beſt way is for you to ſend a card as from yourſelf; I doubt not but the invitation will be full as agreeable, and as readily complied with.

Dalmatius. You talk in an odd manner, Madam! And, now I think on it, I met Miranda the other day in the Park, and ſhe complained to me of a ſtrange change in you towards her; that you have never returned the laſt viſit ſhe made you; have ſcarce ſpoke to her in any publick aſſembly, and ſeemed to ſhun her preſence as much as poſſible. Pray what is the meaning of all this?

Placentia. That, Sir, is a queſtion which perhaps neither you nor ſhe would thank me for anſwering directly.

Dalmatius. I underſtand you, Madam, however. You have got notions in your head not becoming in you to indulge, nor worthy any endeavours of mine to expel. I would only have you be wiſer; and conſider, that of all domeſtick animals a jealous wife is the moſt contemptible.

He flung out of the room with theſe words, and all the tokens of diſdain and indignation in his countenance; leaving Placentia in a confuſion not eaſy to be deſcribed. I could perceive, however, by the geſtures of that unhappy lady, that ſhe repented having gone ſo far; yet knowing herſelf the only injured, could not yield either to recede from her reſolution on the account of Miranda, or make uſe of any attempts to ſoften

ſo ill-founded a reſentment in her huſband.

It is now ſaid that his amour with Miranda is on the decline; that a new face has utterly eclipſed all the charms he lately found in hers; and that Placentia has at leaſt this conſolation under her misfortune, to find that no one beauty has the power long to retain the heart ſhe has loſt: ſo juſt are the poet's words—

'When fix'd to one, love ſafe at anchor rides,
'And dares the fury of the winds and tides;
'But loſing once that hold, to the wide ocean borne,
'It drives at will, to ev'ry wave a ſcorn.'

Marriage, though a ſacred inſtitution, though ordained by Heaven to beſtow the ſupremeſt felicity we mortals are capable of enjoying, becomes the ſevereſt curſe, when ſpuls ill ſuited to each other are joined in it's indiſſoluble bonds; and it too often happens, that thoſe who by nature and education are qualified to give and receive the greateſt happineſs, are rendered the moſt miſerable, through the perverſeneſs of a bad-tempered partner.

Montelion has been twice married. He has experienced both all the contentments, and all the inquietudes, of that ſtate, with women of humours as widely different as light and darkneſs; I had almoſt ſaid, as heaven from hell. His firſt lady, as ſhe was excelled by none in exterior perfections, ſo ſhe was equalled but by very few in the more valuable endowments of the mind. His life, while in poſſeſſion of this treaſure, was one continued ſcene of harmony and love. But ſoon, alas! the bliſsful proſpect vaniſhed; the fair, the virtuous, the tender Erminia, died! and, to add to the misfortune of her diſconſolate huſband, left no pledge behind her of their mutual affection.

Though in that ſeaſon of life when amorous flames are at their higheſt bent, thoſe of Montelion ſeemed all buried in the grave of his dear Erminia. He remained for ſeveral years the lonely occupier of a widowed bed. At laſt, however, the ardent deſire of having an heir for his eſtate got ſomewhat the better of his melancholy, and determined him on a ſecond venture.

In the choice he made, he conſulted neither fortune nor beauty: the one, indeed, he wanted not; and as for the other, ſince his Erminia's death all women were equal to him, and he regarded the lovely and unlovely with the ſame indifference. He therefore married Ferocia, merely becauſe ſhe was one of the daughters of a fruitful family, and likely to anſwer the only end which induced him once more to become a huſband.

Every body was aſtoniſhed at theſe nuptials, and much more ſo on the knowledge of Ferocia's behaviour afterwards. But I ſhall preſent my reader with the character of this lady, as it was given by an impartial hand in a letter to a friend.

'Ferocia, now the wife of Montelion, 'is a woman plain in her perſon, weak 'in her underſtanding, capricious and 'fantaſtick in her humour, unpoliſhed 'in her manners; and, what is worſe 'than all, inſufferably vain and inſolent on her new dignity, without one 'grain of true love or gratitude for the 'man who has raiſed her to it.'

My gift of inviſibility aſſiſted me in proving the truth of the above in all it's parts. Farther I will not pretend to ſay; for though it is a vulgar adage, that 'Where there is no modeſty there 'is little ſign of honeſty,' and I have heard ſevere cenſures paſſed upon her virtue, yet I never could make any diſcoveries to her prejudice on that ſcore; and am apt to believe, that the rampant airs ſhe gives herſelf among the men, are in reality, more owing to a hoidenly than an amorous diſpoſition.

Montelion ſeems to ſee her behaviour in the ſame light I do; yet, for the ſake of his own honour, cannot but wiſh ſhe would act with more reſerve. They had not been married above three months, when he was ſeized with a fit of the gout, which confined him to his apartment. Ferocia came in, covered over with jewels, and blazing like a ſtar; and, without expreſſing any concern for his indiſpoſition, told him that ſhe was going to Lady Primwell's route; on which enſued the following dialogue between them—

Montelion. I flattered myſelf, Madam, with having the happineſs of your company at home this evening, as I am not in a condition to ſtir out.

Ferocia. Oh heavens! I ſhould make the

the worſt nurſe in the world! What good would my ſtaying do you?

Montelion. A great deal, Madam; and I hope I need ſay no more to engage you not to leave me.

Ferocia. Indeed, my lord, I muſt go; I have given my promiſe.

Montelion. You will be eaſily excuſed. Nobody will expect a wife on a party of pleaſure, when they know her huſband is confined by pain. Come, my dear, you muſt not think that ſtaying at home one night is an act of too much complaiſance to a man who would refuſe nothing for your ſatisfaction.

In ſpeaking this, he drew her gently towards him, and gave her two or three very tender kiſſes; but, in doing ſo, a little ſnuff he had between his thumb and finger happened to ſcatter on her glove; on which ſhe ſtarted from him, and returned his kind expreſſions in theſe terms—

Ferocia. Piſh! How ſilly this is! You have ſpoiled my gloves with your naſty ſnuff. Here, John! William! run one of you to my dreſſing-room, and bid Faddle bring me a pair of gloves in a minute.

Montelion. Don't put yourſelf into a paſſion, my dear; but ſit down, and reſolve to oblige me. I'll call for cards, and we'll have a game at picquet.

She made no reply; but hung down her head, and ſtood counting the ſticks of her fan till Faddle came into the room.

Ferocia. Where are the gloves?

Faddle. Madam, I thought the fellow was miſtaken, when he bid me bring gloves; as your ladyſhip had juſt now a clean pair.

Montelion. Aye, Mrs. Faddle, there is no occaſion. Rather get your lady's night-dreſs ready; for ſhe has changed her mind, and does not go abroad.

Ferocia. Indeed I both muſt and will, my lord. Do you imagine, that becauſe you are ſick, I muſt mortify myſelf, and be mewed up with you till I am ſick too? No, no; I am not weak enough to comply with ſo unreaſonable a requeſt; therefore adieu. I ſhall ſcarce ſee you till late; and hope then to find your lordſhip better.

She waited not for any reply he might have made, but flounced out of the room, followed by her woman. Montelion ſoon after heard the footman called to attend her ladyſhip, and the chariot drive from the door. How would ſome huſbands have reſented ſuch uſage! yet Montelion bore it, without any ſhew of impatience, from one endowed with no charms to excite either love or reſpect. His tameneſs, however, is not owing to any meanneſs of ſpirit in him, but rather to his good ſenſe. He does not care to have his domeſtick affairs become the talk of the town, nor to come to an open rupture with the woman he has made his wife; nd having in vain eſſayed all the means that prudence and good-nature could ſuggeſt to bring her to a more reaſonable way of thinking, he has at laſt given over the attempt; ſeems not to regard whatever ſhe does, but endeavours to loſe the thoughts of his private diſquiets in the toils of publick buſineſs.

CHAP. II.

RELATES A STRANGE INSTANCE OF BIGOTRY AND ENTHUSIASM IN A PARENT.

NOTHING is ſo deſirable as religion, nothing ſo truly amiable as piety. What bleſſings does it not diffuſe to all who are within the reach of it's influence? From it all other virtues are derived, and by it alone we are enabled to act with vigour. Yet how often have we ſeen this heavenly quality perverted into it's very oppoſite; and, from the ſpirit of meekneſs, benevolence, mercy, charity, and univerſal love, become the ſpirit of pride, contention, envy, hatred, and perſecution! Like the archangel, who ſtanding neareſt to the throne of glory, precipitated himſelf into the loweſt hell.

Bigotry and ſuperſtition are the ſureſt engines which the ſubtle enemy of mankind makes uſe of for our deſtruction. All other crimes carry their ſtings with them; conſcience reproaches us for doing amiſs, and we fall not again into the like without extreme remorſe and ſhame: but the man poſſeſſed of this holy frenzy of the mind glories in his perſeverance, becauſe he looks upon it as the higheſt virtue.

A gentleman, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Flaminio, had attained to the age of fifty, without having been known to be guilty of any one

thing which could call in queſtion either his honour, good-nature, or good ſenſe. He had lived careſſed by his friends, reſpected by his acquaintance, and almoſt adored by his tenants and dependants. He had one ſon, and one daughter; and having loſt his wife in bringing the latter into the world, he never ventured on a ſecond, but laid out all his cares on the education of theſe two.

Adario, for ſo I ſhall call the ſon, having finiſhed his ſtudies to the ſatisfaction of all thoſe who had the charge of inſtructing him, in order to compleat the fine gentleman, was ſent to make the tour of Europe, under the care of a diſcreet and experienced governor. Iſabinda, the daughter, remained at home with her father; and being extremely beautiful, and miſtreſs of every accompliſhment befitting her ſex and rank, attracted the love and admiration of as many as had opportunity to be witneſs of her perfections.

Being ſuch as I have deſcribed, it may eaſily be ſuppoſed that, in a town like this, there were not few who declared themſelves her lovers. Lyſimor was among the number of thoſe who had the leaſt to fear, and the moſt to hope for, in his addreſſes to her. He had an agreeable perſon, was deſcended of a good family, and was heir to an eſtate adequate to his birth. He had been fellow-ſtudent with Adario; and though, being ſome years older, he had left the univerſity before him, they had always kept up a correſpondence. He was introduced to the acquaintance of the ſiſter by the intimacy he had with the brother; who failed not, before he went abroad, to recommend his friend's pretenſions to her in the ſtrongeſt terms.

He it was, indeed, who alone had the power of pleaſing her. Her young heart preſently diſtinguiſhed him from all his rivals; but her modeſty and diſcretion would not permit her to give him any marks of a peculiar regard, till authorized to do ſo by the perſon ſhe had always been taught to conſider as the ſole diſpoſer of her fate.

Lyſimor, who had alſo been bred in the moſt ſtrict obedience, made not his court to Iſabinda without having firſt communicated the paſſion he had for her to his father, and received his approbation. The two old gentlemen had afterwards an interview on this occaſion; and Flaminio, being perfectly ſatisfied with the propoſals made by the other, readily gave his conſent, on condition his daughter, whoſe inclinations he ſaid he would never go about to force, ſhould have no objection to the match.

The ſame evening, as they were ſitting together at ſupper, Flaminio related to his daughter all that had paſſed between him and the father of Lyſimor; and added, that he looked upon him as a very deſerving young fellow; that his birth and fortune were unexceptionable; and that, if ſhe had no averſion to his perſon, he ſhould be heartily glad of an alliance with him.

Iſabinda bluſhed like the ſun juſt peeping from a cloud, on hearing her father ſpeak in this manner; and could ſcarce recover herſelf from the glad ſurprize enough to tell him that, ſince he was pleaſed with ſuch a union, ſhe ſhould be all obedience to his will. She ſaid no more; but the ſoft confuſion ſhe was in, and the joy which ſhe could not reſtrain from ſparkling in her eyes, ſufficiently teſtified how much her inclinations correſponded with her duty. 'Well, 'then,' reſumed he, 'from this time 'forward receive Lyſimor as the perſon 'by Heaven and me ordained to be 'your huſband.'

I leave it to my fair readers to conceive what delightful images muſt fill the mind of Iſabinda, after this ſanction to an affection which hitherto ſhe had not dared to indulge, yet had it not in her power to ſubdue. For my own part, though I was preſent during all the converſation ſhe had with her father on this head, I left the houſe when ſhe retired to her chamber; which ſhe did more early than ordinary that night; I gueſs, to have an opportunity of giving a looſe to the tranſports of her mind.

As for Lyſimor, the joy he felt on being acquainted with what his father had done for him, was very much allayed by the perfect ignorance he was in of having made any impreſſion on the heart of his charming miſtreſs. He went to viſit her the next day, hoping, yet trembling, for the event: but ſoon the lovely maid put an end to his ſuſpence, by aſſuring him, that for his ſake alone ſhe could reſolve, without reluctance, on changing her condition.

Not only the lovers themſelves, but both their parents alſo, ſeemed equally impatient for the conſummation of theſe nuptials. A ſhort day was appointed for

for the celebration; the articles of ſettlement and jointure were drawing up; new habits, new coaches, new equipages, all neceſſary preparations were carrying on with the utmoſt expedition: when, lo! a ſudden and unexpected ſtorm bore down at once the pleaſing proſpect of their hopes; for ever daſhed their expected joys, and ſpread a laſting ſcene of deſolation and deſpair! How vainly, alas! do we depend on mortal happineſs! The gaudy bubble fleets before us like the wind, eludes our graſp, and mocks the idle chace, as Sir Robert Howard juſtly expreſſes it—

'Short is th' uncertain reign and pomp of
'mortal pride.
'New turns and changes ev'ry day
'Are of inconſtant Chance the conſtant
'arts.
'Soon ſhe gives, ſoon takes away:
'She comes, embraces, nauſeates you, and
'parts.'

Flaminio, from being the moſt chearful, good-natured man, that could be of his age, became all at once transformed into the moſt ſullen, gloomy, and diſcontented. From expreſſing the utmoſt eagerneſs for his daughter's wedding, he now appeared wholly negligent of every thing relating to it. When the father of Lyſimor, and the lawyer employed to draw the marriage-writings, went to his houſe, he ordered his ſervants to ſay he was from home; made ſeveral tradeſmen carry back the things he had beſpoke for the ſolemnity; and, in fine, put an entire ſtop to all he had been ſo ſolicitous in forwarding.

The father of Lyſimor began to think himſelf affronted by this proceeding, and both the lovers were amazed and troubled beyond deſcription at it: but though the young gentleman came once or twice every day to viſit his dear miſtreſs, Flaminio ſo carefully avoided his preſence, that he could get no opportunity of complaining to him; and Iſabinda was too much terrified by the unuſual auſterity of his looks, to have the courage to open her lips to him on this ſcore.

She was one afternoon alone in the fore-parlour, waiting the approach of Lyſimor; when her father, who was in a back room, called her to him. She immediately obeyed; and, on her entrance, was accoſted by him in this manner—

Flaminio. Well, Iſabinda, I ſuppoſe you expect Lyſimor here preſently?

Iſabinda. Yes, Sir. I is near the hour when he generally viſits me.

Flaminio. His company may be ſpared at this time. I have ſomething to ſay to you, and would not be interrupted. I have therefore given orders to the ſervants to tell him, when he comes, that you are gone abroad.

Iſabinda. He will ſcarce believe that, becauſe I promiſed to take a walk with him in the Mall after tea; but if you require my attendance, I will diſmiſs him the moment he comes.

Flaminio. No, it ſhall be as I have ſaid. If you marry him, you will have opportunities enough to ſee each other; and if you do not, it will be beſt for you not to have ſettled your affections upon him.

Iſabinda. Sir, I ſhould never have entertained the leaſt thoughts of marrying either him or any other man, without having firſt received your commands to do ſo.

Flaminio. However that may be, events we think moſt near are often the fartheſt from being accompliſhed; and, for that reaſon, a young maid ought never to diſpoſe of her heart till it is accompanied by her hand.

Iſabinda. I hope, Sir, that Lyſimor has done nothing to forfeit the goodwill you once had for him.

Flaminio. No, no; I have nothing to ſay againſt the young gentleman: and ſhould ſtill approve of him for a ſon-in-law, but——

Iſabinda. But what! I beſeech you, Sir, keep me not on a rack more cruel than death!

Flaminio. I am ſorry to ſee you ſo much concerned on his account, I hoped to have found you more indifferent: but, ſince your inclinations are ſo deeply engaged, wiſh from my ſoul there was a poſſibility for your union.

Iſabinda. Ah, Sir, what prevents it!

Flaminio. A father's everlaſting happineſs or miſery.

Theſe words, the emphaſis with which he uttered them, and the horror that appeared in his countenance, frighted the poor young lady almoſt into fits. She ſtarted, trembled; and, not able to comprehend the meaning of what ſhe heard,

the

the moſt terrible ideas came into her mind; which made her rather dread than wiſh an explanation.

She ſtood pale as a ghoſt, and motionleſs a a ſtatue; while her father, greatly agitated, walked backwards and forwards in the room with irregular and diſordered ſteps. Both remained ſpeechleſs for ſome time. At laſt—'I cannot as yet,' ſaid he, 'bring myſelf to 'relieve the ſuſpence I ſee you in; but 'will do it ſoon. Retire, therefore, my 'dear Iſabinda, to your chamber,' continued he, with a deep ſigh; 'and 'invoke the Almighty Diſpenſer of 'bleſſings to give you that compoſure 'of mind, which can alone enable you 'to ſupport chearfully whatever fate 'he is pleaſed to ordain for you.'

She went to her chamber, as commanded; but whether to pray or weep, I will not pretend to inform my readers. I remained with Flaminio while he ſtaid below, which was not long; then followed him up to his cloſet, where he ſhut himſelf in, plucking the door ſo haſtily after him, I had not time to enter; but peeping through the key hole, I ſaw he had thrown himſelf proſtrate on the floor, with his hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, ſeeming very earneſt in devotion. I left him in this poſture, and returned home, much ſurprized at what I had ſeen and heard.

Impatient, however, to get ſome farther light into an affair which at preſent appeared ſo myſterious to me, I went the next morning to Flaminio's houſe. I entered Iſabinda's chamber with a ſervant who was carrying in a diſh of chocolate. That unhappy lady was ſitting leaning her elbow on a table, and her head upon her hand; her eyes red with the late-fallen tears, and all ſymptoms of deſpair and grief about her. But nothing being to be learnt here, I went in ſearch of Flaminio, whom I found in his dreſſing room. He was in a muſing poſture, but had a countenance much more ſerene than the day before. I had not been many minutes with him, before he rung his bell for a footman, whom he ordered to fetch Iſabinda to him. She preſently came; and I was witneſs of the following extraordinary dialogue—

Flaminio. Sit down, my child. I was to blame to leave you in the perplexity I did laſt night, but it was occaſioned only by my too great tenderneſs. I could not eaſily reſolve to tell you a thing which I feared would make you wiſh I had loved you leſs.

Iſabinda. Sir, I have always looked upon your paternal affection to me as the greateſt bleſſing of my life.

Flaminio. I believe you have; and I had never any cauſe to think you did not return that affection with an adequate proportion of filial love and duty.

Iſabinda. I flatter myſelf, Sir, that no one of my actions has ever ſhewn the contrary.

Flaminio. None, indeed, my deareſt child. I ought not, therefore, to have doubted of your ready compliance in a thing on which my ſoul's eternal peace depends. Tell me, my Iſabinda, would you not willingly forego a trifling ſatisfaction to enſure your father's happineſs both here and hereafter?

Iſabinda. I ſhould elſe, Sir, be unworthy of the goodneſs you have ſhewn me.

Flaminio. Well, then, my deareſt Iſabinda, I will no longer heſitate to make thee the confidante of a ſecret which hitherto has never eſcaped my own boſom. It is a ſtory will very much ſurprize thee: but ſee thou mark me well, and be attentive to every particular.

Iſabinda. You may be certain, Sir, I will be ſo.

Flaminio. Know, then, that going into the country to take poſſeſſion of that eſtate which you have heard devolved on me by the death of my uncle, I fell into the acquaintance of a young lady in the neighbourhood, called Harriot. She was handſome. I had a heart entirely free; and I became, as I then thought, violently in love with her. But marriage being a thing of too ſerious a nature to be agreeable to my inclinations at that time, the addreſſes I made to her were extremely private. Such as they were, however, they ſucceeded but too well; and, on my promiſing to make her my wife, obtained all the gratification my paſſion could require.

Having finiſhed the buſineſs which had brought me thither, I ſet out ſoon after on my return to London. Harriot took leave of me without much regret; being to follow in a few days with her father and the whole family, the winter ſeaſon coming on. On her arrival, ſhe ſent me immediate notice; and I provided a proper

proper place for our private interviews, which were not ſeldom, my amorous deſires being yet unſatiated.

Perhaps her youth, beauty, and the extreme tenderneſs ſhe had for me, might have engaged me for a much longer time, had not the charms of your dear mother rendered all thoſe of the whole ſex beſides contemptible in my eyes. I adored her from the firſt moment I beheld her. The flame ſhe inſpired me with was widely different from what I had ever felt before: marriage was no more a bugbear to me; on the contrary, I languiſhed to be linked in thoſe bonds with a perſon of ſuch diſtinguiſhed merit, and the means of attaining that felicity engroſſed all my thoughts.

I now made a thouſand excuſes to avoid meeting poor Harriot; and when her repeated ſolicitations drew me ſometimes to her, my behaviour was ſo cool, ſo changed from what it was, that ſhe could not but ſee into the cauſe; ſhe grew jealous, inquiſitive, and ſoon diſcovered my honourable attachment.

Tears, reproaches, and complaints, now furniſhed me with a pretence to quarrel. I told her I would ſee her no more: and indeed ſhe put it out of my power to break my word; for in three days after we had parted in this manner, ſhe died; not without ſome ſuſpicion of poiſon, as I have heard it whiſpered: but whether ſhe had recourſe, in reality, to any ſuch deſperate method to rid her of a life ſhe was grown weary of, or whether grief alone did the work of fate, I know not; but am too certain, however that might be, my ingratitude was the cruel cauſe, though ſhe was too generous ever to declare it; and not one of all her numerous kindred or acquaintance had the leaſt intimation of the intercourſe between us.

The ſhock I felt on the firſt intelligence of this ſad cataſtrophe is inconceivable, and would doubtleſs have made a laſting impreſſion on me, if the progreſs I every day made in my courtſhip to the object of my virtuous affection, the gaining her conſent to be mine, our marriage, and the hurry of pleaſures attending that ſolemnity, had not too much taken up my heart to leave room for any other ſenſations than thoſe of joy and tranſport.

Events once obliterated from the mind by others of greater conſequence to our happineſs, ſeldom or never recur to it again. A long ſucceſſion of years paſſed over without any remembrance of the unfortunate Harriot; and it is but very lately that the thoughts of her have begun to trouble my repoſe.

But Heaven would not ſuffer me to be always dead to a juſt ſenſibility of the crime I had been guilty of. Not many nights ago—whether ſleeping or awake I cannot pretend to be poſitive—I ſaw, at leaſt I thought I ſaw, that injured woman ſtand by my bed-ſide: I heard her, too, with a voice hollow, yet ſonorous as an echo, bid me repent, and atone for my paſt tranſgreſſion. 'How 'ſhall I atone?' cried I. 'Devote to 'Heaven the deareſt thing you have on 'earth,' replied the phantom, and in that inſtant vaniſhed from my ſight.

It is not poſſible for me to expreſs, much leſs for you to conceive, the horrors I ſuſtained after this amazing dream or apparition, I know not which to call it: but am ſince convinced it was no other than my guardian angel, who, under the form of Harriot, inſtructed me how to atone for my crimes; and ſhould I neglect or diſobey his admonition, it would more than double my tranſgreſſion, and ſink my ſoul down to the loweſt hell. 'Devote to Heaven the deareſt 'thing thou haſt on earth,' the viſion ſaid. Now what have I on earth that is truly dear to me except your brother and yourſelf? I have examined well my heart, and find that of the two you ſit neareſt there: it is you, therefore, my Iſabinda, that is ordained to be the ſacrifice; and, like faithful Abraham, I muſt ſubmit to lay my darling on the altar.

Iſabinda. Oh, Sir, you will not kill me!

Flaminio. Kill thee, my child! rather would I ſuffer this fleſh of mine to be torn with burning pincers, every limb diſlocated, my breaſt laid open, and my panting heart expoſed to publick view, than hurt the ſmalleſt part of thy dear precious frame! No, I mean to preſent thee a living ſacrifice on the altar of piety; to conſecrate thee to the ſervice of Heaven; and to make thee, while on earth, a companion for the ſaints above. In fine, my Iſabinda, you muſt be a nun.

Iſabinda. A nun! Oh heavens!

This poor young lady ſeemed no leſs terrified with the word Nun than ſhe had been with that of Sacrifice: but all I can ſay is, not all the obedience Iſabinda had hitherto been practiſed in, nor

all

all her father's authority, nor the arguments he urged, could either reconcile her to the way of life he enjoined, or oblige her to submit to it with any degree of willingness; and her tears and entreaties being equally in vain to make him recede from the resolution he had taken, he dismissed her from his presence; telling her, in a very angry tone, that he had now done with persuasions, and should take measures to bring her to her duty more becoming his character as a father.

CHAP. III.

THE AUTHOR FINDS HIMSELF, THOUGH WITH AN INFINITE DEAL OF DIFFICULTY, OBLIGED TO MAKE A DISCOVERY OF SOME PART OF THE UNHAPPY CONSEQUENCES WHICH IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED THE CRUEL RESOLUTION FLAMINIO HAD TAKEN IN REGARD TO HIS DAUGHTER.

I Had never yet attempted to see how Lysimor brooked the late delays that had been given to his intended nuptials, so now took it into my head to go. A servant, who was carrying out a wig-box, gave me an opportunity of slipping into the house. I found the old gentleman with a letter in his hand, which seemed to excite in him very great emotions; but as he had just finished the perusal as I entered the room, and was putting it into his pocket, I could not possibly know any thing of the contents. I was not, however, long unsatisfied. Lysimor was returned from a morning walk he had been taking, and entered a few moments after. He appeared in little better humour than his father; and, when he had paid the usual salutation, spoke in this manner—

Lysimor. Certainly, Sir, something very extraordinary must have happened to occasion this sudden change both in Flaminio and his daughter. I have been to enquire of her health this morning, after being disappointed of seeing her last night, and have a second time been denied access.

Father. I could have told you that, if I had known you had been there. I have just received a letter from Flaminio. See what the old coxcomb writes.

With these words he drew the letter he had been reading from his pocket, and threw it on a table. Lysimor snatched it up with the greatest eagerness, and found the contents as follow—

'SIR,

'AN over-ruling fate deprives me of 'the honour of your alliance, 'and disposes of my daughter in a dif-'ferent manner from what I once in-'tended. I must therefore intreat your 'son will make no future visits at my 'house, nor take any steps to traverse 'these designs which I am obliged to 'pursue in relation to Isabinda. As 'for yourself, Sir, I hope you'll impute 'this alteration in my conduct to what 'it really is an unavoidable necessity; 'and not to want of respect in him, who 'in all things else would readily sub-'scribe himself, Sir, your most obedient 'servant,

'FLAMINIO.'

Surprize and resentment now seemed to strive which should be most predominant in the countenance of Lysimor. He stamped, bit his lips, paused a while, then spoke.

Lysimor. This must be madness. No man in his senses could possibly act thus. What! after expressing the highest satisfaction in the intended union between our families, after the warmest professions of respect to you, Sir, and of love to me, to affront both in so gross a manner, without the least cause given on our part; 'tis unaccountable, 'tis monstrous! But I cannot think Isabinda shares in her father's phrenzy.

Father. Whatever she does, it behoves you not to think of her at all. Sooner would I have my family extinct, and my name perish to eternity, than have a branch of that stem grafted on a tree of mine; and I should be sorry to find you mean-spirited enough to retain a wish that way.

What reply Lysimor would have made I know not, for the old gentleman was called hastily out of the parlour to one who waited for him in another room. Lysimor, when alone, fell into a deep musing, in which he sighed and frowned alternately, and seemed divided between love and resentment. But whatever his thoughts were, he had no opportunity of indulging them. A servant presented him with a letter, which he said was brought

brought by a porter, who desired it might be given into his own hands, and waited for an answer. Lysimor no sooner saw the characters on the superscription, than the late paleness in his cheeks was converted into the most lively red. He broke the seal with trembling impatience, and found it contained these lines—

'DEAR SIR,

'MY father, in an unaccountable caprice, tears me from your arms, and is resolute to make me a nun, or rather a martyr of me. Prayers and tears are ineffectual to move him from his purpose; I have tried both in vain; and it is by flight alone I can avoid a fate more dreadful to me than all I can suffer by abandoning his protection. If you have compassion, I must not now say love, assist me in my escape. I have made no intimacies, have no confidents on whom I dare rely in this distracting exigence, and there remain not four and twenty hours between me and the impossibility of averting the doom that threatens me. I am at present a close prisoner in my chamber; and to-morrow, early in the morning, am to take coach for Dover, thence to embark for Dunkirk, under the care of a person whose vigilance I cannot hope to elude, and who is not to quit my sight one moment, till I am, beyond redemption, lodged within the walls of a convent. A girl lately taken into the house, pitying my distress, has promised to get this conveyed to you, and also to grease the hinges of the street-door, that I may go out with less noise when the family are all in bed, which I believe will be pretty early, as my father is too much out of humour to see any company. If you will take upon you the trouble to wait for me at the end of our street, next the square, between the hours of twelve and one, and conduct me to some place where I may be secreted till the search which doubtless will be made after me is over, I shall endeavour to earn a subsistence by such ways as I am capable of, and fortune shall present. If you ever truly loved me, you will not think this request too presuming, but rather be sorry for the sad accident that compels me to make it. I beg a line, in answer to this, may inform me what I have to depend upon from your good-nature, and what hope remains for the forlorn and most wretched

'ISABINDA.'

The lover appeared extremely touched with this melancholy epistle; and when he had finished, threw his arms across his breast, and cried out—'Poor Isabinda! What dæmon has taken possession of her father's brain!—But I should be even yet more cruel to refuse the assistance she implores. No, love, honour, and generosity, forbid it! Whatever shall be the consequence, I must, I will defend her from the fate she dreads.' He then called his footman, and bid him order the person who brought this letter to wait for an answer at some distance from the house, lest his father should happen to see him, and be inquisitive from whom, and on what business he came. Having given these instructions, he ran hastily into his chamber, where I followed, and saw him sit down to his bureau, and write in these terms—

'TO ISABINDA.

'MY FOR EVER DEAR ISABINDA,

'WHATEVER are my sufferings in this unexpected turn of our affairs, I cannot be wholly unhappy while I know you have had no part in the inflicting them. Why do you unkindly make that a request, which you ought to be convinced you might command from my affection? I have devoted myself entirely to your service; and no change of circumstances can ever make me withdraw a heart attracted by so much beauty, and confirmed in it's choice by so much merit. Yes, my charming Isabinda, I am unalterably yours; and you may depend upon my love and honour for every thing you either do, or shall hereafter stand in need of. I shall employ this day in procuring a proper place for your reception; and shall anticipate the hours you mention to watch for your enlargement, which I pray Heaven to facilitate, and bring you safe to the arms of, my dear Isabinda, your faithful and most constant

'LYSIMOR.'

He had but juſt diſpatched this, when his father came into the room; and, with a voice and air vaſtly different from what he had a few minutes before aſſumed, ſpoke to him in theſe terms—

Father. I believe, ſon, I have interrupted your dreſſing: but no matter; I bring you news to conſole you for the loſs of your late miſtreſs. My old friend, Mr. Countwell, the banker, has been with me. His fair charge, Emilia, comes to town next week; and he has offered, for a ſmall premium, to make up a match between you. He aſſures me ſhe is a moſt lovely young creature, is entirely independent of any one, and has twenty thouſand pounds in her pocket, which is more than double the fortune you would have had with the daughter of that fool Flaminio.

Lyſimor. I am greatly indebted to your goodneſs, Sir, and to the conſideration Mr. Countwell has of me; but, Sir, you know I have long loved Iſabinda, and you muſt give my heart ſome time to wean itſelf from it's former attachment.

Father. Pſhaw! one woman, like one nail, will drive out the thoughts of another. Your heart muſt be ſtrangely ſtupified, if it does not dance to the muſick of twenty thouſand pounds. Remember, ſon, the eſtate you are to enjoy at my deceaſe does not amount to quite ſixteen hundred pounds per annum; and that I have been obliged to mortgage ſome part of it, to diſcharge the debts your extravagant elder brother contracted before he died. Emilia's fortune will retrieve all. Well, the breaking off your match with Iſabinda is the moſt lucky thing that could have happened.

Lyſimor. But, Sir, we cannot be ſure the young lady will approve my ſuit.

Father. Mr. Countwell will manage that. He is a ſhrewd man, he knows what he does, and will undertake nothing without performing it. You have only to ſay a few fine things to Emilia, which you know well enough how to do, when once you get Iſabinda out of your head.

Lyſimor. Sir, I ſhall uſe my beſt endeavours to obey you in every thing.

Father. That is well ſaid. I want no obedience but what is for your own intereſt, and will leave you to reflect how many charms there are in twenty thouſand pounds, and then you will fall in love with the fortune, whether ever you do ſo with the lady or not.

This converſation being ended, I recollected that I had ſome affairs of my own to diſpatch, and began to think of retiring, but was prevented by Lyſimor; who walking in a continued and very haſty motion about the room, obliged me to keep cloſe in the corner where I had placed myſelf, and not venture to ſtir, leſt he ſhould ruſh againſt me. At firſt I was a little vexed at this confinement, but afterwards rejoiced heartily at it, as it gave me an opportunity of making a diſcovery, which otherwiſe, perhaps, I ſhould have found much more difficult to attain.

Lyſimor, after ruminating for a conſiderable time, rung the bell for his footman; who, on his entrance, received for his firſt command to ſhut the door: that done, he made no ſcruple to inform the fellow, who I ſoon found was in all his ſecrets, of the concern he was in for Iſabinda; the promiſe he had given of taking her under his protection; and the vexation he was in to find a proper lodging for her, ſo that his father might not ſuſpect he had any hand in her eſcape, nor her own be able to diſcover where ſhe was concealed.

To this the man, after a pretty long pauſe, replied, that he had a ſiſter who was a widow, and lived in a very remote and obſcure part of the town; that her houſe was clean, though ſmall; that her family conſiſted only of herſelf, an infant ſucking at her breaſt, and a country girl who did the buſineſs of a ſervant: and added, that if the lady could content herſelf with ſo mean an abode, he was certain ſhe might remain there concealed as long as ſhe ſhould think fit.

Lyſimor ſeemed overjoyed at this propoſal, and bid him go directly to his ſiſter, apprize her of the affair as far as it was neceſſary, and give her a ſtrict charge to prepare every thing in as decent a manner as ſhe could for the reception of her fair gueſt. The fellow went to execute his commiſſion, and I ſlid ſoftly round the room till I got to the door, and followed him, but not to the place where he was going; for having already found, by the diſcourſe he had with his maſter, the name and ſituation of the ſtreet, I had no buſineſs to take ſo long a walk, till ſomething more material excited my curioſity.

Lyſimor himſelf, however, was not more

more punctual to the time appointed by Iſabinda, than I was to know the iſſue of this adventure. It wanted ſome minutes of twelve when I arrived at the corner of the ſquare, and had but juſt poſted myſelf under a lamp, when I ſaw Lyſimor come muffled up in his cloak, and attended by his ſervant. We had not waited above a quarter of an hour, before we ſaw Iſabinda ſteal out of her father's houſe, with a bundle under her arm almoſt as big as herſelf. Lyſimor, perceiving how ſhe was loaded, made his man haſten to eaſe her of it; after which ſhe rather flew than ran into the arms of her deliverer, for ſo ſhe called him; adding—'Oh, can you pardon the trouble 'I have given you!' To which he replied—'Call not that a trouble which 'I ſhall always look upon as the greateſt 'happineſs of my life.' I could hear diſtinctly little more of what they ſaid to each other, the footman being between us. They walked very faſt through the ſquare, and down a ſtreet which turned from it, where a hackney-coach waited to receive them; and, as ſoon as they were entered, drove away with all imaginable ſpeed. I had neither the will nor the power to purſue them, ſo returned home, to reflect at leiſure on the paſſages I had been witneſs of.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINS SOME MORE INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF THIS ADVENTURE; AND SHEWS THAT PEOPLE, BY FLYING FROM ONE THING WHICH THEY THINK WOULD BE A MISFORTUNE, OFTEN RUN INTO OTHERS OF A NATURE MORE TO BE DREADED.

MUCH as I had condemned Flaminio for his bigotted ſuperſtition, I could not wholly abſolve Iſabinda for the ſtep ſhe had taken. I wondered not that ſhe was fearful of being forced into a ſtate of life which few ladies of her years would chuſe, but I wondered that ſhe was not alſo fearful of putting herſelf into the power of a man who loved her, and whom ſhe paſſionately loved. She muſt certainly either not have conſidered the dangers to which ſhe might be expoſed, or have depended too much on the ſtrength of her own virtue. Beſides, ſhe could not be ſo ignorant as not to know that no woman can be made a nun, any more than ſhe can be made a wife, againſt her will; and a leſs ſhare of courage than ſhe ſhewed in this midnight elopement, would have enabled her, on her entrance within the walls of the convent, to declare ſhe had neither call nor inclination to receive the veil; on which neither the abbeſs, nor the biſhop of the dioceſe, could have conſented to her admiſſion into holy orders. It is true, that her father might have confined her there a penſioner as long as he thought fit; but as this would not have anſwered his end in devoting her to the ſervice of the church, by way of propitiation for his offences, there is no doubt to be made but that he would ſhortly have recalled her home; and perhaps, too, been convinced of his folly in attempting a thing ſo abſurd in itſelf, as well as cruel to his daughter.

I am ſenſible, that many of my fair young readers will be apt to quarrel with me for my animadverſions on Iſabinda's conduct in this point, and cry out, if they were in her place they would do the ſame. It is very likely, indeed, that they would do ſo; and full as likely that they would meet with ſomething to make them heartily repent of their inadvertency. There are others again, who will ſay, that they can have no compaſſion for whatever misfortunes may befal a girl who thus raſhly throws herſelf under the protection of a man not akin to her: but I believe the number of thoſe who are ſo hard-hearted will be very few; except ſome profeſſed prudes, who exclaim violently againſt the leaſt miſconduct in publick, yet make no ſcruple of giving themſelves the greateſt looſe in private.

But to return to the melancholy detail I am now upon. Having little to do with my time the next morning, I went to the houſe where I knew Iſabinda was placed for ſhelter from her father's power. I gained an eaſy acceſs, the door being open, as is generally the cuſtom in mean houſes. On my going up ſtairs, I found the unhappy beauty ſitting in a very penſive poſture, leaning her head againſt the corner of a cupboard, which I ſuppoſe ſerved her for a larder; for I ſaw a ſmall ſlice of butter and the remains of a half-penny roll lying. Frequent ſighs iſſued from her breaſt, and ſome tears

fell. Strange indeed would it have been, if a young lady, bred up in all the delicacies of life, could have worn a chearful countenance in ſuch a change of ſituation; though, as the fellow had told his maſter, the room, and all the furniture it contained, was extremely clean, and ſhewed the houſewifery of the owner, yet nothing could have more the face of poverty.

She ſeemed buried, as it were, in a profound contemplation; when the ſound of ſomebody coming up the ſtairs made her raiſe her head a little, probably gueſſing from whom it proceeded. Lyſimor preſently appeared; and, on ſight of him, a dawn of joy overſpread her face. He ran to her, embraced her, and ſaid the moſt tender things, intermixed with ſome expreſſions of concern, that the neceſſity of her being concealed left him not the power of providing a place for her more ſuitable to her merit and his affection. She could not now reſtrain her tears from flowing, which occaſioned the following diſcourſe.

Iſabinda. Ah, Lyſimor, I beg you will not talk to me in this manner; but rather uſe all your rhetorick to aſſiſt my weak endeavours to ſuit my humour to my condition! To be eaſy, I muſt forget what I have been, and wiſh to be no more than what I am.

Lyſimor You never can be other than the moſt charming and moſt worthy of your ſex.

Iſabinda. Alas! I have no longer any pretence to compliments like theſe: I have now, as the poet ſays—

'No name, no family to call my own;
'But am an outcaſt, and a vagabond.'

As ſuch I muſt hereafter live: and, that I may loſe all remembrance of my former ſtate, I have brought away my jewels and beſt apparel, for no other end than to diſpoſe of them, and purchaſe others more conformable to my future circumſtances.

Lyſimor. Torture not thus a heart to which you are dearer than the vital blood that gives it motion! Can you believe I would ſuffer you to part with any of thoſe appendages to your birth and rank? No, I would rather add to them. Do you not know that my whole fortune is at your devotion?

Iſabinda. I muſt not, Sir, accept it,

Lyſimor. Why not accept? too ſcrupulous Iſabinda! But if you are above receiving the tribute of a lover, command whatever you may have occaſion for on the ſcore of a brother. My dear Adario, I know, will readily diſcharge the obligation.

Iſabinda. I am ſure he will; and on that condition, if Providence preſents no other way for my ſupport, will not refuſe your generous offer.

Lyſimor. Think then no more of ſubmitting to any thing unworthy of your character. I flatter myſelf our misfortunes are not of long continuance; that your father will repent him of his cruel reſolution, and mine forget the affront offered to his family, and we may yet be happy.

Iſabinda. I dare not entertain a hope ſo diſtant.

Lyſimor. You know not how prophetick my paſſion may prove. In the mean time, I ſhould be glad, methinks, to be made acquainted with the motive that has cauſed this ſudden revolution in our fate.

Iſabinda. Though I am loth to expoſe the ſecrets, I might ſay the follies, of a father, yet I cannot refuſe you.

Perceiving now that ſhe was preparing herſelf to make a detail of thoſe particulars I had heard before, and in a preceding chapter have communicated to the reader, I would not ſtay to hear a ſecond repetition, but came away, and left the lovers together for that time. From thence I went to the houſe of Flaminio; where I found, as I expected, every thing in diſtraction: meſſengers running backwards and forwards; ſome returning from their fruitleſs ſearch of Iſabinda, others going to places where they had not before been ſent; and the old gentleman himſelf ſo overcome with rage and grief, that he was ſcarce capable of giving the neceſſary orders for what he moſt deſired.

Some other adventures, which I ſhall hereafter publiſh, then falling in my way, I had no leiſure to make a ſecond viſit to Iſabinda for the ſpace of near three weeks. But how ſhall I expreſs my concern for that unfortunate young lady, when, on my going thither, I found her in the manner I did, and that all the apprehenſions I had been in on her account had but too ſolid a foundation! When wild deſire preſides over the heart of man, what is his boaſted honour? what

what his virtue? what his regard for the happineſs and reputation of the woman he pretends to love?—all ſhadowy nothings, vain ideas, which, like the Sybil's words wrote on the leaves of trees, are blown off and ſcattered through the air with every guſt of paſſion. But to proceed.

No obſtruction being in my way, I paſſed directly up to Iſabinda's chamber; but finding the door faſt locked, began to imagine ſhe was either removed, or had ventured out to take the air; and was going down again, when I was prevented by the murmuring ſound of perſons talking within. I then put my ear cloſe to the key-hole, and eaſily knew the voices to be thoſe of Lyſimor and Iſabinda; on which I reſolved to wait till the door ſhould be opened, and in about three or four minutes after the woman of the houſe came up with two diſhes of chocolate and ſome biſcuits on a plate. She had the key in her pocket, and immediately gave entrance to me as well as herſelf. It was now more than paſt mid-day, yet Iſabinda had not left her bed. Lyſimor was ſitting on the ſide of it, as lately riſen; having both his feet on a chair, without either ſhoes or ſlippers. I was a little ſurprized at ſeeing him in this poſture; till the chocolate being ſerved, he ſaid to the woman—

Lyſimor. Has Jeffery prepared my boots, as I directed laſt night?

Woman. Yes, an pleaſe your honour. He has ſo beſplaſhed them, and made the horſes heels ſo dirty, that one would ſwear they had come a journey of twenty miles this morning.

Lyſimor. That's right. It would have been ridiculous, after telling my father that I was gone a hunting, to have come home as clean as out of a lady's bedchamber. But go, and bid Jeffery bring the boots.

Lyſimor ſpoke this with a very gay air, but Iſabinda hung down her head; and, on the fellow's coming in, hid her face behind the curtain, nor uttered a ſyllable while he was in the room, which was no longer than to equip his maſter for departure. Lyſimor was no ſooner ready, and his ſervant withdrawn, than he approached the bed, and began to take his leave of Iſabinda, with a very tender embrace, accompanied with ſome ſoft words. She made no other reply, for a conſiderable time, than returning his careſſes; but at laſt broke out into theſe expreſſions—

Iſabinda. Ah, Lyſimor, ſhould you forget your vows, deſpiſe the conqueſt you have gained, and leave me to lament my eaſy faith, how miſerable, how abandoned beyond the power of words to expreſs, would be the condition of your Iſabinda!

Lyſimor. Unkind and cauſeleſs apprehenſion! My deareſt love, let not the thoughts of ſuch impoſſibilities diſturb you. Could I be ungrateful, after being made happy in this proof of your affection, I muſt be loſt to all ſenſe of honour, unworthy of the name of man, and even to breathe vital air.

Iſabinda. Well, then, I muſt, I will believe you; nor repent what I have done. But tell me, when will you come again?

Lyſimor. To-morrow, if I can; if not, you may depend on ſeeing me next day. Be aſſured, that every hour will ſeem an age to me till I ſee you. Farewel, thou ſofteſt, loveliеſt of thy ſex!

He went; but, as I then fancied, with more the air of triumph than of real tenderneſs or reſpect in his deportment. Iſabinda then called for the woman of the houſe to aſſiſt her in riſing; and I left the place, with a heart full of forebodings for her future fate: indeed I truly pitied the ruined maid; and wiſhed ſhe never might have occaſion to cry out, with Monimia in the tragedy—

'———————How often has he ſworn
'Nature ſhould change, the ſun and ſtars grow dark,
'Ere he would falſify his vows to me?
'Make haſte confuſion, then—ſun, loſe thy light,
'And ſtars drop down with ſorrow to the earth,
'For he is falſe—
'Falſe as the winds, the water, or the weather;
'Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey?
'I feel him in my breaſt! he tears my heart!
'And at each ſigh he drinks the guſhing blood!'

My curioſity having received this painful ſatisfaction, I imagined not that any farther diſcoveries, at leaſt that would be material enough to compenſate for the trouble I ſhould take, could be made in relation to theſe lovers; and therefore thought of returning no more, either to the

the apartment of Iſabinda, or to the houſe of Lyſimor. I ſhould, indeed, have endeavoured to loſe all memory of this unhappy tranſaction, if the talk of the town had not continually reminded me of it. Every one was full of Iſabinda's flight. Few, if any, beſides myſelf, were acquainted with the motive of it; and none knew to what place ſhe was retired: and the perfect ignorance people were in on both theſe ſcores, occaſioned various conjectures, and rendered the wonder much more laſting than otherwiſe it would have been.

But this was not all. Flaminio, pierced through with grief and indignation on not being able to find his daughter, and perhaps, too, with ſome mixture of remorſe for the cauſe he had given her to leave him, fell into a violent fever, of which he died, after languiſhing ſome days. By his laſt teſtament he bequeathed to his daughter, if ever ſhe ſhould be found, the ſum of three thouſand pounds; in order, as he cauſed it to be expreſſed in the writing, to keep her above the contempt of the world; and likewiſe, by the ſmallneſs of the portion, to keep her in perpetual remembrance of the falſe ſtep ſhe had taken.

Soon after this, I received certain intelligence, that Lyſimor was making his publick addreſſes to a fine young lady with a very large fortune. I doubted not but this was that ſame Emilia whom I had heard his father ſo ſtrongly recommend, and was fired with the utmoſt impatience to ſee how poor Iſabinda would behave on both theſe events. Accordingly, I went once more to the houſe where ſhe had been concealed; but, to my great diſappointment, found ſhe was gone from thence; nor could all my ſearch, joined with the aſſiſtance of my Inviſible Belt, enable me, for ſome time, to diſcover to what part of the town or country ſhe was removed.

CHAP. V.

COMPLEATS THE CATASTROPHE OF THIS TRULY TRAGICAL ADVENTURE.

ADARIO had proceeded on his travels no farther than Paris, when the account of his father's death obliged him to return to England with all poſſible expedition. Soon after his coming, I made an unſeen viſit at his houſe, where I found him, not like moſt young heirs, exulting in being the entire maſter of himſelf and fortune, and contriving in what kind of luxuries he ſhould diſpoſe of both, but full of the moſt ſincere and unaffected ſorrow. He was, indeed, one of thoſe few ſons who look on the poſſeſſion of an eſtate as no equivalent for the loſs of a good parent, ſuch as Flaminio ever had been to both his children, till that fatal caprice, which drove his daughter from his protection, had brought on her undoing, his own death, and was the ſource of other calamities of a yet more dreadful nature, as will preſently appear.

The ſtory of Iſabinda's elopement, and the uncertainty what fate had ſince attended her, was a matter of great affliction to this young gentleman. He loved his ſiſter with a very tender affection, and had hoped to have ſeen her, by this time, married to Lyſimor: but as his eſteem for that friend was no way leſſened by the match being broke off; and beſides, expecting to be better informed by him of the particulars of that affair, than he could be by any other perſon, he was impatient to ſee him, and I found had ſent him that morning notice of his arrival; for a letter, in anſwer to his meſſage, was delivered to him while I was there, the contents whereof were theſe—

'TO ADARIO.

'SIR,

'I Congratulate you on your ſafe return 'to England and ſhould gladly have 'paid my compliments to you in per'ſon, if that honour had not been pro'hibited by an authority which I muſt 'not preſume to contend with. My 'father, reſenting the affront given by 'yours, which you cannot but have 'been informed of, has forbid me, 'under the penalty of his eternal diſ'pleaſure, to converſe with any of your 'family. He was at home when your 'ſervant came, and heard the meſſage 'you ſent delivered to me; on which 'he repeated his former injunction, and 'exacted a ſolemn oath of my obedience 'to it. You will therefore pardon my 'not waiting on you, and believe, that

'the

'the diſcontinuance of our acquaintance 'will always be extremely regretted by 'him who is, with all due reſpect, Sir, 'your moſt obedient ſervant,

'LYSIMOR.'

'Alas!' cried Adario, throwing the letter from him as ſoon as he had read it, 'how cold, how diſtant, is the air of 'this letter! how different from thoſe I 'have been accuſtomed to receive from 'Lyſimor! I find that, by one un-'lucky accident, I have at once loſt a fa-'ther, a ſiſter, and a friend.'

I thought I had now entirely done with this family; for, as Iſabinda was not to be found, I expected nothing of conſequence could be learned either at the houſe of Lyſimor or Adario, ſo intended to make no more viſits to thoſe gentlemen. Chance, however, about five months afterwards, changed my reſolution, and threw ſomething in my way which no diligence of my own could ever have attained. As I was going one morning on my inviſible progreſſion, I happened to paſs by the houſe of Adario. He was at the door, and about to ſtep into a hackney-coach which waited for him; when a fellow, who had the appearance of a groom, came running towards him, almoſt breathleſs with the haſte he had made, and cried out—'Oh, 'Sir, I have joyful news for you! I 'beg your honour will turn back to 'hear it.' Theſe words revived my former curioſity; and finding Adario complied with his ſervant's requeſt, I followed them into the parlour, and was witneſs of the enſuing diſcourſe.

Groom. Oh, Sir, I have ſeen my young lady!

Adario. What young lady? Not my ſiſter!

Groom. Yes, indeed, Sir! As I was going to fetch the horſe your honour ſent me for, I ſaw Madam Iſabinda looking through the window of a houſe at the corner of a little lane juſt by Iſlington.

Adario. Are you ſure it was ſhe?

Groom. As ſure as I am alive, Sir! Though, poor lady, ſhe is very much altered; very thin, and pale.

Adario. I fancy you are miſtaken. If my ſiſter were ſo near London, ſhe would certainly either have ſent or come, to claim the legacy left her by my father, which I ſuppoſe ſhe has need enough of by this time. I am reſolved to be convinced, notwithſtanding. Do you think ſhe lodges there?

Groom. Yes, Sir; for ſhe was all undreſſed, and looked as if ſhe was juſt out of bed.

Adario. And can you know the houſe again?

Groom. O yes, Sir; I took particular notice of it.

Adario. Well, then, I will only ſend an excuſe to the gentleman I was to meet this morning, and go directly. You ſhall get upon the coach-box, and order the fellow where to drive; but let him ſtop ſhort of the houſe, that my ſiſter, if it be ſhe, may not be apprized of my coming before ſhe ſees me.

While Adario was calling one of his footmen to ſend on the meſſage he had mentioned, I ran to the end of the ſtreet, went into a narrow dark paſſage, and plucked off my Belt; then having recovered the appearance of what I am, a real ſubſtance, I popped into an empty coach that had juſt ſet down a fare, and bid the driver to follow wherever that went which was ſtanding at Adario's door. Both the coaches drove with ſuch ſpeed, that we ſoon reached the end of our little journey. I quitted my vehicle the moment I ſaw the other preparing to ſtop; but though I made all imaginable haſte to put on my Belt, I could ſcarce have regained my inviſibility time enough to have entered with Adario, if he had not met with an obſtruction in his paſſage from the woman of the houſe, who at firſt denied ſhe had any lady lodged with her; then ſaid, ſhe had none of the name he enquired for: on which he replied with ſome heat, that the lady might have reaſons for concealing her real name. 'But tell her,' cried he, 'that mine is Adario; that I 'am her brother, and muſt needs ſee 'her.' On this ſhe ſeemed ſomewhat more compliable, and ſaid ſhe would go and acquaint the lady. Accordingly ſhe went up ſtairs; but Adario was too impatient to wait her return, and followed her directly: I was but one ſtep behind him; and we were both in the room before ſhe could deliver any part of her meſſage.

Iſabinda was adjuſting ſomething about her dreſs before a looking-glaſs; but happening to turn her head juſt as Adario was within the door, ſhrieked out—'Oh 'heavens, my brother!' and with theſe words

words fell back in her chair. The woman went to fetch ſome water. Adario ran to ſupport the fainting fair; but happening to caſt his eyes upon the table, ſaw a letter lying there, the ſuperſcription of which was in Iſabinda's hand, and addreſſed to Lyſimor. Emotions more ſtrong than pity, at this time, made him quit his ſiſter to examine the contents of this ſurprizing billet, which were theſe—

'MY DEAR, DEAR LYSIMOR!

'FOR ſuch you are, and ever muſt 'be, to my fond doating heart; 'though I have too much cauſe to fear 'the tender epithet is now no longer 'pleaſing to you. Ah, Lyſimor, how 'ſad is the reverſe of my condition! 'From ſeeing you twice or thrice every 'week, I now ſee you not once a month; 'and even then how cold is your behaviour! how ſhort your viſits! How 'cruel is this to one who neither can, 'nor wiſhes, to enjoy any converſation 'but yours! For pity's ſake, if not 'for love, render my life more eaſy, at 'leaſt for the preſent, whatever you do 'hereafter. The infant I carry within 'me ſympathizes in it's mother's anguiſh, and continually upbraids you 'with convulſive heavings. Even if 'your vows of everlaſting conſtancy 'ſhould be forgot, let ſome conſideration of the unborn innocent, the 'pledge of our once mutual loves, 'oblige you to treat with leſs indifference it's unhappy mother,

'The ruined ISABINDA.

'P. S. I can no longer bear your 'abſence, elſe would not have 'troubled you with this complaint.'

What a letter was this to fall into a brother's hands! Never did I ſee a man in ſuch diſtraction. 'Villain! villain 'Lyſimor!—Wretched Iſabinda!' cried he out. Then turning towards her—'But there needed not this proof in thy 'own hand,' added he; 'thy ſhame is 'but too viſible.' Iſabinda, who by the aſſiſtance of the woman was now recovered from her ſwoon, but not enough to hear what her brother ſaid, threw herſelf at his feet, and, with ſtreaming eyes, addreſſed him in theſe terms—

Iſabinda. Oh, Sir! can you forgive my concealing myſelf from you?

Adario. Would to God that there were equal reaſon to forgive the cauſe!

Iſabinda at this inſtant turning up her eyes, beheld her letter in his hand, and cried out, with the greateſt vehemence—'I am now undone, indeed! irrecoverably loſt to all hope of pardon or pity! '—my ſhame expoſed to him from 'whom, of all the world, it ſhould have 'been moſt hid!'

Adario. Riſe, ſiſter, and ceaſe theſe unavailing exclamations. Your ſhame will receive no addition by my knowledge of it; rather, perhaps, be remedied. But tell, and tell me truly, has Lyſimor ever promiſed marriage to you?

Iſabinda. A thouſand and a thouſand times, and bound himſelf to the performance by the moſt ſolemn imprecations.

Adario. Then he is doubly a villain! and, if you believe him, you are doubly deceived. He courts another woman.

Iſabinda. Indeed, of late, I have ſuſpected this, and often accuſed him of it, and he as often has forſworn it.

Adario. Mere words of courſe! But ſay, have you no teſtimony, under his own hand, of the promiſe he made you, either by letter or by formal obligation?

Iſabinda. None, none, alas!

On this Adario bit his lips, walked two or three times about the room, then pauſed, and ſeemed as if debating within himſelf in what manner he ſhould behave: at laſt ſat down; and taking the ſtill weeping Iſabinda by the hand, endeavoured to aſſuage her grief.

Adario. Come, Iſabinda, dry your tears. Love and credulity have ſeduced your innocence. Great has been your fault; but yet I cannot forget you are my ſiſter, and that you have no friend but me on whom you can depend for conſolation. What is paſt cannot be recalled, but it may be redreſſed. Be aſſured you ſhall one way or other have juſtice.

Iſabinda. Ah, Sir, I beſeech you proceed not to extremities! If by my crime you ſhould be involved in any danger or perplexities, it would ſink me quite.

Adario. I hope there will be no occaſion. Lyſimor was once a man of honour, and may yet return to his firſt principles.

principles. On this you may rely, that I ſhall do nothing raſhly, nor inconſiſtent with your intereſt and reputation.

After this, they fell into ſome diſcourſe concerning the ſtrange reſolution Flaminio had taken of ſending her to a monaſtery; the particulars of which the reader being already acquainted with, I ſhall paſs over in ſilence. When Adario took his leave, he did it with a great deal of affection: but I was much divided in my thoughts, whether I ſhould ſtay with Iſabinda, or follow Adario home; the latter ſeemed moſt flattering to my curioſity, as, by many tokens, I perceived he had ſomething in his head which he was impatient to put in execution. I was not deceived in my conjectures: Adario was no ſooner in his own houſe, than he flew to his bureau; and, without taking any time for deliberation, wrote this epiſtle to Lyſimor—

'SIR,

'CONSCIOUS guilt, without thoſe 'commands you ſeem ſo zealous 'in obſerving, might well make you 'avoid the preſence of a perſon you 'have ſo greatly injured. When I recommended you to my ſiſter, it was in 'order to become her protector, not her 'undoer. How cruelly you have abuſed 'this confidence, let your own heart remind you! But I have ſome hope, 'how much ſoever appearances at preſent are to the contrary, you ſtill intend to do juſtice to your promiſes to 'Iſabinda, and the claim ſhe has to 'your affection. I need not tell you, 'that you can repair the misfortune you 'have brought upon her no otherwiſe 'than by an honourable marriage: I 'am ready to fulfil the agreement made 'between our fathers on that ſcore, 'and give my ſiſter the ſum of eight 'thouſand pounds, as was then ſtipulated. If you comply with this propoſal, I ſhall be glad to ſee you at her 'lodgings, there to ſettle every thing: 'if not, ſhall expect you will meet me 'in another place; and give me the ſatisfaction which every gentleman has 'a right to demand when he finds himſelf ill uſed. I attend your determination; and am, &c.

'ADARIO.'

He ſent this by one of his ſervants, with a charge to give it into Lyſimor's own hands, and wait his anſwer. After which, being told dinner was ready, he went down, and placed himſelf at the table, though I believe with very little appetite; for his countenance had upon it all the marks of the greateſt inward diſturbance, which was not at all leſſened when his man returned with this from Lyſimor—

'SIR,

'SINCE I find you are ſo well ac- 'quainted with a ſecret which, 'for the lady's ſake, I could wiſh had 'been inviolably kept, I think myſelf obliged to deal ſincerely with you 'on the occaſion. You may be aſſured I can behave to no woman, 'much leſs your ſiſter, otherwiſe than 'becomes a man of honour: but marriage is a thing quite out of the queſtion, as I am certain my father never 'would conſent to it. If any promiſes 'on that account ever eſcaped my lips, 'I remember nothing of them, and 'could make them with no other view 'than to give her modeſty an excuſe for 'yielding. I am ſorry, however, for 'what has happened: but you cannot 'be inſenſible of the frailties of fleſh 'and blood; and muſt know, as well 'as I, that when two young people, 'who like each other, are much alone 'together, ſuch accidents will naturally occur. The reſentment you 'threaten, on my non-compliance with 'your propoſal, appears therefore to me 'a little unreaſonable; I ſhall, notwithſtanding, be ready to give you the 'ſatisfaction you deſire, at any time or 'place you ſhall appoint. Yours, &c.

'LYSIMOR.'

All the blood now ſeemed to have forſook the heart of Adario to ruſh into his face: his lips trembled, his very eyeballs ſtarted with exceſs of paſſion. He heſitated not a moment what he ſhould do; but, in this tempeſt of his mind, wrote as follows to Lyſimor—

'SIR,

'I Want words to return the inſolence 'and ingratitude of your reply; 'but have a ſword at your ſervice, 'which I expect you will try the metal 'of to-morrow morning about ſeven, 'in the field behind Montague Houſe. 'As the diſpute between us will ad-

'mit of no witneſſes, pray come 'alone to

'ADARIO.'

Though I knew my own dinner waited for me, I could not prevail on myſelf to go home, till Adario had diſpatched this billet to Lyſimor, and the ſervant who carried it was come back from that gentleman with a ſmall ſlip of paper tied up, containing only theſe words—

'SIR,

'YOU may depend that I ſhall not 'fail to meet you as deſired.

'LYSIMOR.'

I now quitted the houſe of Adario; but, after having related the pains I had already taken, I believe nobody will ſuppoſe I neglected going the next morning to the field, to ſee the iſſue of this combat. I found Adario was there firſt; but though he waited only a very few minutes for Lyſimor, his impatience made him not forbear ſaluting him in this manner.

Adario. I began to think, Lyſimor, that the ſhame of having done a baſe action would not ſuffer you to defend it.

Lyſimor. Sir, whatever I dare do, I always dare defend.

Adario. Then, Sir, this is no time for words.

Lyſimor. I am ready for you, Sir.

Here ceaſed all farther ſpeech between them, and on the part of Lyſimor for ever. On the ſecond puſh, Adario ran him quite through the body; he fell that inſtant, and expired with only a ſingle groan. His ſucceſsful antagoniſt approached the body; and finding life was totally extinguiſhed, gave a ſigh or two to the memory of a man he once had called his friend, then made the beſt of his way home, in order to provide for his own ſecurity, which the likelihood there was of the challenge he had ſent to the deceaſed being found rendered highly neceſſary.

The meaſures he took, indeed, were very prudent. He ſent immediately to hire a poſt-chaiſe, which was to wait for him in a ſtreet he mentioned, at ſome diſtance from that in which he lived; carried no baggage with him, but ordered a ſervant to follow him with it to Calais; ſtaid no longer at his own houſe than to write two ſhort letters; the one to a gentleman who had been one of the executors of his father's will, which being only on family affairs, need not be here inſerted; the other was to his ſiſter Iſabinda, and contained theſe lines—

'SISTER,

'FAILING to repair your wrongs 'by the way I hoped, I have re'venged them by the death of your ſe'ducer; for which I am obliged this 'moment to leave my native country, 'perhaps for ever. I have done what 'the honour of our family exacted from 'me. It belongs to you to regulate 'your future conduct, ſo as to atone, 'in ſome meaſure, for the errors of the 'paſt. To enable you to do this, you 'ought to keep in eternal remembrance, 'that the follies of your fatal paſſion 'have not only brought the object of it 'to an untimely grave, but alſo drove 'from all the ſocial joys of life, into 'an irkſome baniſhment in a foreign 'land, him who might have been hap'py, if he had not been your brother,

'ADARIO.'

Thinking, perhaps, he had been ſomewhat too ſevere in the above, he added this poſtſcript, by way of cordial—

'P. S. I ſhall conſtantly write to 'Mr. D——n: he will be able to 'inform you how to direct for me. 'You may be aſſured I ſhall re'ceive with pleaſure any letters 'that bring me an account of your 'welfare; and, in ſpite of all that 'has happened, do you every ſer'vice in my power.'

After having ſent this by the groom who had firſt diſcovered the place of her abode, and given ſome neceſſary inſtructions to his other ſervants, he hurried away to meet the poſt-chaiſe, and I ſaw him no more. As I had truly pitied Iſabinda, I could not forbear going to ſee in what manner ſhe ſupported this laſt dreadful accident. On my entrance, ſhe was in bed, and ſurrounded by women and phyſicians. I gathered from their diſcourſe, that the ſurprize and grief ſhe had been in had cauſed an abortion, accompanied with fits of a very dangerous nature. On my next viſit, however, I found her youth, and the ſtrength of her conſtitution, had got the better of her diſeaſe; but though the

pains

pains of her body were removed, thoſe of her mind ſtill remained: ſhe was extremely melancholy, had a thorough contempt for the world; and the thoughts of a monaſtery were now ſo far from being ſhocking to her, that ſhe reſolved to fly to one, as the only aſylum from cenſure and from care. Accordingly, as I was afterwards informed, ſhe went, on the re-eſtabliſhment of her health, to Paris, and entered herſelf into the ſociety of Benedictine Nuns; where I doubt not but ſhe often ſees her brother through the grate, as he ſtill continues to reſide in that city.

I have now finiſhed all the account I am able to give of this melancholy tranſaction; in which the juſtice of Providence ſeems to me to be diſtinguiſhed in ſomewhat of a peculiar manner; and may ſerve as a warning to our gay, amorous ſparks, not to become the ſeducers of unwary innocence; eſpecially if they will be at the trouble of reflecting, how the perfidy and ingratitude of Flaminio to the believing Harriot was afterwards retorted on his own darling daughter.

CHAP. VI.

GIVES THE ACCOUNT OF AN OCCURRENCE NO LESS REMARKABLE THAN ENTERTAINING; AND SHEWS, THAT THERE IS SCARCE ANY DIFFICULTY SO GREAT, BUT IT MAY BE GOT OVER BY THE HELP OF A READY INVENTION, IF PROPERLY EXERTED.

TO make ſome atonement for my laſt melancholy recital, to thoſe of my readers who may not care to have their heads filled with ſubjects of too ſerious a nature, I ſhall now preſent them with one more likely to put in motion the riſible muſcles of the face, than to extort the falling of unwilling tears.

A gentleman, whom I ſhall call Conrade, had lived to the age of ſixty without ever teſtifying the leaſt inclination to marriage. He had been a man of pleaſure in his youth; and probably the too great ſucceſs he then found among the fair, had deterred him from entering into an honourable engagement with any of the ſex: but there is no accounting for change of ſentiment in this point; an accident ſometimes puts that into our heads which before we never thought of, or perhaps had an averſion to, as it fell out in the caſe of the gentleman I am ſpeaking of. A long friendſhip had ſubſiſted between him and Murcio; a gentleman who, though not ſo far advanced in years, had made a better uſe of his time; had been married, and was the father of three fine daughters, two of whom had always lived with him; but the youngeſt, after the death of his wife, was taken from him, and brought up under the care of an aunt in the country. The eldeſt of theſe ladies being now about to be diſpoſed of in marriage, Conrade received and accepted an invitation to the wedding. Melanthe, ſiſter to the bride, was a fine ſparkling girl of nineteen; but whether it were that ſhe appeared in reality more lovely than uſual, or that the mirth and pleaſantries common at ſuch ſolemnities rekindled the long-ſmothered embers of amorous deſire in the breaſt of Conrade, ſo it was, that he, who had been in the company of this young lady without ever taking any notice of her charms, all at once became extremely ſmitten with them; inſomuch, that he reſolved to acquaint her father with his new paſſion, and aſk his conſent to make his addreſſes to her; which he did not at all deſpair of obtaining on the terms he intended to propoſe.

Murcio had a pretty country-houſe at a village about ten or twelve miles up the river; where he conſtantly went every Saturday, and ſtaid till Monday or Tueſday, and ſometimes longer. It was while he was in this retirement, that Conrade choſe to communicate to him the buſineſs he had in his head: accordingly he went thither, and found him entirely alone; Melanthe having been prevented from going, as ſhe was accuſtomed to do, by a violent fit of the tooth-ache. This our old lover looked upon as a good omen, being deſirous to engage the father in favour of his paſſion before he made any declaration to the daughter. He began with ſaying, that he now repented having lived ſo long a batchelor; that having a very large eſtate, he ſhould be glad of an heir to enjoy it; that if he could prevail on a young lady whom he liked to marry him, he would endeavour to atone for the want of youth by all the indulgences in the power of a fond huſband: and having thus prepared the way, told him, that if he thought proper to be-

ſtow Melanthe upon him, he would deſire no other fortune than her perſon; yet would ſettle a dowry upon her ſuperior to what might be expected if ſhe brought him ten thouſand pounds.

It is not to be imagined with what greedineſs Murcio ſwallowed this propoſal: he did not even affect to heſitate, or make the leaſt demur at accepting it; on the contrary, he replied, that nothing could afford him a greater ſatisfaction than ſuch an alliance, and that he doubted not but Melanthe would receive the honour he intended her as a woman who knew her own intereſt and happineſs. Both parties being equally tranſported, every thing was immediately agreed upon between them: but Murcio not being able to aſſure himſelf that his daughter would ſo readily comply as he had made the lover hope ſhe would; and fearing that, if ſhe ſhould give the old gentleman a rebuff on his firſt onſet, it might diſcourage him from making a ſecond, and perhaps overturn the whole affair, reſolved not to hazard the loſs of ſo advantageous a match by leaving it to her own choice, but ſent a ſpecial meſſenger to her with a letter, the contents whereof are theſe—

'DEAR CHILD,

'MY worthy friend Conrade has 'taken a great liking to you, 'and will make you his wife on ſuch 'terms as would but little prove the 'paternal affection I have for you to re'ject. Be not you leſs thankful to 'Heaven for ſo unhoped a bleſſing than 'I am; nor, on any fooliſh pretences, 'either ſlight, or ſeem to ſlight, the 'good preſented to you. If you con'ſider the vaſt advantages of this 'match, a diſparity of years can be no 'objection. I ſay thus much, becauſe 'I would convince your reaſon, not en'force your action; for I ſhould be 'ſorry to find myſelf obliged to make 'uſe of the authority I have over you 'in a thing which you ought, and I 'hope will, receive with the ſame ſatis'faction I propoſe it. Know, however, 'that I have already agreed on every 'thing for your marriage; that your 'future huſband is now here, and we 'ſhall both be in town either to-mor'row or the enſuing day. I ſend this 'on purpoſe to prepare you to behave 'towards him in a proper manner, 'and as it is the abſolute command 'of him who is your affectionate fa'ther,

'MURCIO.'

I ſtood behind Melanthe's chair while ſhe was reading this epiſtle, and never did I ſee a poor young creature in ſuch agitations. Scarce had ſhe come to the end of the firſt period, before ſhe cried out—'His wife! his wife! What 'terms can the old creature propoſe 'to compenſate for the odious title 'of wife to ſuch a wretch!' Then going a little farther—'Juſtly, indeed,' ſaid ſhe, 'does my father ſuſpect my 'obedience in this point; death itſelf 'would not be ſo dreadful to me as 'compliance.' The more ſhe proceeded, the higher her diſtraction grew. 'What! fix my doom at once!' raved ſhe out; 'at once reſolve to cut me off 'from all the joys of life, and condemn 'me to everlaſting miſery! Is this a 'parent's love! Oh, 'tis moſt cruel, 'moſt unnatural!' I know not to what extravagances ſhe might have been hurried, by the ſudden ruſh of grief and deſpair, if tears now had not afforded their relief; but though they a little ſoftened the aſperity of her paſſion, they had not the power to ſubdue it: her tongue, indeed, ceaſed from exclaiming againſt her fate; but the agonies of her countenance diſcovered how much ſhe inwardly regretted it. While ſhe was in this diſtreſsful and pity-moving ſituation, the gay, the lively Florimel, came in. This young lady was the moſt beloved and intimate companion that Melanthe had; ſhe ſaw her almoſt every day, and always entered without ceremony. She ſeemed a little ſurprized, at firſt ſight, to find her thus; but immediately recovering herſelf, approached her with her accuſtomed ſprightlineſs.

Florimel. Heyday, Melanthe! what, in the name of wonder, makes you in this pickle? Is your favourite ſquirrel dead? or has any accident happened to your laſt new petit-en-l'air? or what other misfortune has befallen you?

Melanthe. O Florimel, what would I not give to be in thy condition!

Florimel. My condition! Why, what do you find to envy in my condition?

Melanthe. To have no father to controul your actions by an unreaſonable exertion of his authority.

Florimel. Why, truly, as you ſay, theſe old dads are troubleſom enough ſometimes;

ſometimes; yet, for all that, I ſhould be heartily glad mine were alive again. But pray, what has yours done to make you wiſh yourſelf an orphan?

Melanthe. Read that, and ſee if I have not cauſe.

In ſpeaking theſe words, ſhe pointed to her father's letter, which lay open on the table. Florimel took it up, and read it, as deſired. On examining the contents, ſhe could not help looking a little grave; but having finiſhed, reſumed the diſcourſe with her former vivacity.

Florimel. As ſure as I am alive, both theſe old gentlemen are crack-brained; the one in thinking of you for a wife, and the other in conſenting to give you ſuch a huſband.

Melanthe. One would, indeed, imagine they were not in their ſenſes.

Florimel. For my part, I am ſo aſtoniſhed, that I can ſcarce believe I am awake. But what will you do?

Melanthe. Nothing.

Florimel. 'Nothing can come of 'nothing,' as King Lear ſays in the play. I am leſs ſurprized, however, at your ſtupidity in ſo perplexing a dilemma, than I am at the folly of thoſe who have involved you in it. Bleſs me! what can either your lover or father propoſe to themſelves by ſuch a diſproportionate alliance, but horns on the one ſide, and diſgrace to his family on the other?

Melanthe. No, Florimel, it ſhall never come to that; I will rather ſtarve or beg.

Florimel. Look'ye, my dear, neither ſtarving nor begging, as I take it, will agree with your conſtitution; ſomething elſe muſt be thought on.

Melanthe. What elſe?

Florimel. Do you think, that when your father comes to know what an implacable averſion you have to this match, he will not be prevailed upon to recal the promiſe he has made to Conrade?

Melanthe. Impoſſible! I know his temper too well to flatter myſelf with ſuch a hope. You might as well think to blow St. Paul's from it's foundation with a ſingle breath, as move him to recede from any thing he has once reſolved.

Florimel. Well, then, ſuppoſe ſome way could be contrived to make Conrade himſelf fly off? I have a project in my head that promiſes fair for it, if you will agree to join in the execution. It is this: you muſt admit a ſpruce young gallant to lie with you all night; Conrade muſt be informed of the amour, in ſuch a manner as to make him convinced of the truth of it; and the deuce is in him, if afterwards he inſiſts on marrying you.

Melanthe. Fie, Florimel! How can you be ſo cruel as to rally my misfortunes?

Florimel. No, I proteſt I am as ſerious as a judge upon a criminal cauſe; and would have you make the experiment.

Melanthe. What, wouldſt thou have me turn proſtitute to avoid marriage!

Florimel. No ſuch matter. I will engage that the gallant, I mean ſhall lie as harmleſs by your ſide as an infant.

Melanthe. Pr'ythee do not torture me with ſuch riddles.

Florimel. I ſhall preſently explain them. The gallant I am ſpeaking of, and who is to be your bedfellow, is no other than my own individual ſelf. I ſhall put on a ſuit of my brother's cloaths; and do not doubt but that, when I am dreſſed and equipped in all my accoutrements, I ſhall be a figure handſome enough to make an old man jealous.

Melanthe. Sure never was ſo wild a ſcheme! But yet I cannot conceive how it is to be conducted, or which way it can anſwer the end you propoſe by it.

Florimel. Lord, you are ſtrangely dull! or affect to be ſo; but I will ſhew you what I ſhall write to Conrade, and that may help to enlighten your underſtanding.

This witty lady waited not to hear what reply her friend would make, but ran to a deſk, and immediately wrote the following lines—

'TO HUGH CONRADE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'EVER ſince I heard of your intended marriage with Melanthe, 'I have been divided in my thoughts, 'whether the treachery of betraying a 'ſecret entruſted to me, or, by concealing it, expoſe a gentleman of your 'character to the worſt of miſchiefs, 'would be the moſt diſhonourable action. The latter conſideration has at 'laſt prevailed; and I think it my duty 'to inform you, that the lady you are 'about to make your wife has neither 'heart nor honour to beſtow upon you; 'both

'both are already diſpoſed of to a per-
'ſon ſhe thinks more agreeable to her
'years. Not content with the many
'private aſſignations ſhe has with him
'abroad, ſhe frequently makes pre-
'tences, when her father goes into the
'country, to be left at home; where
'her chambermaid, who is in the ſe-
'cret, admits this happy lover at mid-
'night, and lets him out early in the
'morning, before the other ſervants of
'the houſe are ſtirring. Murcio be-
'ing gone to *****, I am well aſſured
'it will be in your power to convince
'yourſelf of the certainty of this intel-
'ligence, by ſending any one on whom
'you can depend to watch about the
'door, either for the entrance or exit of
'the favourite gallant. Act as you
'pleaſe, however. I have diſcharged
'the dictates of conſcience in giving you
'this timely warning; and am,

'Your nameleſs ſervant.'

This ſhe gave Melanthe to read; and, as ſoon as ſhe had done, was going to aſk her how ſhe approved of the contrivance; when the other prevented her, by crying out—

Melanthe. Oh the wicked, lying letter! Dear Florimel, if this ſhould be ſent, and Conrade ſhould ſhew it to my father, I believe he would kill me.

Florimel. 'Tis poſſible he may not ſhew it; but if he does, you have only to prepare yourſelf for a little ſcolding and ſwearing. The worſt he can do is to turn you out of doors; and then, to uſe your own words, it can be but ſtarving or begging.

Melanthe. Oh, but my reputation, Florimel!

Florimel. A fiddle of your reputation! Would you hazard nothing to avoid being tacked, till death do you part, to ſuch a lump of decayed mortality as Conrade? Beſides, when the affair is all over, and you are once got free from this curſed engagement, it will be eaſy, by unravelling the plot, to clear your reputation, and reconcile you to your father into the bargain.

Melanthe. Oh, Florimel, if I was ſure of that!

Florimel. Truſt to Fortune. I will lay my life that, if you behave according to my directions, every thing will go right.

Melanthe. Well, then, tell me what I am to do.

Florimel. In the firſt place, when your father comes home, you muſt ſeem to be as well pleaſed with the match as he would have you be; and pretend that you are mightily in love with Conrade's eſtate, whatever you are with the man. Then, as for the old wretch himſelf, you have nothing to do but to ſimper and look ſilly when he makes his addreſſes, and tell him that you are all obedience to your father's will.

Melanthe. This is a hard taſk, and I am a very ill diſſembler; I will try, however, what I can do. But, Florimel, there is one thing that neither you nor I, as yet, have thought upon: ſuppoſe Conrade ſhould take it into his head to watch the door himſelf, and draw upon you in his paſſion?

Florimel. What if he does? I ſhall have a ſword as well as he.

Melanthe. But not underſtand ſo well how to uſe it?

Florimel. I don't know that. But if I can't fight as well, I am ſure I can run much better; ſo pray do not be under any concern on my account.

Theſe fair friends parted not till the night was pretty far advanced; all which time was taken up with ſettling ſome farther particulars in relation to their deſign. Molly, the waiting-maid, was called in; and, after a vow of ſecrecy, entruſted with the whole affair. She ſeemed a good ſmart girl, highly proper for the buſineſs ſhe was to be employed in, and readily promiſed her aſſiſtance. As I was very near as impatient as themſelves for the ſucceſs of this whimſical enterprize, I went every day to Murcio's houſe, and found that Melanthe acted the part ſhe had been taught by Florimel ſo as to give the utmoſt ſatisfaction both to her father and lover; who now talked of nothing but to have the wedding ſolemnized as ſoon as the neceſſary preparations for it could be made.

Saturday being arrived, I made it my buſineſs to enquire whether Murcio was gone to his country-ſeat; and finding he was, and that Melanthe ſtaid at home, concluded this was the day on which the firſt wheel of the machine was to be put in motion; therefore hurried away to the houſe of Conrade, where I luckily came time enough to ſee him receive the letter from Florimel. The

wrinkles

wrinkles of his face were greatly agitated while he was reading this epiſtle. At firſt his eyelids extended themſelves; and his brows were elated with ſurprize, then were contracted into a frown of anger. Sometimes a ſneer of contempt and unbelief lengthened the furrows round his withered lips. But the attitude of longeſt duration, was a penſive hanging down of his head, accompanied with counting the hairs upon his little finger; out of which at laſt he ſtarted, and cried to himſelf—'Many 'reaſons may be urged both for and 'againſt my giving credit to this ſtory; 'but whether built upon truth or ma'lice, I have no need to be at the pains 'of conſidering: the author has pointed 'out the means of being convinced, 'and I will take his counſel.'

As I could not be certain that he would continue in this reſolution, and much leſs ſo, that if he did, what the event of it would be, I went by break of day the next morning, and poſted myſelf over-againſt Murcio's houſe. In a few minutes after Conrade came, wrapped in a cloak; but ſtood more aloof, yet near enough to ſee every thing that paſſed. We had not waited above a quarter of an hour, before the door we watched was ſoftly opened, and a well-dreſſed beau ruſhed out. Conrade advanced as faſt as his gout would let him; in order, I ſuppoſe, to ſee the face of this invader of his hoped-for happineſs: but the pretended gallant was too nimble for his purſuit; but dropped a piece of paper, as if by accident flirted out with his handkerchief. Conrade immediately ſnatched it up, and found it was a billet. The ſuperſcription ſeemed to have been torn off, but the contents were theſe—

'DEAREST OF YOUR SEX,

'MY father is gone into the country, 'and I have made an excuſe to 'be left behind. Come at the uſual 'hour, and Molly will admit you to 'the arms of

'Yours.'

I eaſily perceived that this was a ſecond plot of the young ladies to corroborate the firſt; and it had all the effect they could wiſh; and was alſo productive of ſomething elſe, which neither of them at that time imagined, as will appear in the ſucceeding chapter.

CHAP. VII.

IS A CONTINUANCE OF THIS MERRY HISTORY, WHICH PRESENTS SOMETHING AS LITTLE EXPECTED BY THE READER AS IT WAS BY THE PARTIES CONCERNED IN IT.

IT is not to be doubted but that Conrade, after having received this double confirmation of Melanthe's tranſgreſſion, gave over all intentions of becoming her huſband; yet, by what I could gather from his looks, and ſome expreſſions he let fall, the manner in which he ſhould quit his pretenſions was the occaſion of a very great conflict in his mind. He was a good-natured man, and loth to accuſe this young lady to her father; yet, to break off a match ſo far advanced, and which he had ſo earneſtly ſolicited, without aſſigning any cauſe for the change of his reſolution, he thought would not only make him appear ridiculous, but alſo put a final period to all converſation between him and his old friend; and he probably continued undetermined in this matter, till he found himſelf obliged to talk upon it to Murcio himſelf, who had appointed to come to town the next day in order to ſign the marriage-writings. That gentleman was at home; and having expected him ſome hours before he came, began, in a pleaſant manner, to reproach his tardineſs; to which Conrade replied, very gravely—'I am indeed, Sir, ſome'what beyond my time, yet, I believe, 'ſoon enough for the buſineſs which 'now brings me.' Murcio ſeemed much ſurprized on hearing him ſpeak in this manner; and poor Melanthe, who was preſent, well knowing that this alteration in her lover's behaviour was the effect of the plot concerted between her and Florimel, trembled for the event, and was no leſs ſhocked at the thoughts how much her innocence ſuffered in his opinion.

It is uncertain what return Murcio would have made, for the other prevented him from ſpeaking, by adding, to what he had ſaid before, that he had ſomething of a very extraordinary nature, and which required no witneſſes, to communicate to him. On which he made a ſign to Melanthe to

to leave the room; and she was no sooner withdrawn, than Conrade proceeded, though not without a good deal of hesitation, to declare himself in these terms—

Conrade. Dear Murcio, we have long been friends; and I should be heartily sorry that what I have to say should occasion a rupture between us. For my own part, there is no man living for whom I shall always preserve a greater esteem than for yourself.

Murcio. I cannot think, Sir, that you have any thing in your mind which should give me reason to regard you less.

Conrade. Reason is too frequently misled by passion. I know it by experience, and shall be glad to find yours is more strong; though, I confess, I have been to blame, and am sorry things have gone so far: but, Sir, I have considered that it is now too late in life for me to think of marriage, especially with so young a lady as Melanthe.

Murcio. This is an odd turn, indeed! Methinks, Sir, you should have considered this before you made any proposals of that sort, either to me or my daughter. A treaty of marriage, Sir, when concluded on and consented to by both parties, is a thing of too much consequence to be broke off by either, without putting the most gross affront upon the other.

Conrade. Not, Sir, when it can be proved that the consummation would be equally inconvenient for both.

Murcio As how for both? My daughter has never made the least objection.

Conrade. It may be so. Yet I am well assured she neither does, nor ever can, regard me with that affection which alone could make either me or herself happy in being united.

Murcio. A mere whim! a caprice of your own, founded only on the disparity of years! and I am amazed you should think of flying off from your engagement on so shallow a pretence.

Conrade. Perhaps I may have others. Suppose I know she loves another?

Murcio. Sir, I will suppose no such thing. She love another! No, Sir, she has been bred up in principles too virtuous, and is too modest, to place her affections on any one, till my commands, and the authority of the church, made it her duty to do so: and I must tell you, Sir, it is base in you to add to the ill usage you are about to give her, by traducing her reputation.

Conrade. I scorn the unmanly thought. Be assured I have proofs of what I say.

Murcio. Produce them, then.

Conrade. I will, since I find the justification of my own honour depends upon it. There, Sir; read that, and be convinced.

In speaking this, he gave Murcio the letter that had been sent by Florimel; which the other, after having carelessly perused, threw from him; and looking on Conrade with the utmost scorn, said to him—

Murcio. A notable proof, indeed! There are few people without some enemies: but this is a piece of scandal too gross, too stupid, and the invention too ill concerted, to pass even on the most weak and credulous mind; and seems rather a poor, low contrivance, of your own, to evade fulfilling an engagement you have taken it into your head to repent of.

Conrade. You are free in your expressions, Sir; but I believe it will presently be my turn to retort that contempt you so unjustly treat me with. Do you know the hand-writing of your daughter?

Murcio. Yes, certainly I do.

Conrade. Then judge of the contents of this, and take shame to yourself for the injurious treatment you have given me.

The reader will easily imagine that it was Melanthe's little billet he now put into his hands; but no one can conceive, much less am I able to describe, the rage, the horror, the distraction that shook the whole frame of this astonished parent, on finding himself no longer able to refuse giving credit to so terrible a misfortune. 'Death and furies!' cried he. 'Infamous, abandoned wretch!' Then, after loading her with all the foulest names that language could afford, he turned to Conrade—'Pardon 'me, dear Conrade,' said he. 'Had 'an angel told me what you did, with-'out this cursed testimony, I should 'not have believed the story. But you 'shall have ample satisfaction: I'll turn 'this scandal to my family, this de-'ceiver both of you and me, out of 'my doors this moment; never own 'her, never see her more, but leave her 'to the miseries she merits!' He was running out of the room; and it is probable,

bable, in the firſt emotions of his paſſion, would have done as he had threatened, if Conrade had not withheld him; and partly by force, and partly by perſuaſion, made him ſit down, while he reaſoned with him in this manner—

Conrade. Dear Murcio, compoſe yourſelf; and be not raſhly guilty of a thing you hereafter may repent of. Conſider that the errors of one branch of a family reflect diſhonour on the whole. You have other daughters who, though pure as innocence itſelf, yet, being of the ſame blood, may be ſuſpected liable to the ſame faults; for their ſakes, therefore, rather ſmother than expoſe the crime of this fair offender.

Murcio. What! would you then have me to forgive, encourage, and ſuffer her to continue in this ſhameful proſtitution under my own roof!

Conrade. No; but I would have you remember that ſhe is ſtill your child; and that it is your duty, as a father, to uſe your utmoſt efforts to retrieve her from perdition, not ſink her deeper into it.

Murcio. As how retrieve her! Is ſhe not already loſt, irrecoverably loſt, to reputation as well as virtue!

Conrade. Not ſo, I hope. All yet may be well, if her ſeducer can be prevailed upon to repair the injury he has done her by an honourable marriage.

Murcio. A vain expectation!

Conrade. 'Tis worth attempting, at leaſt. But firſt you muſt oblige her to diſcover the name of this too happy man; for you ſee that, either by deſign or accident, the direction to him is torn off the letter.

Murcio. I proteſt, in the diſtraction of my thoughts, I had forgot that circumſtance; and alſo to aſk you by what means this infamous ſcrawl came into your poſſeſſion.

On this Conrade related to him all the particulars he had obſerved while he had been watching his rival's coming out of the houſe; and when he had done, in order to encourage Murcio to take the advice he had juſt given him, added this deſcription of the ſuppoſed gallant—

Conrade. I was very much vexed that I had not an opportunity of ſeeing his face; but his back being towards me, I could only take notice of his dreſs and air; and do aſſure you he has all the appearance of a man of faſhion, and ſuch a one as to whom you could not reaſonably have refuſed your daughter, even if this accident had never happened.

Murcio. Oh, what a curſe it is to have a diſobedient child!

He appeared in the moſt bitter anguiſh of mind while uttering theſe laſt words; but having recovered himſelf a little, took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following lines to Melanthe—

'Thou Scandal to my Blood and Name!

'THAT you ſtill live to receive 'this, thank the gentleman whom 'you would have wronged by intending 'to carry pollution to his bed. He has 'obtained a reprieve for you on this 'condition, that you declare the name 'and quality of your undoer, to the end 'that I may take ſuch meaſures as I 'ſhall judge proper, to oblige him to do 'juſtice to the honour of a family of 'which you are the only blemiſh. 'Think not to deny your crime; I have 'the infamous witneſs of it under your 'own hand: but be plain and open in 'your confeſſion, if you hope ever to 'obtain mercy, either from Heaven or 'your offended father,

'MURCIO.'

After having ſhewed this to Conrade, he called for the waiting-maid, and bid her give that letter to her miſtreſs, and bring him an immediate anſwer. I followed, and ſaw with what agonies poor Melanthe read this cruel mandate. Between the fears of what her father's indignation might inflict upon her, and the ſhame of appearing guilty of a crime her ſoul diſdained, ſhe was ſo much overwhelmed, that for ſome minutes ſhe had not power to ſpeak; and when ſhe did, it was only to utter this exclamation—

Melanthe. What will become of me! Oh this vile plot of Florimel's!

Molly. Lord, Madam, do not put yourſelf into this flurry! You know your father's temper well enough, and could not expect he would be leſs ſevere. But it will be all over; and you muſt reſolve to bear it for a while.

Melanthe. I cannot, will not bear it! I will go down this inſtant, diſcloſe all, and clear my innocence.

Molly. Sure, Madam, you would not be ſo mad! What, would you undo all, and be forced to marry Conrade at laſt?

Melanthe. Was there ever ſo terrible a dilemma! What anſwer can I give?

Molly. Dear Madam, ſay any thing. Tell him you are in love with——— Say any thing but the truth.

Melanthe. How ſilly am I to aſk advice of ſuch a giddy creature!

With this ſhe turned herſelf towards a table whereon ſtood a ſtandiſh, ſat down, paused a while, then began to write; but had ſcarce finiſhed two lines, before ſhe left off, tore the paper, muſed again, and then began afreſh. The ſecond eſſay met with the ſame fate as the former, and ſo did ſeveral ſucceeding ones; till at laſt ſhe threw the pen out of her hand, ſtarted up, and ſaid—

Melanthe. 'Tis in vain to attempt it. I cannot write.

Molly. Why then, Madam, ſay nothing: e'en let him think as he pleaſes, at preſent. If you will but pluck up a ſpirit, we ſhall do well enough. He will not kill you, for his own ſake; and as for any thing elſe, you muſt content yourſelf to ſubmit to it. Nothing can be ſo bad as marrying Conrade. I will go to Florimel preſently: if I am ſo lucky as to find her at home, 'tis ten to one but ſhe puts ſomething into our heads.

Melanthe. Do ſo. I wiſh ſhe were here.

While they were ſpeaking, Murcio called very loud at the bottom of the ſtairs for Molly to come down; on which ſhe ſaid—'Do you hear, Madam? But 'I muſt face the ſtorm, for fear it ſhould 'come hither, and terrify you worſe. I 'wiſh you had as much courage as I 'have.'

She ſaid no more, but ran haſtily down into the parlour; where I, with no leſs ſpeed, attended her footſteps, quite impatient to hear how the pert baggage would behave.

Murcio. What is the reaſon, minx, that I have no anſwer to the letter you carried up?

Molly. Lord, Sir, there was ſomewhat or other in that letter that has frighted my poor lady almoſt out of her wits. She does nothing but cry and wring her hands. It would make your heart ache to ſee her. She write an anſwer! No indeed, ſhe is not in a condition to give an anſwer.

Murcio. If ſhe can't, you muſt, huſſey! Who was that fellow you let out of my houſe yeſterday morning?

Molly. I, Sir! I let out no fellow, not I.

Murcio. 'Tis falſe: my friend here, happening to paſs through the ſtreet at that time, ſaw him come out.

Molly. Why then, Sir, your friend is no better than a pickthank for bringing you ſuch idle ſtories; and I am not afraid to tell him ſo to his face.

Murtio. Was there ever ſuch impudence!

Conrade. Come, come, Mrs. Molly, you had better confeſs the truth; it will be for the good of your lady, and yourſelf too.

Molly. Sir, I ſhall not tell a lye for the matter: I let out no fellow. There was a fine gentleman, indeed, that ſat up all night playing at cards with my lady, that I let out; but no fellow, I aſſure you.

Murcio. Well; and pray, Mrs. Brazenface, what is the name of this fine gentleman?

Molly. Lord, Sir! do you think I know the names of all the gentlemen that come to viſit my lady? Indeed, I am not ſo impertinent as to aſk.

Murcio. No equivocation. Tell me this moment, or I ſhall be your death!

Molly. Bleſs me, Sir! how can you fright a body for nothing? But, if you would be my death twenty times over, I can ſay no more than I have done.

Conrade. Dear Murcio, this girl is not worth the paſſion you are in. I hope the young lady herſelf will ſatisfy you, when once ſhe conſiders how much it is her intereſt to do ſo.

Murcio. Not while ſhe has ſuch a hardened wretch to encourage her obſtinacy.—Huſſey, pack up your trumpery, and get out of my houſe directly, or I ſhall provide a place for you in Bridewell.

Molly. Oh, dear Sir! I ſhall not give you that trouble; there are places enough to be had without your providing.

After ſhe had left the room, and Murcio had vented his paſſion in two or three hearty curſes, he turned to Conrade, and, with a tone of voice which expreſſed the deepeſt trouble of mind, uttered theſe words—'You ſee, my 'dear friend, that both miſtreſs and 'maid are alike incorrigible. What 'now remains for me to do, either to 'preſerve my family from diſgrace, or 'this degenerate girl from everlaſting 'ruin?' The other, who doubtleſs condemned

demned Melanthe more in his heart than he would let her father know he did, could find nothing to ſay in her defence; but that he hoped, when the firſt confuſion of this diſcovery was a little over, ſhe would be brought to reaſon; and therefore intreated he would allow her ſome time to recollect herſelf. As the converſation now began to conſiſt only of railings on the one ſide, and perſuaſions to moderation on the other, I eaſily perceived that nothing of importance would be the reſult; ſo reſolved to leave the two old gentlemen together, and accordingly took the firſt opportunity to get out of the houſe.

CHAP. VIII.

PRESENTS SOMETHING WHICH, IF THE AUTHOR'S HOPES DO NOT DECEIVE HIM, WILL AFFORD AN EQUAL SHARE OF SATISFACTION AS SURPRIZE.

BEING very anxious for the ſituation of poor Melanthe, I fully deſigned to make another viſit to Murcio's houſe early the next morning; and accordingly got to Murcio's door juſt as Conrade had alighted from his coach, and was ſtepping in; ſo I had an eaſy acceſs, and followed him up into the dining-room, where Murcio was then ſitting, and expreſſed the ſatisfaction he took in ſeeing him in words to this effect—

Murcio. My dear friend, I am glad you are come to give me your opinion in a thing I am about to do. My ungracious daughter has given me no anſwer, made me no ſubmiſſions. I cannot keep her in my houſe; and if I turn her out of it, am in danger of having my whole family ſcandalized by her behaviour: I am therefore reſolved to ſend her to Cornwall, where I have a near kinſman.

Conrade. I flatter myſelf, Sir, that the intelligence I bring will ſave you that trouble, and the young lady ſo long a journey. I have diſcovered her favourite lover.

Murcio. Is it poſſible! For Heaven's ſake, who—what is he!

Conrade. One you little ſuſpect, though I have ſeen him often here. It is Dorimon.

Murcio. Dorimon! Yes, ſince his return from his travels, he viſits here ſometimes. His ſiſter Florimel and Melanthe were brought up together at the boarding-ſchool; and, ſince they left it, have ſcarcely been two days aſunder. But I cannot think Dorimon has been her ſeducer: ſhe is neither above his hopes, nor below his expectations. If he had any inclinations towards her, I know of nothing ſhould hinder him from making his honourable addreſſes. But what grounds have you for ſuch a ſuppoſition?

Conrade. You ſhall hear. You know I told you that I did not ſee his face; but, as I followed him a good part of the ſtreet, I took notice of his habit, which indeed had ſomewhat particular in it, and would have attracted my obſervation, had I ſeen it on any other perſon. It was a dark olive-coloured French barragon, laced with a very rich Point d'Eſpagne down the ſeams; he had alſo a fine flaxen wig, with a bag and a ſolitaire of an uncommon dimenſion. I then took him either for a foreigner, or one lately come from abroad. In the ſame dreſs, and as exactly as I ſaw him then, did I ſee him, within this half hour, at the chocolate-houſe. I cannot, indeed, ſwear to the man, but I think may ſafely to the cloaths, eſpecially as I heard him ſay, on ſome gentlemen's praiſing the ſuit, and telling him they believed there was not ſuch another in England, that he was pretty ſure there was not; for he had beſpoke it at Paris, according to his own taſte, and it had not been come over long enough for any one to take a pattern by it.

Murcio. I muſt own there is a ſtrong probability in what you ſay; but yet, without a certainty, know not what meaſures I can purſue.

Conrade. If you will take my advice, ſend for him: I heard him ſay he ſhould dine at home, ſo is ſcarcely gone out. Give ſome diſtant hints, at firſt, concerning a marriage with your daughter; and, according to the anſwers he makes, you will be inſtructed how to proceed.

Murcio. It ſhall be ſo. I will not let him ſee I have any ſuſpicion of my daughter's fault; and, whether there be any thing between them or not, a propoſal of the nature you mention cannot ſeem ſtrange to him, as our families have always lived together in a perfect harmony and good underſtanding.

He had no ſooner ſaid this, than he

called a ſervant, and ſent him with his compliments to Dorimon, to let him know he deſired to ſpeak with him immediately, if not otherwiſe engaged. After this, the two friends had ſome farther diſcourſe concerning what ſteps the father of Melanthe ſhould take in this affair; when the fellow who had been ſent on the above meſſage returned, and told his maſter that Dorimon ſaid he would not fail doing himſelf the honour of obeying his commands in a few minutes: on which Conrade took his leave; and Murcio ſat down, endeavouring to frame his temper and countenance ſo as to be ſuitable to the buſineſs he had in hand.

Dorimon appeared in a ſhort time; and, the firſt compliments being paſt, Murcio began to open what he had to ſay, by telling him that he had a great regard for his family; that he was a fine young gentleman; and that, being now five and twenty, he much wondered that he had not heard of his addreſſing ſome lady on the ſcore of marriage. To which Dorimon replied, that marriage was a thing he had not as yet much thought upon; and that, having a ſiſter who took care of his houſe, a wife was the leſs neceſſary to him. Murcio then demanded if he found any averſion in himſelf to changing his condition in favour of a woman of equal birth and fortune, and who would approve of his pretenſions. Dorimon ſeemed a little ſurprized at theſe interrogatories; but anſwered in the negative, with this proviſo, that the perſon of the lady were equally agreeable. Murcio, thinking this reply a proper cue for explaining himſelf, did ſo in the following manner—

Murcio. What think you, then, of my daughter Melanthe?

Dorimon. As of an angel, Sir, above my hopes.

Murcio. No fine ſpeeches, Dorimon; deal ſincerely with me. Do you like her well enough to marry her?

Dorimon. Yes, Sir, upon my ſoul! and ſhould bleſs the hand that gave her to me.

Murcio. Sir, I take you at your word; and give you mine that you ſhall have her, and ſix thouſand pounds, if you think that a ſufficient dower.

Dorimon. I do, Sir; and, though Melanthe is a ſufficient fortune of herſelf, ſhall accept your offer, and make a ſettlement accordingly.

Murcio. Then there remains no more than to get the marriage-articles drawn which, if you pleaſe, ſhall be to-morrow morning.

Dorimon. It cannot be too ſoon. But, Sir, may I not have leave to ſee her, to throw myſelf at her feet, and be aſſured ſhe will not regret the happineſs you beſtow upon me?

Murcio. Oh, Sir, you have nothing to apprehend on that account; for, to be plain with you, I deſigned her for another. She rejected the propoſal, for which ſhe has been under ſome diſgrace: but, as I have ſince diſcovered her diſobedience was occaſioned by the affection ſhe has for you, I was the more eaſily induced to pardon it. She does not yet know that I conſent to gratify her inclinations: but you ſhall have the pleaſure of telling her yourſelf.

He then went to the door, and ordered a ſervant to bid Melanthe come down: after which he turned back, and ſaid to Dorimon—'My daughter will wait on 'you preſently. I know you will ex'cuſe my leaving you together: I have 'buſineſs calls me abroad; but expect 'to ſee you to-morrow morning, and 'ſhall have a lawyer here.' He ſaid no more; but went haſtily away, to avoid ſeeing his daughter. He had not left the room above half a minute, before Melanthe entered, but with a confuſion impoſſible to be expreſſed. She had expected no other, on being called down, than to meet ſome terrible effects of her father's diſpleaſure. Her eyes, red with tears, were now caſt down upon the floor, as ſhe advanced with ſlow and trembling ſteps; nor ſaw ſhe who was there, till Dorimon ſprung forward, and took her by the hand with theſe words—

Dorimon. Charming Melanthe, how am I tranſported at the goodneſs of your father! How incapable of expreſſing my gratitude for the permiſſion he has juſt now given me of telling you how much, how truly I adore you!

Melanthe. Bleſs me, Dorimon, what is the meaning of all this! Where is my father?

Dorimon. Gone, to give me the happy opportunity of endeavouring to inſpire you with ſentiments in favour of my paſſion, and conformable to his will.

Melanthe. Your paſſion, and his will! Certainly, Dorimon, you muſt either be mad, or I not in my ſenſes! For Heaven's ſake, explain this myſtery!

He

He was going to reply, when his ſiſter Florimel came tripping in. That young lady having been informed by Molly of all that had paſſed at Murcio's houſe, was extremely impatient to know how her fair friend behaved afterwards on that occaſion. Melanthe no ſooner ſaw her, than ſhe flew into her arms, and cried—

Melanthe. My dear, dear Florimel, what would I not have given to have ſeen you laſt night!

Florimel. I was no leſs eager to be with you. But I find things have quite changed their face. I met your father at the door as I entered; the old gentleman ſeems to be in quite good humour, deſired me to walk up, and told me I ſhould find you and my brother together.

Dorimon. Aye, my dear ſiſter, we are together; and, I hope, ſhall ſoon be joined to ſeparate no more.

Florimel. Separate no more! As how?

Dorimon. By the indiſſoluble ties of marriage. Murcio, the generous Murcio, has beſtowed her on me. To-morrow the articles are to be drawn, and there will then be nothing wanting but my angel's conſent for the conſummation of my bliſs.

Florimel. And was this the buſineſs on which he ſent for you in ſuch haſte?

Dorimon. The ſame.

Here Florimel burſt into ſo violent a fit of laughter, as rendered her unable to ſpeak for ſome time. In vain Dorimon aſked ſeveral times over the cauſe of this extravagant mirth; and it was but by degrees ſhe recovered herſelf enough to make this reply—

Florimel. I have found out the riddle!! It was I, brother, that have made this match. Yes, with the aſſiſtance of that ſuit of cloaths you have on.

Then addreſſing herſelf to Melanthe, proceeded thus—'You muſt know, 'my dear, that it was Conrade himſelf 'that watched me coming out of your 'houſe. I ſaw him ſtand perdu under 'Sir Thomas ******'s porch. He has 'certainly ſeen my brother in theſe 'cloaths; and, miſtaking him for me, 'has paſſed him upon your father for 'your ſuppoſed gallant.' Dorimon was now as much confounded, in his turn, as the two ladies had been in theirs; till his ſiſter, having firſt obtained Melanthe's leave, related to him the whole hiſtory of their contrivance to break the match with Conrade. This repetition occaſioned ſome pleaſantry between the brother and ſiſter; but Melanthe was too much aſhamed to bear any great part in it. Her new lover obſerving her ſerioufneſs, ſpoke in this manner—

Dorimon. I have got nothing, Florimel, by the account you have given, but the mortification of that vanity Murcio had inſpired me with; and dare not now flatter myſelf that Melanthe will ſo readily, as I once hoped, acquieſce in the agreement made between us.

Florimel. If ſhe does not, all will come out; and if ſo, Murcio will certainly return to his firſt engagement to give her to Conrade. What ſay you, Melanthe; have you averſion enough for my brother to run ſo great a riſque?

This demand made Melanthe bluſh exceſſively. She pauſed, and hung down her head; but at laſt made this return—'So ſudden a change in my for-'tune might well excuſe me from 'giving a direct anſwer to ſuch a queſ-'tion. Of this, however, you may be 'aſſured, that I have not courage to 'diſobey my father a ſecond time, and 'that I love the ſiſter too well to have 'any averſion to the brother.'

On this Dorimon kiſſed her hand with a great deal of warmth, and ſaid many tender and paſſionate things to her; which, as the reader will eaſily conceive, I think it needleſs to repeat; and ſhall only add that, between the brother and the ſiſter, Melanthe was at laſt prevailed upon to confeſs, that it would be without the leaſt reluctance ſhe ſhould obey her father in the choice he had now made for her. Though there was now little cauſe to apprehend any diſappointment in theſe nuptials, yet I reſolved to ſee the thing fully concluded on; accordingly I went the next morning to Murcio's houſe, where I found him very buſy with his lawyer. Dorimon came in ſoon after; and the writings were preſently filled up, ſigned, ſealed, and duly executed, by both parties: and the lawyer had no ſooner left the room, than Murcio ſpoke to Dorimon in theſe terms—

Murcio. Well, Dorimon, I think there is nothing now wanting for the making you my ſon, except the ceremony of the church; and I don't care how ſoon that alſo was performed. I

do

do not love to ſee affairs of this nature kept long in hand. Beſides, you muſt know, that on my daughter's refuſing to marry the perſon I firſt propoſed to her, I ſwore in my paſſion that I would never ſee her face again till ſhe was a wife.

Dorimon. You may be aſſured, Sir, I ſhall think every moment an age; and I do not doubt but the knowledge of the vow you have made will very much expedite my wiſhes.

Murcio. I am going directly to my little country-ſeat, and ſhall leave you to conſult with her about the day; but will write to the rector of ****, who is my kinſman, and deſire he will perform the office: when that is over, would have you both come down to *****, where you may depend upon meeting with a fatherly reception.

Nothing farther, of any conſequence, was ſaid by either of them. Murcio took coach for the country, and Dorimon went to the apartment of his miſtreſs; where ſtrenuouſly preſſing her for the ſpeedy conſummation of his happineſs, her father's pretended vow ſerved as an excuſe for her compliance, and ſhe conſented that the wedding ſhould be the next Sunday after. No accident retarded the fulfilling this agreement, and they were married on the day appointed; after which they ſet out, accompanied by Florimel, for *****, to receive the bleſſing Murcio had promiſed to beſtow upon them. As no one of the company had any reaſon to be diſcontented at what had happened, it is not to be doubted but the goddeſs of chearfulneſs accompanied them in their little journey: I ſay journey, becauſe the ſiſter of Dorimon having an averſion to the water, they went in a landau, in complaiſance to her; but the ſubject of their converſation is not in my power to relate, as I had no opportunity of being witneſs of it.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINS A SUCCINCT ACCOUNT OF SOME FARTHER PARTICULARS, IN SOME MEASURE RELATIVE TO THE FOREGOING ADVENTURE.

HAVING married my two new-made lovers, the reader will poſſibly imagine, that the laſt act of the play is ended, and that I ſhould now drop the curtain, to prepare for ſome freſh ſubject of entertainment; but he muſt wait awhile; I have not yet done with any of my characters: and beſides, as there are many things which ſeem to require a farther explanation, I cannot think of parting with my favourite Florimel, without giving her thoſe juſt praiſes which her wit and good-humour may juſtly claim. It is not unlikely, indeed, but that there may be ſome over-ſcrupulous ladies in the world, who will be ſo far from approving the character of this charming girl, that they will highly contemn her for aſſuming the air and habit of a man, though for never ſo ſhort a ſpace of time; and even rail at Melanthe, for conſenting to put in execution the ſtratagem ſhe had contrived for her deliverance from an evil ſo juſtly dreaded by her. Such as theſe will certainly think I have ſaid enough, if not too much, on the occaſion; and perhaps throw aſide the book, and cry they will read no farther. Well, be it ſo; the loſs will be entirely their own: I am pretty confident neither my reputation, nor the profits of my publiſher, will ſuffer by their ill-nature in this point. It is for the entertainment of the gay, the witty, and truly virtuous—who, by the way, are never cenſorious—that theſe lucubrations are chiefly intended; and if I am ſo fortunate as to pleaſe them, ſhould give myſelf no great pain what may be ſaid of me by thoſe of the above-mentioned claſs. In defiance, therefore, of theſe fair, or rather unfair criticks, I ſhall proceed in what I have farther to relate concerning the principal ſubjects of this narrative.

On their arrival at *****, they were received by Murcio with a ſhew of the greateſt ſatisfaction; yet I, who took care to be there before them, in order to be witneſs of what ſhould paſs at this firſt interview, could eaſily perceive that he embraced his ſon-in-law with more cordiality and leſs conſtraint than he did his daughter. The remembrance of her ſuppoſed fault doubtleſs rendered him unable to treat her with his accuſtomed tenderneſs: he ſcarce touched her cheek in ſaluting her; and when he gave her his bleſſing, added—'Pray Heaven 'your future conduct may deſerve it!' It could not be otherwiſe, but that all the company muſt comprehend the full meaning of theſe words: but poor Melanthe

lanthe was ſo much affected by them, that ſhe burſt into a flood of tears; and throwing herſelf a ſecond time at her father's feet, addreſſed him in theſe pathetick terms—

Melanthe. Oh, Sir, I beg, I beſeech you, by all the love you once had for me, to forgive the only act of diſobedience I was ever guilty of; pardon but the averſion I had to the match you firſt propoſed to me, and you will eaſily abſolve the reſt.

Dorimon. Yes, Sir, my dear, my charming wife, is as innocent of every thing that can deſerve your blame, as I am from even the moſt diſtant wiſh of violating her purity, or diſhonouring your family.

Florimel. Aye, aye, it is poor me that am alone in fault; but, ſince the miſchief I have done has been productive of ſo much good, I ſcarce doubt of being excuſed by a gentleman of ſo much good ſenſe as Murcio. I have delivered your daughter, Sir, by my contrivance, from the horrors of a forced marriage; I have procured a wife for my brother, with whom, if he is not the moſt happy, I am certain he deſerves to be the moſt miſerable, of all mankind; and I have got you a ſon-in-law, who I hope will merit that honour by his future behaviour.

Murcio, who could not form even the moſt diſtant gueſs at the meaning of all this, looked ſometimes on the one, and ſometimes on the other, with all the tokens of the utmoſt amazement, without being able to ſpeak one ſyllable; which gave Florimel the opportunity of unravelling the whole myſtery of the affair, as ſhe had before promiſed Melanthe to take upon herſelf to do. In ſpite of the little reſentment Murcio at firſt conceived for the trick that had been put upon him, he could not forbear ſmiling at the invention of the contriver; and the wit and ſpirit with which that young lady talked to him upon it, very much contributed to bring him into good humour: but that which entirely reconciled him to the wedded pair was, the conſideration that Dorimon was wholly ignorant of the plot till after the marriage was concluded; and the aſſurance Melanthe gave him, that ſhe was far from any intention to deceive him, but had flattered herſelf with the hope that Conrade would have broke the engagement without mentioning to him the reaſons he had for doing ſo. Though to have married his daughter to Conrade would have ſaved him ſix thouſand pounds, yet the many ill conſequences which would probably have attended ſo diſproportionate a match, now occurring to his mind, which before he had not thought upon, made him not only contented, but rejoiced, that this change of hands had happened; and he could not forbear kiſſing and hugging Florimel for being the chief author of it.

Every one now endeavouring to outvie the other in giving teſtimonies of his good-humour, among the many gay and gallant things ſaid by Dorimon on this occaſion, he proteſted to keep his French cloaths as long as he lived, for a perpetual memento of the good they had done for him, and never wear them but on the anniverſary of that happy day which gave his dear Melanthe to his arms. On falling afterwards into ſome diſcourſe concerning the oddneſs of the accident which had brought about a marriage ſo little thought of by either of the parties, yet ſo agreeable to both, as well as to their friends, Murcio expreſſed himſelf in this manner—

Murcio. I cannot help thinking that there is ſomething peculiarly remarkable in this tranſaction, and looks as if the hand of Heaven had directed the accompliſhment.

Florimel. I dare almoſt engage my own life for the mutual happineſs of theirs. Their humours are ſo exactly ſuited to each other, that neither of them are fit for any body elſe; and, now I conſider on it, am amazed that, in the long acquaintance they had together, this buſineſs never came into either of their heads till chance put it there.

Dorimon. Nay, ſiſter, I am now convinced, by the tranſport and the pleaſing flutter at my heart, on the offer Murcio made of his daughter, that I was then paſſionately in love with her, though without knowing it.

Melanthe. And if you had been as indifferent to me, as I then thought you were, I ſhould not certainly have been ſo ſoon and ſo eaſily perſuaded to be yours.

Murcio. Well, all things have happened for the beſt; and there is nothing now wanting to compleat my ſatisfaction,

tion, but the clearing up Melanthe's innocence to Conrade. I ſhould be glad he were here.

The word was ſcarce out of his mouth, when a ſervant came into the room, and informed him, that the perſon he had mentioned was below; on which he ordered he ſhould be immediately introduced. The old gentleman, who had heard nothing of what had happened, nor ſeen Murcio ſince the converſation with him, repeated in a former chapter, had been impatient to know the ſucceſs of his propoſal to Dorimon; and finding he did not return to town as uſual, made him this viſit at *****, in order to gratify his curioſity. He had not advanced above half way into the room, when Murcio preſented the bride and bridegroom to him; and told him he had been juſt wiſhing for him to congratulate the nuptials. Conrade endeavoured to compoſe himſelf enough to ſalute them with the accuſtomed forms; but as he had not in his heart believed that Dorimon would be prevailed upon to marry Melanthe, though he had adviſed her father to make the experiment, was ſo much ſurprized on finding the affair concluded, that he could not forbear teſtifying it in his looks, as well as by crying out—

Conrade. What, married!

Florimel. Yes, Sir, they are married: the indiſſoluble knot is tied; for which all due thanks be given to your fortunate miſtake.

Conrade. My miſtake, Madam! Pardon me, if I do not comprehend your meaning.

Dorimon. I believe you do not, Sir: yet it is to your miſtaking another for me, that I am indebted for being put in poſſeſſion of a happineſs which otherwiſe I muſt have ſolicited for a long ſeries of time, and perhaps at laſt never have obtained. I do aſſure you, Sir, I never preſumed to entertain one wiſh to the diſhonour of Melanthe; and was ſleeping in my own bed when you imagined me juſt riſen from her arms.

Murcio. He tells you nothing but the truth. He is innocent, ſo is Melanthe. But here ſtands her gallant; here is the author of this enigma.

In concluding theſe words, which he had uttered with the moſt chearful air, he patted Florimel upon her cheek, and gently puſhed her towards Conrade: but that gentleman was now in ſuch a conſternation, that he ſcarce knew where he was, much leſs had the power of diſtinguiſhing the ſenſe of any thing he either ſaw or heard; till Florimel related to him, in her ſprightly faſhion, every particular of that ſtratagem which had occaſioned the breaking off the intended match between him and Melanthe. Murcio alſo, and Dorimon, averring the truth of what ſhe ſaid, he began at laſt to ſee clearly into the whole affair; after which Melanthe, with a great deal of modeſty and ſweetneſs, addreſſed herſelf to him in theſe terms—

Melanthe. I hope, Sir, you will pardon the deception put upon you, as I was conſtrained to purſue ſo extraordinary a method, to avoid a thing which, in the end, muſt have been no leſs diſagreeable to you than to myſelf. I ſhall always acknowledge my obligation to the generous offer your affection made: but love, Sir, is not in our power; if it were, my gratitude to you, the conſideration of my own intereſt, and the duty owing to my father, would certainly have inſpired me with it.

Conrade. Say no more, ſweet lady. I am aſhamed of my paſt folly; and only wiſh you would exert all the influence you have over your witty ſhe-gallant, not to expoſe this ſtory in print. I ſhould be ſorry, methinks, to ſee myſelf in a novel or play.

Florimel. No, no, Sir; you need be under no apprehenſions on that ſcore. I would not, for my own ſake, have the world know I put on breeches; leſt my huſband, when I get one, ſhould be afraid I would attempt to wear them afterwards.

This reply of Florimel's ſet the whole company into a fit of laughter, and would doubtleſs have been the occaſion of many pleaſant repartees, if the butler had not that inſtant given them a ſummons to the next room, where was a table elegantly ſpread with every thing ſuitable to the ſeaſon. But, as I could not partake of any of the delicacies I ſaw before me, I thought it beſt to leave the houſe; ſo accordingly I ſlipped out, plucked off my belt, went into a boat, and ordered the waterman to row as faſt as poſſible to London; where being arrived, I contented myſelf with ſuch fare as my own homely board afforded. Not many weeks had this adventure elapſed, before I heard that Florimel was married to a young gentleman

gentleman whom for ſeveral years ſhe had loved, and by whom ſhe was equally beloved. My inſatiate curioſity, on this information, led me to enquire into the hidden cauſe which had ſo long delayed the completion of their mutual wiſhes; and, by ways and means too tedious to be here inſerted, I at laſt diſcovered it to be ſuch as attracted my higheſt eſteem and admiration.

Dorimon had been a little extravagant in his equipage and way of living while on his travels. Her whole fortune lay in his hands; and if called out, which in all probability would have been the caſe if ſhe had married, he muſt have been obliged to mortgage ſome part of his eſtate for the payment. It was therefore to ſave her brother from ſo great an inconvenience, that this generous young lady had been deaf to all the ſolicitations of a beloved lover, and the ſoft pleadings of her own heart, till Melanthe's fortune coming into the family, removed the only impediment to her wiſhes. Thus, by the moſt unſeen, undreamt-of means, does Providence diſpoſe every thing for the advantage of it's favourites. Florimel, by her wit, and contrivance to ſerve her fair friend, without propoſing the leaſt intereſt to herſelf, or even imagining ſhe could have any, not only brought about her brother's happineſs, but met her own reward, in the accompliſhment of her felicity. Theſe two families live together in the moſt perfect harmony; and Murcio, who is little leſs fond of Florimel than of his own daughter, paſſes moſt of his time among them. Conrade alſo is extremely intimate with both; inſomuch that it is thought he will, at his deceaſe, divide a good part of his large fortune between them.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

INVISIBLE SPY.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

IS A KIND OF WARNING-BELL TO THE PUBLICK, AND GIVES A MELANCHOLY, THOUGH TOO COMMON PROOF, THAT A PERSON IN ENDEAVOURING, BY UNJUST OR IMPRUDENT MEASURES, TO AVOID FALLING INTO AN IMAGINARY MISFORTUNE, IS FREQUENTLY LIABLE TO BRING ON EFFECTUALLY WHAT MIGHT OTHERWISE NEVER HAVE HAPPENED.

OF all the paſſions which diſtract the human mind, there is none more pernicious in it's quality, nor more dreadful in it's conſequences, than jealouſy. It is looked upon, indeed, as the moſt certain proof of a ſtrong and violent affection; yet it is ſuch a proof as no one would wiſh to experience, as it infallibly involves the beloved object in a variety of diſquiets, whether innocent or guilty: nor is the perſon poſſeſſed of this raging fury leſs wretched; ſo juſt are theſe words of Mr. Dryden—

'O jealouſy! thou raging ill,
'Why haſt thou found a place in lover's
'hearts?
'Afflicting what thou canſt not kill,
'And poiſoning Love himſelf with his own
'darts.'

And as the inimitable Shakeſpeare yet more emphatically, in my opinion, expreſſes it—

'O what damn'd minutes tells he o'er,
'Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrong-
'ly loves!'

But as jealouſy frequently takes poſſeſſion of the ſoul by almoſt imperceptible degrees, the following little narrative may ſerve as an antidote againſt it's poiſon; and warn every one, married perſons eſpecially, not to give way to it's firſt attacks, leſt it ſhould be in time wholly ſubdued by it.

Cleora had from her very infancy been promiſed in marriage to the ſon of a neighbouring gentleman, about three years older than herſelf. An inclination for her intended huſband grew up with her years; nor was his affection leſs tender for her, whom he expected would one day be his wife: but when the innocent

nocent pair became ripe for the conſummation of their mutual wiſhes, an unhappy diſpute happened between their parents, which entirely broke off the match at once, and they were forbid to ſee each other any more. As I was not at that time acquainted with either of the lovers, I cannot pretend to deſcribe what their young hearts ſuſtained in this cruel ſeparation: it was doubtleſs very grievous to them both at firſt; but abſence, and variety of amuſements, provided for them by their reſpective parents, in order to diſſipate their chagrin, by degrees wrought the deſired effects: Leander, for ſo he was called, grew one of the gayeſt men about the town; and Cleora was ſo far weaned from the remembrance of him, that ſhe obeyed her father without reluctance in receiving the addreſſes of Ariſtus; who, after the neceſſary forms of courtſhip, became her huſband.

Few nuptials gave a greater promiſe of felicity. The births, the fortunes, of the wedded pair, were equal; their ages perfectly agreeable: ſhe was not quite nineteen, and he no more than five and twenty; ſhe was a very lovely woman, he a moſt graceful man. He had adored her to ſo romantick a height, that it was thought, if he had not obtained her, a dagger or a bowl of poiſon muſt have been his fate. She treated him with all the tenderneſs that could be expected from a virtuous woman by a reaſonable man. They were, in the firſt months of their marriage, the envy and admiration of as many as knew them. But, alas! how uncertain is the date of human happineſs! When Heaven is not pleaſed to beſtow on us a contented mind; I mean, when we do not aſk that bleſſing, and endeavour to acquire it; in vain indulgent Fortune laviſhes her whole ſtock of bounties on us; we repine amidſt our plenty, enjoy nothing we poſſeſs, and are wretches becauſe we will be ſo.

The bridal houſe, ſo lately the theatre of joy and pleaſure, ſoon became the cell of gloomy ſullenneſs and black deſpair. The eyes of the beautiful Cleora were frequently ſeen red with weeping: ſhe ceaſed to appear at any publick place, and received very little company at home; while on the brow of the once chearful, gay Ariſtus, now loured a heavy melancholy, and all the indications of a deep inward grief. Every one ſaw the change, but none could preſently diſcern the cauſe: it could not, however, long be kept a ſecret; the ſervants who waited immediately on their perſons were the firſt who diſcovered it; theſe reported it to the others, and they failed not to whiſper it to as many as they were acquainted with—that their maſter was prodigiouſly jealous of his lady.

The firſt tokens he gave of this frenzy, as I have been ſince informed, was to debar Cleora from going to the opera, the play, the maſquerade, and all routs and aſſemblies; all which places ſhe had been accuſtomed to frequent. She obeyed him, notwithſtanding, without murmuring or repining; and told him, with a great deal of ſweetneſs, that if thoſe diverſions were infinitely dearer to her than ever they had been, ſhe would readily ſacrifice all the pleaſure ſhe took in them to that of teſtifying her love and duty to him. Not contented with this, he proceeded farther, and forbade her to make any viſits without him, except to his mother, who lived but in the next ſtreet; and then to let him know, that he might meet her there, and bring her home. Hard as this injunction ſeemed to her, ſhe complied with it; being reſolved, if poſſible, to chace from his mind all thoſe ideas ſhe found he had conceived in prejudice of her diſcretion, and convince him that ſhe regarded nothing ſo much as his ſatisfaction.

What more could woman do, or man expect? yet all was not enough to make this jealous huſband eaſy. Whenever they were abroad together, if any gentleman happened to be in company, the leaſt gallant thing ſaid to her, or complaiſance returned to it by her, immediately ſet the worm within his brain a madding, and made him, on their coming home, reproach her in terms very unbecoming in him to make uſe of, and difficult for her to bear with patience: yet, nevertheleſs, he ſtill loved her, loved her to an exceſs; but, as the poet ſays—

'No ſigns of love in jealous men remain,
'But that which ſick men have of life,
'their pain.'

This behaviour of Ariſtus engroſſed much of the converſation of the town, and various were the conjectures paſſed

upon it. Some highly blamed him; others were apt to imagine there had really been ſome imprudences on the part of Cleora; and not a few there were among her own ſex, who, hating her for thoſe very perfections which ought to have excited their eſteem, ſcrupled not to pronounce her guilty of every thing ſhe could be ſuſpected of.

Much was this lady to be pitied. Deprived of all thoſe pleaſures to which her youth had been accuſtomed, ill-treated by her huſband, cenſured by her acquaintance, and ſecluded from the ſociety of thoſe who might have found means of diverting, if not wholly diſſipating her melancholy. To add to her misfortunes, ſhe had no friend near her to whom ſhe might complain. Her father, being a widower, had broke up houſe-keeping ſoon after her marriage, and was retired, with an intent to paſs the remainder of his days with her elder ſiſter, who was ſettled in a far diſtant county; ſo that the only perſon from whom ſhe received any conſolation was Miſs Lucia, the ſiſter of Ariſtus, a young lady of great good-nature, and who believing her truly innocent, uſed her utmoſt endeavours to put all chimeras to her prejudice out of her brother's head.

The diſcourſes which continually filled my ears about this family, and the different opinions the world had of the manner of their living together, made me reſolve to have recourſe to my Inviſibility, in order to diſcover which was in the right. Accordingly, I went one day, equipped as uſual, with my Belt and Tablet, to make a viſit at their houſe. Ariſtus was abroad; but I found Cleora, ſitting in a very penſive poſture, in her dreſſing-room. I had not been there above two minutes, before her footman came in, and preſented her with a letter, which he told her was left for her by a porter, who ſaid it required no anſwer, and was gone.

I muſt confeſs that, on hearing this, I was guilty of great injuſtice to Cleora, and began to be apprehenſive that her huſband's ſuſpicions were founded on too ſolid reaſons; but I was ſoon aſhamed of my raſh judgment, when, ſlipping behind her chair, and looking over her ſhoulder as ſhe read, I perceived the letter was from Miſs Lucia, and contained theſe lines—

'DEAR SISTER,

'WORDS cannot expreſs how greatly I am troubled, on finding myſelf obliged to ſend this, inſtead of waiting on you in perſon. Be aſſured I love and value your converſation as I ought; and ſhall no leſs ſuffer in being deprived of it, Heaven knows for how long a time, than you will do in the knowledge of the cauſe. Some idle ſtories, of which, I dare believe, my brother's unhappy caprice has been the ſole occaſion, have reached the ears of my mamma, and made her think it improper for me to be ſeen with you, while the world continues to judge of you in the manner it does at preſent. She heard of your meſſage to me, and ſtrictly forbade me to obey the ſummons. You know too well, my dear Cleora, what duty is owing from a child to a parent, and alſo how much my father's will has left me in her power, to reſent the painful proof I now give of my obedience to her. I wiſh, for my own ſake, as well as yours, that ſhe, my brother, and every one that knows us, were as well convinced as myſelf of your perfect innocence; but, till that happy time arrives, muſt content myſelf with the memory of the many happy hours we have paſſed together, and the hopes of many more yet to come, when once the horrid cloud which now ſeparates us is removed. Farewel! That Heaven may ſend you comfort under your preſent affliction, and ſpeedily relieve you from it, ſhall be the conſtant prayers of her who is, with the greateſt ſincerity, your moſt affectionate ſiſter,

'LUCIA.'

Scarce had ſhe gone through half this epiſtle, before her countenance betrayed the effect it produced. Diſdain, rage, grief, ſeemed now to have united all their force to raiſe a tempeſt in her mind; which immediately broke forth in theſe and the like exclamations—'Deprived of my poor Lucia, too, and on ſo ſhocking a pretence! Good Heaven! for what unknown crime of mine, or of my anceſtors, am I linked into ſuch a family! Mother and ſon alike unjuſt, ungrateful, baſe, tyrannick! Have I renounced all the gay amuſements of life, ſubmitted my temper to

'the

'the will of an imperious huſband, and 'made it my whole ſtudy to oblige him, 'to meet at laſt with this ungenerous, 'this barbarous return! My virtue ſuſpected, my reputation traduced, and 'my converſation ſhunned as a diſgrace! Oh, 'tis too much—too much 'for human patience to ſuſtain!'

Many other expreſſions of the ſame nature did her paſſion vent; till, at laſt, recollecting the requeſt Lucia had made in the poſtſcript of her letter, ſhe ſnatched it haſtily from off her toilet, and thruſt it into the fire; ſaying, at the ſame time, 'Poor Lucia, however, muſt not ſuffer 'for her friendſhip to me.'

Ariſtus being returned home, was that inſtant coming up ſtairs; which being oppoſite to the room where Cleora was, and the door open, he had an opportunity of ſeeing this laſt action, though not of hearing the words which accompanied it. He flew like lightning to the chimney, in order to ſave the paper, not doubting but it contained ſomething that might add freſh fuel to his jealouſy; but, nimble as he was, the flames were yet more quick, and left not the leaſt part of what he ſo much wanted unconſumed. This diſappointment, joined with what he had ſeen Cleora do, ſo much inflamed him, that looking on her with eyes ſparkling with indignation, he ſaluted her with this reproach—

Ariſtus. I perceive, Madam, you will be ſtill too cunning for me. Had I come a moment ſooner, I might, perhaps, have diſcovered enough in that paper, to have ſilenced all your future boaſtings of virtue and fidelity.

Cleora. Oh, Sir, you need be under no apprehenſions on that ſcore. The continuance of your baſe ſuſpicions deſerve not that I ſhould be at any pains to undeceive you.

Ariſtus. No, 'twould be in vain: too well I know you. Nor can you, dare you, now attempt to juſtify yourſelf, after the glaring proof I have received of your infidelity.

Cleora. What proof?

Ariſtus. That paper, perfidious woman!—that paper, whoſe aſhes, could they ſpeak, would riſe up in judgment againſt you.

Cleora. This is madneſs, or ſome new pretext to uſe me ill. Pray, what can the moſt injurious of your imaginations ſuggeſt, on the burning of a bit of paper?

Ariſtus. Did I not obſerve your countenance while throwing the lewd ſcrawl into the fire? Did not your gloating eyes purſue it as you would the fellow from whom it came? Were not all the marks of guilt and confuſion on your cheeks on my approach? But this is not all: I was told below that you had juſt received a letter by a porter. Anſwer to that, thou hypocrite! Does it become a married woman, of your rank and circumſtances, to receive letters, brought by ſuch meſſengers?

Cleora. A married woman! ſay rather a married wretch! for ſuch are all who have huſbands like Ariſtus.

Ariſtus. Still you evade the queſtion; but, if you would not deſerve to be the wretch you call yourſelf, be once ſincere, and tell me from which of your pretended admirers that letter came.

Cleora. From none.

Ariſtus. Perhaps, then, ſome female agents, ſome ſly promoters of your amorous intrigues. But no equivocations: explain the whole, or, by Heaven, my ſword——

Cleora. Do! kill me! it is the only act of kindneſs you can ſhew, and all I now wiſh to receive from you.

Ariſtus. So daring in your crimes, abandoned creature! But get out of my ſight this moment, leſt I be indeed provoked to do a deed I might hereafter repent of.

Cleora. Monſter!—But to quit your preſence is a command I ſhall always be ready to obey.

It was with an unſpeakable haughtineſs that Cleora uttered theſe words as ſhe flung out of the room. I am apt to believe, by the amazement Ariſtus now appeared in, that this was the firſt time ſhe had ever teſtified any great marks of reſentment for his ill treatment of her. He ſtood for ſome moments in a profound reverie; and, when he came out of it, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, ſaying—'Good God! nothing 'but the moſt perfect innocence, or the 'moſt conſummate guilt, could inſpire 'a woman with ſo much boldneſs. 'I know not what to think.' Then folding his arms, again ſeemed loſt in meditation; which having indulged a while, the ſubject of it burſt out in theſe words—'If ſhe were innocent, where-

'fore

'fore ſhould ſhe conceal from me the 'contents of that curſed letter? No, 'tis too plain ſhe is guilty. In vain 'would my fond heart, that ſtill doats 'on her, find excuſes for her behaviour. 'Yet it would be ſome eaſe to be con-'vinced: but it is impoſſible; ſhe has 'too much art. How true, O Dryden, 'are thy words—

"Falſe women to new joys unſeen can "move;
"There are no prints left in the paths of "love.
"All other goods by publick marks are "known;
"But this, we moſt deſire to keep, has "none."

After this, he walked ſeveral times backwards and forwards in the room, then ran haſtily down ſtairs, as I imagined, in ſearch of Cleora; but finding he did not, and went out of the houſe, I alſo left it too, having an engagement of my own that evening.

CHAP. II.

IN WHICH THE READER IS REQUESTED TO EXPECT NO MORE THAN A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME NARRATIVE BEGUN IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

THE diſtreſs in which I left Cleora, and the knowledge I now had of her innocence, very much affected me; and I muſt either have changed my nature, or have loſt that happy gift of Inviſibility which enabled me to diſcover almoſt every thing, not to have flown the next morning to the houſe of Ariſtus, in order to inform myſelf what effects the converſation of the preceding night had produced. I truly pitied the unhappy pair: for though Ariſtus was unjuſt and cruel in his ſuſpicions, yet I plainly ſaw he ſuffered no leſs in his own mind than what he inflicted on his much-injured wife; eſpecially when I reflected that he was not guilty through a want of affection for her, but a too violent exceſs of it; as is obſerved by one of our beſt Engliſh poets—

'The greater care the higher paſſion ſhews,
'We hold that deareſt we moſt fear to 'loſe.'

Indeed I ſoon found, how much more than I could even have imagined this offending huſband deſerved my commiſeration. He was abroad, and Cleora not yet riſen from her bed, when I made my viſit; which, as near as I can remember, was ſomewhat paſt eleven o'clock. Reſolved, however, not to loſe my labour entirely, I had recourſe for intelligence to the tatlers of the kitchen; whom, according to my wiſh, I found buſy in diſcourſe on the very point I wanted. Some took the part of their maſter, ſome of their lady: and, upon the whole, I found, that a ſecond quarrel having enſued after Ariſtus came home, Cleora had refuſed either to ſup or ſleep with him, but lay in a bed ſhe had ordered to be prepared for her in another room; on which he went not to his own, but had continued the whole night walking about the houſe, and behaved like a man totally deprived of reaſon; and that, when morning came, he went out.

On a ſudden, hearing the footman ſay that his maſter knocked at the ſtreet-door, I followed as faſt as I could; being more curious to ſee how Ariſtus would behave, than to hear what would be the iſſue of the conteſt between the ſervants. Accordingly I got cloſe in the corner of an arch while he paſſed by, and could ſee nothing in his countenance of that ferocity the ſervants had been deſcribing; on the contrary, a perfect compoſure ſeemed to me to ſit upon all his features, and left not the leaſt traces of diſſatisfaction. I attended him to the chamber which Cleora had made choice of for her repoſe, if it were poſſible for her to take any, the preceding night. He knocked gently at the door; but finding it not readily opened, retired, and went into the dining-room; where he called a ſervant, and bid him ſeek his wife's waiting-maid, and order her to come immediately to him. The young woman preſently appeared; though, I eaſily diſcerned, not without ſome tremor of the nerves; expecting, perhaps, to participate in the effects of her maſter's diſpleaſure: her countenance, however, grew more aſſured, when he ſpoke in the moſt courteous accents, ſaying—

Ariſtus. Is your lady awake yet, Mrs. Betty?

Waiting-maid. Yes, Sir.

Ariſtus. Then let her know I am ready

ready for breakfaſt; and aſk if ſhe will have the tea ſerved where ſhe is, or in her own dreſſing-room, as uſual.

She ſaid no more; and, after making a low curtſey, went out of the room, very much ſurprized at this ſudden turn; as indeed was I, after what I had ſeen and heard; nor was able to determine, as yet, whether the extraordinary complaiſance he ſhewed was real or affected. I was ſoon convinced, however, when the maid returned with this anſwer to his meſſage—

Waiting-maid. Sir, my lady deſires to be excuſed. She has got a violent head-ache, and begs not to be diſturbed.

Ariſtus. Tell her I bring her news that will make her well. No—hold—I will go myſelf.

With theſe laſt words he flew to the chamber; and, puſhing open the door, which was now unlocked, found his wife ſitting in a very melancholy and dejected poſture. She ſtarted up at ſight of him; and, without giving him leave to ſpeak, accoſted him in theſe terms—

Cleora. 'Tis hard that no part of a houſe, of which I am flattered with the name of miſtreſs, can protect me from the inſults of a man who certainly married me with no other view than to make me miſerable.

Ariſtus. Oh, ſay not ſo! I will ſoon convince you to the contrary; nor ſhall you ever more have cauſe to fly the preſence of Ariſtus. I own I have been to blame; have ſaid and done a thouſand things that I am aſhamed to think of. But why, my dear Cleora, did you raiſe my paſſion to that guilty height? Why conceal from me the author and contents of the letter which gave me ſo much pain?

Cleora. It would be eaſy for me to juſtify my refuſal.

Ariſtus. I know it would, my angel; full well I know it would: but I am now let into the ſecret, without your being guilty of a breach of friendſhip to oblige me.

Cleora. What is it you mean, Ariſtus?

Ariſtus. I have been this morning at my mother's; where, ſpeaking of our unhappy quarrel, and the motive of it, my ſiſter immediately changed countenance; and, after vindicating your conduct with the utmoſt vehemence, and as ſeverely condemning mine, confeſſed that it was herſelf that had ſent that letter to you by a porter, and had deſired you to burn it as ſoon as read.

Cleora. Dear Lucia! Oh that the brother had the ſiſter's temper!

Ariſtus. Brother and ſiſter are equally devoted to you. If Lucia were Ariſtus, ſhe would do as Ariſtus does; and if Ariſtus were Lucia, he would act like Lucia. The difference of ſexes makes all the difference in our ſentiments or behaviour. Her's is a tender friendſhip, mine a raging love; which, while happy in your poſſeſſion, trembles at even the moſt diſtant poſſibility of ever being leſs ſo.

Cleora. Can it be love that ſuſpects my virtue?

Ariſtus. By Heaven! my cooler moments have never ſet you down as capable of wronging me, or of diſhonouring yourſelf; but when paſſion rages in the ſoul, reaſon has little government over our thoughts or words. I know I have been much to blame, but, O Cleora! forgive a fault occaſioned only by an exceſs of fondneſs. So dear I prize you, that I envy the very air that breathes upon your lips; and wiſh to grow for ever there, and keep out all intruders.

Cleora. 'But do you conſider how wretched this cauſeleſs jealouſy has made me?

Ariſtus. Yes, and could tear out my heart for having ever harboured the leaſt unjuſt ſuſpicion of you; yet have I ſuffered torments much greater than was in my power to inflict. Could you be ſenſible of the agonies I felt during this laſt whole cruel night, you muſt, you would forgive and pity me.

Cleora. Mine have not been leſs; yet could I forget all, had my reputation been untouched by your ill-uſage. You now know the purport of your ſiſter's letter; and can you think it poſſible for me to ſupport, with patience, the being looked upon by your kindred as a diſgrace to the family I am come among?

Ariſtus. Think not ſo, my dear Cleora. My ſiſter was always aſſured of your innocence, and a ſtrenuous vindicator of every thing you did. My mother never thought worſe than that ſome little inadvertencies in your conduct had wrought me up to the follies I have been guilty of, which ſhe has juſt now ſeverely

verely chid me for. They will both wait on you this afternoon, and give you all the proofs in their power of the ſincere reſpect and tenderneſs they have for you.

Cleora. Well, Ariſtus, if I could be certain that this was the laſt trial you would make of my good-nature, I might, perhaps, endeavour to think no more on what is paſt.

Ariſtus. If ever I fall back into my former errors, deſpiſe me, hate me, think me the worſt of men. No, be aſſured I am too much aſhamed of what I have been, ever to be the like again; and, as a proof of the perfect confidence I now have in you, henceforward keep what company you pleaſe. I ſhall preſcribe no rules for your conduct; I ſhall leave all to yourſelf, and be ſatisfied that all you do is right.

Cleora. I ſhall take the leſs liberty for your granting me ſo much. But, if you ſhould relapſe, remember what a certain celebrated author of our ſex ſays on this occaſion—

'We women to ourſelves this juſtice owe,
'That thoſe who think us falſe, ſhould
'find us ſo.'

She ſpoke this with ſo enchanting a ſmile, that Ariſtus, though not yet quite ſure that what he did would be agreeable, could not forbear catching her in his arms, and holding her for ſome time locked in the moſt ſtrict embrace; then letting her looſe, and looking on her with the extremeſt tenderneſs, cried—

Ariſtus. Do you then forgive me?

Cleora. I do.

With theſe words, ſhe threw her ſnowy arms about his neck, and put her face cloſe to his, returning all the endearments he had juſt before given her; after which, that is, as ſoon as the tranſport he was in would give him leave to ſpeak, he ſaid—

Ariſtus. My for ever adored Cleora, depend upon it, that the whole ſtudy of my life ſhall be to requite this goodneſs.

Cleora. Treat me but as my actions deſerve; I aſk no more. But come, let us go to breakfaſt.

With this they went arm in arm into the next room, where Mrs. Betty and the tea-equipage waited their approach. I now left this once more happy pair to enjoy the ſweets of their reconciliation; and, as I doubted not but the contrition of Ariſtus would be as laſting, as by many indications I had reaſon to think it was ſincere, expected not that any future events, worthy the attention of an Inviſible Spy, would happen to call me to their houſe again. But, unhappily for the perſons concerned in it, a very few days after convinced me how little I was endowed with the ſpirit of prophecy; and alſo, that when once the fatal fire of jealouſy has got poſſeſſion of the mind, though it may lie dormant for a while, yet the leaſt wafting of a feather, or even a ſhadow, is ſufficient to give it motion, and kindle the ſmothered embers into a blaze.

I was loitering one morning in the Park. The air was ſerene, and not cold, the time of the year conſidered; for it was then November. Few people being there, I had an opportunity of indulging contemplation with the wonders of nature; which, even in the moſt barren ſeaſon, affords matter to attract our admiration; and was almoſt loſt in thought, when I was ſuddenly rouzed from it by the appearance of Cleora; who, in a rich, genteel diſhabille, came tripping down the walk; and, after looking two or three times round her, ſeated herſelf on a bench juſt oppoſite to St. James's Houſe. My ſurprize to find a lady of her rank alone in that place ſtopped my farther progreſs, and engaged me to draw near her, in order to obſerve whether chance, or any particular motive, had brought her hither. In leſs time than the taking a pinch of ſnuff would laſt, Ariſtus came as from the palace: he ſaw his wife at a diſtance; croſſed over, and came to her, ſaying—

Ariſtus. What, are you here, my dear, and alone?

Cleora. You ſee I am; but I did not expect to be picked up by a gentleman this morning. We are well met, however; and, if you have no buſineſs that requires haſte, ſhould be glad you would give me your company while I ſtay, which will not be long.

Ariſtus. With all my heart. I was only going to the coffee-houſe. And, in return for my complaiſance, you ſhall tell me by what accident I find you here thus unguarded.

Cleora. Can one be unguarded where there are ſo many ſoldiers? But, you muſt know, I have been among the ſhops at Charing Croſs, and made a great many purchaſes. I chuſe to walk over

the Park. I had William with me; but, as I knew the centry would not ſuffer him to paſs through with the things, I ſent him home the other way. When I came hither, I found the air ſo extremely pleaſant, that I was tempted to ſit down and enjoy a little of it; eſpecially as I found nobody here that I thought would take notice of me. And now you have the whole hiſtory of my morning's tranſactions.

Ariſtus. A very conciſe one. But ſuppoſe, my dear, you had met with any of the Bucks, the Bloods, or the Buffs, how would you have eſcaped their attacks?

Cleora. Why, I would have ſet my arms a-kimbo, and looked as fierce as they. Thoſe ſort of ſquires are never bold but to the fearful.

Finding, by their talking together in this gay manner, that they continued in perfect good-humour with each other, I thought I had no buſineſs to be an eves-dropper any longer, and was going to quit the place where I had ſtood; when, juſt as I had taken it into my head to do ſo, two gentlemen came down the walk; one of whom, in paſſing by the bench, ſtopped ſhort, looked earneſtly at Cleora, ſtarted, made a low bow, and then went on. She returned the ſalute, but with a confuſion impoſſible to be expreſſed. She bluſhed; ſhe trembled through every joint; her fan fell out of her hand; and ſhe was ready to ſink herſelf upon the ſeat. A leſs obſerving huſband than Ariſtus muſt have taken notice of this ſudden change; but the alarm it gave his jealous heart, was ſuch as compelled him to be ſpeechleſs for ſome moments. Cleora in vain endeavoured to recompoſe herſelf; all the efforts ſhe made to ſuppreſs or to conceal her agitations, rendered them but the more violent, and conſequently the more viſible. Ariſtus, at laſt, broke ſilence with theſe words—

Ariſtus. You ſeem diſordered, Madam. The ſight of theſe gentlemen has had a ſtrange effect upon you.

Cleora. I was a little ſurprized at the ſight of one of them. But that is not all: I am not well.

Ariſtus. I ſee you are not, either in mind or body. My coming was unlucky. Had I been abſent, you would doubtleſs have retained your former gaiety. But this is no place to expatiate on the cauſe of your diſorder: I will get one of the ſoldiers to call a chair; 'tis fit you ſhould go home.

He waited not to hear what anſwer ſhe would make, but roſe haſtily up, and ſpoke to one who was not upon duty. The fellow ran to do as he was deſired, and preſently returned with a chair. While he was gone, Cleora had recovered herſelf enough to ſay to Ariſtus—'I perceive you are beginning to entertain ſentiments to my diſadvantage; 'but have patience till we get home, 'and I ſhall eaſily make this matter 'clear.' As he was putting her into the chair, ſhe added—'You will follow preſently.' To which he replied—'I ſhall not be long after you; 'though I believe your own meditations, at this time, will be more 'agreeable to you than the company of 'a huſband.'

I perceived very plainly, by the countenance of Ariſtus, that a ſtorm was gathering in his breaſt, which I doubted not would break forth in thunder. I could not help alſo being of opinion, that there were ſome appearances, on the part of Cleora, not much to her advantage. I thought, however, that the beſt way to form a true judgment of the accidents of that morning, were to ſee them when they were together; ſo forbore following either of them, and reſtrained my impatience till near the hour in which they uſually dined, as being the moſt likely time to find Ariſtus at home. On my coming to their houſe, I found the door open, and a footman, in a laced livery, ſitting on a bench in the hall, as waiting for an anſwer to ſome meſſage he brought. I went directly up to the dining-room: no perſon being there, I paſſed on to Cleora's apartment, and found her writing at her bureau. A letter lay open before her, containing theſe lines—

'TO CLEORA.

'MADAM,

'I Heard not of your marriage till ſome 'weeks after it was conſummated; 'and when I did, the hurry of my af'fairs, being then juſt going to Paris, 'prevented my congratulating you upon 'it. I returned to England but three 'days ſince; and the firſt enquiry I 'made, was concerning your health 'and place of abode: but the anſwers 'I received to theſe interrogatories were

'mingled with ſome other informa-
'tions, which make me not quite ſure
'that a viſit from me might not give
'offence to that happy gentleman who
'is now your huſband. I would not
'therefore take the liberty of waiting
'on you till I had firſt received your per-
'miſſion. It is a bleſſing I ardently
'long for; but, whether proper for you
'to grant or not, beg you will believe
'that I am, with an eſteem too juſtly
'grounded for change of circumſtances
'to alter, Madam, your moſt faithfully
'devoted, and moſt humble ſervant,

'LEANDER.'

The anſwer given by Cleora to the above billet was as follows—

'SIR,

'THAT I ſtill retain a place in your
'remembrance, demands my
'grateful acknowledgments; and am
'ſorry to tell you, that it is at this diſ-
'tance only I can pay my thanks. It
'is eaſy for me to gueſs of what nature
'the informations you mention have
'been, and think myſelf obliged ſo far
'to confirm the truth of them, as to
'let you know the favour you intended
'me is wholly improper for me to re-
'ceive; and to deſire you will attempt
'no future correſpondence of any kind
'with her who is no longer miſtreſs of
'her actions, but who muſt always
'preſerve in her heart the beſt wiſhes
'for your welfare.

'CLEORA.'

Having ſealed this, ſhe called her maid Betty, and bid her deliver it to the man who waited for it; then took up Leander's letter, and read it two or three times over to herſelf, with very diſturbed emotions; after which, ſhe roſe haſtily from the poſture ſhe had been in, whether with a deſign to burn, or lay it carefully up, I cannot pretend to ſay, for her huſband that inſtant flew into the room, and ſnatched it out of her hand. She ſhrieked; and, in my opinion, very imprudently endeavoured to wreſt it from him. His ſtature, as well as ſtrength, being much ſuperior to hers, he held it at arm's length, and read the contents, in ſpite of all her weak efforts to hinder it; which done, he clapped it into his pocket, ſtamped, bit his lips, meaſured the room with wild unequal paces, ſtill as he turned darting revengeful glances at the trembling Cleora. Theſe, and other ſuch like frantick geſtures, introduced the following dialogue between them—

Cleora. What is there in that letter can have moved you thus?

Ariſtus. Was it not ſent by him whoſe ſight this morning threw you into ſuch diſorder?

Cleora. I was a little ſurprized at the ſudden appearance of a perſon I had not ſeen for a long time; but know not that the diſorder I was in proceeded from that cauſe.

Ariſtus. He knew it did, and I ſuppoſe ſent you this by way of conſolation.

Cleora. You put an odd interpretation on his words, as well as on my looks. Is this, Ariſtus, the effect of all thoſe promiſes you ſo lately made?

Ariſtus. When I made thoſe promiſes, I was ſo weak as to believe there was a poſſibility of your being faithful: but am now convinced of what you are; know that you are the moſt vile of women, and I the moſt accurſed of men!

Cleora. You make yourſelf indeed the one, by your unjuſt ſuſpicions; but no action of mine ſhall ever prove I am the other.

Ariſtus. Death and furies! Did I not meet the villain's ſervant with a letter from you in his hand!

Cleora. Suppoſe you did. I wrote to forbid his coming hither.

Ariſtus. Yes, and no doubt to appoint a place more convenient.

Cleora. 'Tis falſe; nor would the man whom your ſuſpicions wrong me with, harbour a thought to the prejudice either of my virtue or my reputation. No, if you had half his honour, or his love, I ſhould not be the wretch I am.

Ariſtus. Then you confeſs he loves you?

Cleora. He loved me once; and though Heaven thought fit to break off our intended union, I believe ſtill preſerves an eſteem for me.

Ariſtus. As you for him. Hell and vengeance! Dare you avow this to my face! Have I then only the leavings, the refuſe, of a beloved rival! Audacious ſtrumpet!

In ſpeaking this, he ſtruck her ſo violent a blow over the face, that the blood guſhed from her noſe and mouth; on which ſhe cried out—'Villain! there

'wanted

'wanted but this to prove the baſeneſs 'of thy abject ſoul! But think not the 'name of wife ſhall make me tamely 'bear ſuch uſage; no, if the laws of 'England ſhould refuſe me juſtice, I 'will fly to the remoteſt corner of the 'earth, and ſeek refuge among the leſs 'barbarous Hottentots, rather than live 'beneath the roof with ſuch a mon-'ſter!'

How Ariſtus would have behaved on this is uncertain; a ſervant that moment entered the room, and told him that a gentleman, who it ſeems he had ſent for that morning upon buſineſs, was now come to wait upon him. Whatever was in the mind of this diſtracted huſband, he had no farther opportunity of ſhewing it at preſent; and only giving a furious look at Cleora, and muttering ſome inarticulate curſes between his teeth as he went out, left her to ruminate on what was paſt. She no ſooner found herſelf alone, than ſhe rung the bell for her maid, who appeared quite frighted on ſeeing her lady in ſuch a condition. The girl's exclamations made her turn to the looking-glaſs; and the injury that had been done her, it is probable, gave ſtrength to her reſentment, and ſhe reſolved to put in immediate execution what ſhe had threatened Ariſtus with doing.

Betty had lived with her before her marriage, and was no ſtranger to the love that had been between her and Leander. The enraged fair-one, therefore, ſcrupled not to make her the confidant of the motive of this laſt quarrel with her huſband, and the intention ſhe had of quitting him for ever; then, after conſidering a little in what manner ſhe ſhould manage this affair, gave the following orders—'I would have you take a 'hackney-coach for expedition ſake, 'and go to Mrs. Clip's the tirewoman: 'I know ſhe lets lodgings. If ſhe has 'any apartment ready, hire it directly; 'but if her houſe happens to be full, do 'not return without procuring one for 'me in ſome other; for I am determined 'to go this very day, and ſhall think 'every moment an age till I am out of 'this deteſted place.'

While the maid was gone, Cleora ſet about packing up her cloaths and jewels; which ſhe did with ſuch adroitneſs and diſpatch, that in leſs than an hour every thing belonging to her was ready to be ſent away. In a little more than that time Betty returned, and told her that Mrs. Clip's firſt floor being let, ſhe had agreed for the parlours, which ſhe ſaid were very handſome, and ſhe believed her ladyſhip would approve of, at leaſt till a better apartment could be provided. Cleora was ſatisfied; another coach was called to carry her, and the maid followed in the other with the luggage. Ariſtus was all this time abroad: he went out with the gentleman who had called on him, and his abſence very much facilitated the execution of his wife's deſign; for, had he been at home, 'tis certain that either his love or anger, or perhaps a mixture of both, would have attempted to detain her. But what effects the ſteps ſhe had taken produced, both on the one and the other, muſt be left to the ſucceeding chapter.

CHAP. III.

IN WHICH THE CONSEQUENCES OF CLEORA'S ELOPEMENT ARE FULLY SHEWN, AND AN END PUT TO THAT SUSPENSE WHICH THE FORMER PAGES MAY HAVE EXCITED IN THE MIND OF EVERY INTERESTED AND CURIOUS READER.

I Staid ſome hours at the houſe of Ariſtus, expecting to be witneſs of ſomething extraordinary in his behaviour, when he ſhould be told of the departure of his wife; but he returning not in all that time, I grew weary of the tedious attendance, and quitted my poſt in order to go home; for as to Cleora, I had no thoughts of viſiting her in her new apartment till next morning. It not being late, however, I took it into my head to call at a great coffee-houſe in my way, and lucky was it for the gratification of my curioſity that I did ſo. I found Ariſtus there; he was ſitting at a table, in one corner of the room, ſome diſtance from the other company, with paper and a ſtandiſh before him. I advanced with all the ſpeed I could towards him, and ſaw him write the following billet to Leander—

'SIR.

'YOU are a villain, and have en-'deavoured to wrong me in a 'point too tender to be forgiven. I

'need only tell you that I am the huſ-
'band of Cleora, to inform you both
'of what I mean, and what ſort of ſa-
'tisfaction my honour demands from
'you, which I expect you will give me
'to-morrow morning at ſeven, in the
'Artillery Ground, Tothill Fields.
'The bearer has orders to wait your
'anſwer to

'ARISTUS.'

This he ſent by a porter to the Braund's Head in Bond Street; at which houſe, as I afterwards diſcovered, he had, with a good deal of pains, got intelligence that Leander conſtantly ſupped every night. I waited behind Ariſtus, with an impatience, perhaps, not inferior to his own, to ſee what reply Leander would make to the above, till the porter returned from him with theſe lines—

'SIR,

'THOUGH your telling me that
'you are the huſband of Cleora,
'cannot make me in the leaſt ſenſible
'how I deſerve the name of villain,
'yet I can eaſily gueſs at the ſatisfac-
'tion you require, and ſhall not fail to
'meet you at the hour and place ap-
'pointed, in hopes of being better in-
'formed for what imaginary cauſe you
'treat in this manner a perſon who nei-
'ther knows, or ever had any deſign
'to injure you,

'LEANDER.'

Ariſtus, after having read this, ſtaid no longer than to drink one diſh of coffee. As I perceived he turned that way which led to his own houſe, I could not forbear accompanying him thither; and I believe, by what I have to relate, the reader will think I had no reaſon to repent the pains I took. He was no ſooner entered, than he aſked haſtily for his wife, doubtleſs with an intention to renew his reproaches, and give a vent to ſome part of the fury he was poſſeſſed of: but never certainly did aſtoniſhment work a more ſtrange effect. On being told ſhe was gone, and the manner in which ſhe went, the ſudden ſhock at once deprived him both of ſpeech and motion; his face grew pale as aſhes; his eyes were fixed in a ſtupid ſtare; and had he been buried for three days, ſcarce could he have appeared more the ghoſt of what he was the moment before. His deadened faculties by degrees reviving, the firſt uſe he made of them was to call up all the ſervants; aſking firſt one, and then another, why ſhe was ſuffered to depart, why they did not ſtop her. To which they anſwered, that having no order from him, they durſt not preſume ſo far; and beſides, they knew nothing of her going till they ſaw the coaches at the door, and the portmanteaus carried out.

He next demanded to what place ſhe had directed herſelf to be carried: but both Cleora and her maid having taken the precaution to give no order to the coachman till they were got ſome diſtance from the houſe, no one of them was able to give him any information; on which he ſent them out of the room, not without ſome curſes on their indolence in not following the coaches: then, thinking himſelf alone, began to give a looſe to the dictates of his deſpair and rage in theſe expreſſions—'Then ſhe is
'loſt, for ever loſt to me! for if ſhe
'ſhould return, my honour, after this,
'would not permit me to receive her.
'Why did I ever marry! What de-
'mon tempted me to become the huſ-
'band of a woman whom I knew all
'mankind muſt love as well as I!
'Curſe on my fond paſſion! curſe on
'her fatal charms! Oh the deceiver!
'the vile hypocrite! There is no longer
'any room for doubt; her flight has
'proved her guilt. Revenge is now
'my ſole relief: ſhe for the preſent has
'eſcaped my reach, but I will ſtab her
'image in Leander's heart. Oh that it
'were morning!'

While uttering the latter part of this exclamation, he flew about the room as if totally bereft of reaſon; till his ſpirits, at length exhauſted by the violence of his rage, ſunk into the contrary extreme, that of dejection: he folded his arms, ſighed, and, with tears burſting from his eyes, cried out—'Oh Cleora,
'Cleora! lovely, perfidious wanton, to
'what haſt thou reduced me!' He then threw himſelf down on a ſettee, with groans like thoſe which iſſue from the breaſts of men dying in their full vigour; whence, after having lain ſome time, he ſtarted up, ſaying—'I will
'think no more! To hear of my diſ-
'tractions would but ſoothe her pride.'

He ſeemed now a little more compoſed, and called for ſomething to eat; but, on it's being brought, could not put

one

one morſel into his mouth; ſo roſe from table, and went up to his own chamber; where I did not think fit to purſue him, as having already ſeen enough to make me know the preſent diſpoſition of his mind. It was my full intention, however, to go in the morning to the Artillery Ground, to be ſpectator of the combat between him and Leander; but was diſappointed, by ſleeping beyond the time they were to meet. This a little vexed me; but I conſoled myſelf with the thoughts of being able to hear the event, by calling ſome part of the day at the houſe of Ariſtus, for I knew not where Leander lived. But my concern for Cleora carrying me firſt to her lodgings, there I got all the intelligence I wanted. I found that lady, as I believe, juſt riſen from her bed, for ſhe was in a looſe entire deſhabille. She ſeemed very penſive, and had the marks of her jealous huſband's reſentment ſtill flagrant on her lovely face. Betty was not with her when I came in, but entered immediately after, and ſurprized her with theſe words—

Betty. Oh, Madam, I have the ſtrangeſt thing to tell you!—Who does your ladyſhip think I have ſeen?

Cleora. Nay, I know not. Who, pray?

Betty. The very footman that brought your ladyſhip the letter yeſterday, and put my maſter into ſuch a rage. I was never ſo confounded in my whole life.

Cleora. Confounded, for what?—Where did you ſee him?

Betty. In the kitchen, Madam. When I went down, juſt now, to put on the tea-kettle for breakfaſt, who ſhould I ſee there but him talking to Mrs. Clip! His maſter lodges here in the apartment above.

Cleora. Good Heaven! Was there ever ſo unfortunate an accident! To come to lodge in the ſame houſe with the man whom at preſent it moſt behoves me to avoid! Do you think he knows you?

Betty. O yes, Madam. Your ladyſhip may remember it was I that took the letter from him, and carried down your anſwer. I warrant he knows me again; but if he did not, I find Mrs. Clip has been babbling to him about your ladyſhip, for I heard her mention your name as I was upon the ſtairs.

Cleora. Sure I was infatuated not to forbid that woman telling any body I was here. But I muſt remove immediately: it would be my utter ruin if my huſband, or any of his friends, ſhould hear I had lain in this houſe but only one night.

Betty. Very true, indeed, Madam; and as ſoon as your ladyſhip has had your breakfaſt, I will go out and get another lodging.

Cleora. Don't talk of breakfaſting, I will have you go this inſtant; I am diſtracted to think where I am.

Betty. Dear Madam, I beg you will not put yourſelf into ſuch a hurry of ſpirits. It ſeems Leander is gone abroad; and theſe gay gentlemen, when once they go out, ſeldom return all day. I will engage your ladyſhip ſhall be removed before he knows any thing of your being here.

Cleora. You talk like a fool. As he went out ſo early, he is the more likely to come home to dreſs; therefore get away. I would not have him ſee me here for all the world.

Betty, finding her lady ſo reſolute, made no farther delays, but went into the next room, and huddled on her capuchin and gloves; which done, ſhe returned, and aſked what part of the town would be moſt agreeable to her; to which Cleora replied, that all ſituations were alike to her, but ſhould chuſe ſome one or other of the ſtreets that turned out of the Strand, as ſhe muſt be private for a while, and had feweſt acquaintance that way; and then bid her ſend Mrs. Clip to her. The maid went out, and Mrs. Clip entered the room preſently after. Cleora told her the circumſtances of her affairs laid her under a neceſſity of removing from her houſe, and intreated ſhe would not make mention of her having been there to any one who might enquire for her. The other expreſſed a good deal of concern for loſing ſo good a lodger, and aſſured her of obſerving ſecrecy in the point ſhe deſired.

While they were talking, a loud knocking at the door made Mrs. Clip run to the parlour window; and ſeeing who it was, cried out—'Bleſs me, 'tis 'Leander! His cloaths are all bloody, 'and his arm in a ſcarf! He has been 'fighting, that's certain! I thought 'there was ſome ſuch thing in hand, by 'his going out ſo early this morning.

'I beg

'I beg your ladyſhip's pardon; I muſt 'run and ſee if he wants any thing I 'can do for him.'

Cleora was too much confounded at the name of Leander, and the condition ſhe heard he was in, to offer to detain her; and, after ſhe was gone, fell into a profound reverie, which held her for half an hour; and perhaps might have done ſo longer, if ſhe had not been rouzed from it by a gentle knock at the parlour-door: but how greatly was ſhe ſurprized when, on her calling to the perſon to come in, ſhe ſaw Leander enter! ſhe ſtarted, trembled, and, with a faultering voice, ſpoke thus to him—

Cleora. Oh, Sir, a viſit from you is wholly improper at this time!

Leander. I hope not ſo, Madam; ſince I would not have ſo far intruded, but to acquaint you with ſomething which it may be convenient for you to know. I have ſeen your huſband this morning.

Cleora. Oh my foreboding heart! I dread to aſk the conſequence of ſuch a meeting!

Leander. You need not, Madam. Ariſtus is unhurt, and I bear only one ſlight token of his intent to take my life.

Cleora. Then you have fought?

Leander. It was with the utmoſt regret I drew my ſword againſt the huſband of Cleora. But be pleaſed, Madam, to peruſe this billet; and you will ſee the neceſſity that compelled me to it.

With theſe words he preſented to her the challenge he had received the night before from Ariſtus; which, as ſoon as ſhe had looked over, ſhe returned to him again, ſaying—

Cleora. Unjuſt Ariſtus! But I thank Heaven nothing worſe has enſued.

Leander. Heaven, Madam, has indeed alone the praiſe; ſince it was not to any ſuperior ſkill of mine, or to any generoſity in my antagoniſt, that I am indebted for my preſervation, but to a kind of miracle.

Cleora. As how? Pray, Sir, inform me.

Leander. I know not, Madam, whether I can make you ſenſible how the thing happened, as your ſex are ignorant of the terms made uſe of in the deſcription of ſuch rencounters; but I will do my beſt. When firſt we met, I would have endeavoured to reaſon him out of a miſtake ſo injurious to you and his own peace of mind, as well as to myſelf; but he refuſed to liſten to any arguments I had prepared, and flew upon me with the rage of an incenſed lion. By the manner of his fighting, I eaſily perceived he came with a reſolution either to kill or be killed; ſo, as I was deſirous of avoiding both the one and the other, I only ſtood upon my defence, and parried the puſhes he made; though, in aiming at my breaſt, he ſeveral times expoſed his own. The moderation I obſerved but enraging him the more, he attempted to cloſe with me; and in that action I received a wound in my right-arm, a little above the bend, which hindered me from making any uſe of that wriſt, I ſhifted my ſword into the other hand; ſaying to him, at the ſame time—'You ſee, Sir, I am 'diſabled; we muſt leave the deciſion 'of this affair till ſome other time.'—'No,' cried he, 'I am not ſo weak as 'to loſe the advantage I have gained.' On this I retreated ſome paces; and then redoubling his attacks, the aukward oppoſition I could now make would not have protected me one moment longer, if, in the very criſis of my fate, when the point of his weapon was juſt ready to transfix me to the earth, we had not fortunately been ſeparated. Some people, whoſe windows had a proſpect of the Artillery Ground, ſaw the firſt of our engagement; and making all the haſte they could to prevent the threatened miſchief, arrived in the inſtant I have mentioned, beat down the ſword of Ariſtus, and placed themſelves before me as a ſhield.

Cleora. Pray, Sir, what then did Ariſtus do?

Leander. Walked ſullenly away, purſued by the reproaches of my deliverers till he was out of hearing; and it was with much ado that I prevailed with them to offer him no farther inſults. But, Madam, while I am giving you the hiſtory of my ill-treatment, I fear it is in your power to preſent me with a more ſhocking detail of the cauſe that brought you hither.

Cleora. It is ſuch a one, indeed, as, if the world be not as unjuſt as Ariſtus, will eaſily abſolve me for the reſolution I have taken of never living with him more. But it would happen very unlucky for my reputation, ſhould it be known I have ſeen you even this once; I

therefore

therefore intreat that, after I go hence, you will not think of making me any future visits.

Leander. Though it is hard to suffer for the faults of another, yet, Madam, be assured I shall never desire any thing that may give Aristus a pretence for his ill-treatment. I flatter myself, however, that the remembrance of our former tenderness is not so totally obliterated, but that friendship may subsist between us: you may, at least, permit me to write to you sometimes.

Cleora. I know not whether even that would not be too much.

Leander. Neither virtue, nor duty to the best of husbands, could set down as a fault the favour I request; and, to prevent all misinterpretations of our innocent correspondence, I shall take such precautions as will keep it a secret from all the world.

Cleora. Well, Sir, I cannot refuse this proof of your compassion for me, and think I ought not to deprive myself of any innocent consolation under my present affliction; you may therefore be assured, that I shall receive and answer your letters, with all the satisfaction a woman in my circumstances can or ought to feel.

He was going to make some reply, when Betty returned from her errand. She was a little surprized at seeing him there; and said nothing till her lady, impatient to know the success of what she had been about, spoke thus to her—

Cleora. Well, Betty, have you done the business I sent you on?

Betty. Yes, Madam. Please to step into the next room, and I will give you an account.

Cleora. No, you may tell me here. I dare trust this gentleman's discretion.

The maid then informed her that she had agreed for lodgings at the house of a great taylor, whom she named, in Norfolk Street. On this Cleora desired Leander to retire; saying she must get herself ready, for she was determined to depart immediately. He offered not to oppose her design; but though the l ave they took of each other now was accompanied with the greatest respect on his side, and reserve on her's, I could easily perceive that this interview had rekindled in both their hearts those flames affection they before had felt.

After he had left the room, Cleora's things not having been unpacked, there needed little preparation for her going. She sent for Mrs. Clip, and made her a handsome present for the trouble she had given her house; but finding her a tattling woman, acquainted her not with that to which she was removing. I saw both the mistress and maid, with all their luggage, depart in the same manner they had come; but did not accompany them to their new habitation, as I could not promise myself with finding any thing there as yet worthy my enquiry. The discourse of the town afterwards informed me, that Cleora had employed a lawyer, and was soliciting either to have her whole fortune returned, or an annual allowance to the amount of the interest of it. Aristus was at first refractory to all proposals of this nature; but all his friends, and his mother in particular, joining their persuasions, he at last was prevailed on to sign articles of a final separation; by which it was agreed, that she should have a pension of three hundred pounds a year during his life; and, in case he died before her, her whole fortune restored.

I frequently called upon Cleora, and found that, during this negociation with her husband, she kept her resolution of not seeing Leander; but that affair was no sooner over, than he visited her every day: the consequence of which may easily be guessed at, and was in a short time proved; for they went to Paris together, and still continue to reside there. This last action of Cleora's has doubtless given the world room to believe she had not been wronged by the suspicions of Aristus; but whoever is of this opinion does her a great deal of injustice. The Invisible Spy is a witness for her, that her inclinations were virtuous, her disposition grateful and sincere; and, had she been treated with that confidence a good wife ought to have been, no temptation would have had the power to have made her otherwise. Let all husbands, therefore, beware how they provoke, by ill-usage and distrust, the fate they would avoid; and observe this maxim of the poet's—

'He that would keep the fair-one true and
'kind,
'By love must clap a padlock on her
'mind.'

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

PRESENTS A FULL VIEW OF THE MUCH CELEBRATED SABINA, IN AN IMPARTIAL DESCRIPTION OF HER PERSON AND CHARACTER; WITH SOME PARTICULARS IN RELATION TO HER TWO AMOURS, AND THE CONSEQUENCES WHICH ATTENDED AN ASSIGNATION WITH HER FAVOURITE YOUNGLY.

THAT children do not always behave in the ſame manner with their parents, is not ſo much owing to their being born with different propenſities, as to their education, and the company they may happen to fall into, at an age when nature is moſt liable to be ſwayed by example. We often ſee the moſt virtuous couples unhappy in a degenerate offſpring, but we rarely ſee good branches ſprout from a vicious ſtock. An evil diſpoſition may be corrected by advice, by perſuaſion, by example; and a good one perverted by the ſame means: but when a perſon is ſo unfortunate as to be deſcended from baſe and wicked parents, is brought up under them, is witneſs of all their actions, and has companions of the ſame caſt, it is ſcarce poſſible that ſuch a one can have a mind enriched with any noble or moral principles.

What other could the once-doating, deceived Germanicus, expect in his marriage with Sabina, than the vexations he has fatally experienced? Can all the beauties of her perſon now make atonement for the blemiſhes of her mind? No; he rather curſes than admires thoſe charms that drew him in, and wiſhes himſelf any thing, ſo he were not a huſband. Yet aſk him why he married, he will tell you he married a woman of fortune, quality, and an uncommon ſhare of beauty. All this is true; but a man not blinded by paſſion, would have examined by what means the two former were obtained; and, above all, what ſort of diſpoſition was hid beneath the varniſh of an outſide lovelineſs. Was not her family amongſt the loweſt rank, till one of them raiſed himſelf to opulence by actions which ought to have brought him to a gibbet; and, inſtead of ennobling his poſterity, entailed on them perpetual infamy? Was ſhe not trained up under a mother whoſe bad conduct has been equally notorious? Was ſhe not, from her moſt early years, ſoothed in every vanity, pampered in every luxury, and taught to think that appetites and paſſions were never given but to be indulged?

Could Germanicus be ignorant of theſe glaring truths? If he were not, yet raſhly ventured on ſo unpromiſing a union, who can pity the misfortunes, the diſquiets, the diſgrace, it has involved him in? The many proofs ſhe gave of too warm an inclination before marriage, as alſo ſeveral of the many amours ſhe had after ſhe became a wife, I ſhall paſs over: the firſt that made any great noiſe was that with Miramour, perhaps owing to the manner of it's commencement; which he thinking himſelf under no obligation to conceal, has ſince made no ſecret of in all companies whenever her name comes upon the carpet.

This gentleman had a miſtreſs, who, on account of a certain haughtineſs in her temper and behaviour, he called Roxana. He ſupported her in ſo genteel a manner, that, had her reputation been equal to her appearance, ſhe might have been entitled to the beſt company. Character, however, was the leaſt thing conſidered by Sabina in the choice of her acquaintance. She accidentally met with this lady at a milliner's, fell into diſcourſe with her, liked her, invited her to her houſe, and there ſoon grew a great intimacy between them. That Roxana was kept by Miramour was no ſecret to the town, nor did ſhe attempt to make any of it to Sabina; on the contrary, ſhe talked freely to her of their amorous correſpondence. But how dangerous is it for one woman to boaſt too much of the perfections of her lover, to another no leſs ſanguine in her conſtitution? Sabina, who had often ſeen Miramour without taking any notice of him, now became ſo fired with the rapturous deſcription given of him by his miſtreſs, that ſhe inſtantly became her rival, and languiſhed to experience in reality that happineſs which the other had given her ſo high an idea of. As ſhe never took any thing of this nature into her head without attempting to accompliſh it, and had no regard to decorum in the manner

manner of her doing ſo, ſhe ſent a billet to him by a porter, containing theſe lines—

'SIR,

'IF your attachment to the charms of 'your kept miſtreſs makes you 'not look on the reſt of womankind as 'inſipid creatures, the invitation this 'brings you will not be unwelcome. 'A woman of quality, young, and in 'moſt men's eyes handſome, has found 'ſomething in you that excites in her 'the deſire of a private interview, and 'to that end will call on you this even-'ing about ſeven, at White's; till when 'muſt remain, with a great deal of im-'patience,

'Your INCOGNITA.'

The meſſenger who carried this had ſtrict orders not to tell from whom it came: curioſity, however—for it could be called no other paſſion as yet—made Miramour punctual to the time, nor was Sabina leſs ſo. He had not waited many minutes before ſhe came. On his coming into the coach, he found her face entirely hid under her hood; which ſhe told him, laughing, he muſt not expect to ſee, till they were in a place more proper for him to give her proof how agreeable it was to him. On this he ordered the coachman to drive to an adjacent tavern; where being ſhewn into a private room, the lady ſoon threw off her diſguiſe. He had not enough depended on the character ſhe had given of herſelf, not to be ſurprized and tranſported on finding Sabina in the perſon of his incognita; and expreſſed the ſenſe he had of the honour ſhe did, and the happineſs he hoped their meeting would beſtow on him, in terms ſo warm and ſo paſſionate, as infinitely charmed her. They paſſed ſome hours together to their mutual ſatisfaction; nor parted without an appointment to ſee each other the next day: but Sabina, not thinking it ſafe to come often to ſo publick a place as a tavern, undertook to provide a more proper ſcene for the continuance of their intrigue.

As indolent as this lady is in moſt other affairs, it muſt be confeſſed that no woman was ever more punctual, or more indefatigable, in every thing relating to love. On conſulting with a female acquaintance, who had been often neceſſary on ſuch occaſions, ſhe was adviſed by her to hire a private lodging by the quarter, in ſome obſcure nook of the town, to which ſhe might retire whenever ſhe had a mind, as it would be always ready, and neither herſelf nor the friends ſhe ſhould bring with her be taken any notice of. Sabina highly approving of what ſhe ſaid, the project was put in immediate execution. The woman took upon herſelf the accompliſhment of what ſhe had propoſed, and eaſily found a place every way ſuitable for the buſineſs it was deſigned. The chamber was neat, ſpacious, and well furniſhed; there was a back-door to the houſe, through which any one might ſlip out in caſe of any danger of diſcovery; and the landlady knew perfectly well the decorum ſhe ought to obſerve in regard to her gueſts. The heroine of this adventure was ver well pleaſed with the accommodation procured for her; and having got this receſs, which, according to the French, ſhe uſed to call her *petit maiſon*, henceforward never met Miramour at any other place.

But there was one thing I forgot to mention in giving the character of this lady, which is the uncertainty of her temper. She is no leſs inconſtant than ſhe is amorous; and changes her lovers almoſt as often as ſhe does her cloaths, and never keeps either till they are worn out: a new friend, like a new faſhion, is always charming to her; but a very little time ſerves to make her equally grow weary of both. She loved Miramour till ſhe ſaw Youngly; but there was ſomething in the perſon and converſation of this laſt gentleman, that making reaſon coincide with paſſion, it is not to be wondered at that ſhe gave him the preference; and a woman of a leſs mutable diſpoſition might have been eaſily abſolved for transferring her affections to an object ſo much more worthy than the late engroſſer of her heart.

On her firſt acquaintance with him, ſhe made advances to him; which he is too much a man of pleaſure to reſiſt from any fine woman: he returned thoſe of Sabina in a manner which made her think him as much devoted to her as ſhe could wiſh; and it was not long before ſhe gave him an invitation to drink tea with her at her private apartment, where ſhe told him they might laugh away an hour without interruption. He took the hint, and flew to the place of rendezvous; where it was not to be

doubted but he found all the welcome he could wish or expect from the obliging fair. They had many interviews; but Youngly having by some accident heard of her intrigue with Miramour, he not only frequently reproached her with it, but also was far from feeling for her that affection in his heart, which otherwise her beauty might have inspired him with.

In the mean time Roxana, who from the commencement of Miramour's acquaintance with Sabina had seen him less often than she had been accustomed, and had also some other reasons to suspect a decrease of affection, began presently to imagine some new face had supplanted her. She complained to him of his unkindness, but he absolutely denied having given her any cause, and made a thousand excuses for his late behaviour: but this did not satisfy her, she was not to be deceived in matters of which she was so good a judge; and convinced that she had a rival, bent her whole thoughts on discovering the person. By an emissary whom she employed to watch Miramour wherever he went, she soon found out the place where he met the object of his new attachment; but as that lady was carried into the house in a chair, with the curtains close drawn, was still as far as ever from knowing the face that had undone her. Upon enquiry among the neighbours, she was informed that the house was noted for giving reception to people who liked each other more than they were willing the world should know; and this put a stratagem into her head, which was crowned with all the success she could wish or hope; not only for exploring what at present was a mystery to her, but also for being amply revenged on her fair rival.

The mistress of Miramour knew the town long before she knew him, and was not unacquainted with the customs of such houses. She went one morning to the governante of this; and, after saying she had been recommended by a person who knew her, told her she should be glad to have a chamber, to which she might sometimes come with a friend whom it was not convenient for her to see at home. The old gentlewoman replied, that her best room was rented by the quarter, by a lady who came often thither; and that the next, which was the only one she had to spare, she feared would be too small. Roxana cried she did not regard how small it was, provided it was otherwise commodious. On this she was shewed up to it; and finding it was divided from the other only by a thin wainscot partition, presently agreed for it; giving the old woman so good a premium in hand, that she was highly satisfied with her new incumbent.

Having accomplished so far of her design as to get possession of the very next room to that where her lover and his new mistress met, she began to consider, that to go thither alone might raise some suspicions in the woman of the house, and was a little at a loss what man she should take with her, and make pass for a gallant; as, whoever went, he must be made the confidante of the whole affair. At last she pitched upon the fellow she had employed as a spy upon Miramour. His appearance, indeed, was very mean; but that she thought might not be regarded: accordingly she went the next day, accompanied by her pretended gallant. They were there some time before the hour in which he had told her he had seen Miramour go in, in order to prepare things for a more perfect discovery. This was done by the young fellow's boring holes through the wainscot, in so dexterous a manner, that they could see all over the room without being seen themselves, though they stood close to the orifice. No one, however, came that night; and the impatient Roxana was obliged to return home as dissatisfied as ever.

The next day she repaired thither again, attended as before, and met with the same disappointment; but on the third was more successful. She had not been many minutes in the chamber, when a rustling of silks upon the stairs made her know somebody was coming up; on which she ran hastily, without making any noise, to one of the peep-holes. But how great was her astonishment when she saw Sabina enter! Scarce could she refrain exclaiming aloud against the treachery of a woman who, after being made her confidante, had robbed her of the affections of her lover. But soon the current of her passion turned a different way; when, instead of Miramour, she saw Youngly push open the door, and throw himself into Sabina's arms; on which, withdrawing from her post—'You fool,' cried

cried she to her emissary, 'to what a 'fruitless labour have you exposed me! 'It is not Miramour that I have all this 'while paid you for following. How 'could you be so mope-eyed as to mis-'take him!'—'Nay, Madam,' replied the fellow, 'I am sure I know Mr. Mi-'ramour, and I will swear that it was him 'I saw come into this house, and pre-'sently after a lady in a chair, as I 'then told you.' Roxana knew not what to think of this, and said no more; but listening attentively to the conversation within, was presently assured by it that her agent had neither deceived her, nor had been deceived himself, as will appear by the following dialogue—

Sabina. My dear, dear Youngly, I hope you will now believe that I love you above all the world.

Youngly. I know you love me enough to make me happy, and I ought to content myself with the share I have in your affections.

Sabina. Do not talk of a share: by Heaven, you engross me all! my soul and all it's faculties are devoted to you.

Youngly. And yet the letter Miramour accidentally dropped in the Park, and I took up, flattered him with the same assurances you now give me.

Sabina. As I unfortunately played the fool with him before I saw you, it was necessary I should break with him by degrees.

Youngly. You had once, however, a real passion for him.

Sabina. No, it was all in imagination; I only fancied I loved him. You must know, that silly, vain creature, his kept mistress, was always filling my ears with stories of the violence of his affection for her; and it was more to shew him the difference between such a wretch and a woman of quality, than any extraordinary liking I had to his person, that induced me to grant him the favours I did.

This was enough to let the listening Roxana into the whole affair. It was with much ado she restrained herself from flying into the next room, and returning the contempt thrown upon her by the last words of Sabina; but just as she was at the door, and ready to burst in on the unsuspecting pair, a sudden thought made her turn back. 'All I 'can say to this perfidious woman,' cried she to herself, 'will avail me no-'thing; the wrongs I have received de-'mand a vengeance more compleat.' She then sat down again; and, calmly meditating on what she had to do, the fertility of her invention soon supplied her with the means of repaying, with interest, the double affront Sabina had given both to herself and Miramour, whom it is certain she loved with more sincerity than is commonly found among women of her profession. She staid till the lovers took their leaves of each other, and heard an appointment made between them to meet again on the ensuing Thursday.

Having fully perfected in her mind the design she soon after put in execution, she called for the woman of the house, and said to her—'Madam, I 'know not but some gentlemen may 'pass an hour or two with me here next 'Thursday. They may possibly come 'before me: but I desire you will give 'them admittance; and, to prevent mis-'takes, as the furniture of the room is 'yellow, they shall ask for the key of 'the yellow chamber.' The other replied, that she might depend on her punctuality in observing her commands. After which Roxana went away; but what she meant by the orders she had given must be left to the next chapter to explain.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINS THE CATASTROPHE OF AN ADVENTURE, WHICH THE AUTHOR THINKS FIT TO DECLARE IS INSERTED IN THESE LUCUBRATIONS LESS TO AMUSE HIS READER, THAN FOR THE SAKE OF SETTING IN A TRUE LIGHT THOSE FACTS WHICH SOME PEOPLE HAVE ARTFULLY ENDEAVOURED TO MISREPRESENT TO THE PUBLICK.

ROXANA being now fully furnished with materials for her revenge on Sabina, without exposing her beloved Miramour to the resentment of an injured husband, wrote to the latter, the next morning, in words to this effect—

'TO GERMANICUS.

'SIR,

'THIS brings you a very ungrateful 'piece of intelligence: but, in 'my opinion, whoever ſees a perſon 'wronged, and conceals it, takes part 'in the offence; and, though innocent 'of the commencement of the crime, is 'acceſſary to the continuance of it. It 'would certainly be the utmoſt injuſtice, 'that you ſhould be the laſt perſon to 'know what concerns yourſelf alone; 'and I therefore think it my duty to in-'form you of what chance has diſco-'vered to me. Your wife, Sir, is falſe 'to your bed, and laviſhes on Mr. 'Youngly all thoſe favours which you 'have a right to engroſs. The guilty 'pair meet twice or thrice every week, 'at a lodging ſhe rents by the quarter 'for that purpoſe. But to ſay your 'wife is guilty of ſo foul a crime, is do-'ing nothing, without putting it in 'your power to prove her ſo: the thing, 'Sir, is eaſy, if you will follow my di-'rections. The lovers have appointed 'to meet to-morrow, about ſeven, at 'their uſual rendezvous; if you go at 'that time, or rather before it, to the 'third houſe on the left-hand in **** 'Lane, on your aſking for Mrs. *****, 'who is the keeper of this private bro-'thel, and telling her you want the 'key of the yellow chamber, ſhe will 'preſently conduct you to a room ad-'joining to that which is the ſcene of 'your wife's looſe pleaſures. There are 'holes already bored through the wainſ-'cot, through which you may plainly 'diſcern all that paſſes. It is at your 'own option whether you will have any 'other witneſſes of your wife's tranſ-'greſſion than your own eyes and alſo 'how to behave towards her after de-'tection. I have diſcharged the dic-'tates of my conſcience in giving you 'this information; and am, Sir,

'Your unknown Friend.'

'P. S. Be careful to drop no words 'that may give the woman of the 'houſe the leaſt cauſe to ſuſpect 'either who you are, or the motive 'of your coming.'

It is convenient I ſhould now acquaint my reader, that all I have hitherto related of this ſtory has come to my knowledge entirely by the report of the perſons chiefly concerned in it, and without the leaſt aſſiſtance from my Belt of Inviſibility. What yet remains to be told, I have the teſtimony of my own eyes and ears to avouch. The many odd accounts I have heard, from time to time, in relation to Sabina's conduct, made me reſolve to go one day to the houſe of Germanicus, in order to ſatisfy my curioſity with ſeeing in what faſhion this couple behaved to each other.

The lady was abroad when I came, and I found him up in his dining-room, diverting himſelf with playing on the flute; but ſoon after rouzed from that amuſement by the above letter being delivered to him by his man, ſaying it was brought by a fellow who the moment he had put it into his hands vaniſhed like lightning from the door. The emotions with which he read it were very great, yet much leſs than might have been expected on ſuch an occaſion. He pauſed, then read again, examined every line with heedful eyes, and ſeemed extremely divided in his thoughts what credit he ſhould give to the information: at laſt, ſaid he to himſelf—'If any one had formed this con-'trivance, through a malicious deſign 'of ruining her reputation, or my peace 'of mind, they would certainly have 'taken other methods, and not, by 'pointing out the place, the hour, put 'it in my power to prove at once the 'falſeneſs of the accuſation.'

After this, he threw himſelf into an eaſy chair, leaned his head upon his hand, and in that poſture continued muſing for a conſiderable time; then ſeeming more reſolved, ſtarted up and cried—'It is eaſy for me to make en-'quiry if there be ſuch a houſe, if kept 'by a woman of the name mentioned 'in the letter, and what character it 'bears. Yet, why ſhould I do this?—'No, it is better to follow the inſtruc-'tions given me, and be at once aſ-'ſured. It ſhall be ſo. As Shake-'ſpeare makes Othello ſay—

"I'll ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, "prove:
"And on the proof there is no more but "this—
"Away at once with love or jealouſy."

He had ſcarce done repeating theſe lines, when Sabina came in, ſinging an Italian air. Germanicus endeavoured

to

to recompoſe his countenance, but could not do it ſo well as not to make her take notice of the change, and aſk if he were out of humour; to which he replied—

Germanicus. Out of humour, Madam? No, I have no cauſe; none in the world.

Sabina. I think not, indeed; but men will be peeviſh ſometimes, cauſe or not cauſe.

Germanicus. I reſerve all my gaiety for to-morrow, and would have you do ſo too. A kinſman of mine makes an entertainment, and has ſent an invitation for us to be partakers of it.

Sabina. What, to-morrow?

Germanicus. Yes, my dear, to-morrow evening: ſo I deſire you will not engage yourſelf elſewhere.

Sabina. Indeed I have engaged myſelf already to Lady Gape's aſſembly.

Germanicus. You have time enough, then, to ſend to excuſe yourſelf from going.

Sabina. Indeed I ſhall not. I would not diſappoint my dear Lady Gape for all the kinſmen in the world. But I would have you go: you may ſay I am not well, and then my abſence cannot be taken amiſs.

It was very plain to me, that Germanicus made this pretended invitation only as a trap to diſcover whether ſhe had really any engagement on her hands that ſhe would not be willing to break; and it is alſo as little to be doubted, but that her anſwers very much corroborated the contents of the epiſtle he had juſt received. He forced himſelf, however, to tell her, with a ſmile, that every thing ſhould be as ſhe would have it, and that he would no farther preſs her. Some company preſently after coming in, I found there was nothing more to be learned at that time, ſo took the firſt opportunity of quitting the houſe; and went again, the next afternoon, in hopes of diſcovering ſomething more.

On my arrival, the huſband and wife were ſitting together in the moſt ſeeming amicable manner. After ſome little time Germanicus roſe up, and put on his hat and ſword, in order, as he ſaid, to go to his kinſman; on which Sabina, with a great deal of complaiſance, ſaid to him—

Sabina. You will not walk, ſure, my dear! Have you ordered the horſes to be put to?

Germanicus. No, my dear; I leave the coach for you.

Sabina. There is no occaſion. I always chuſe to go to theſe places in a chair.

Germanicus. That is as you pleaſe: but I ſhall walk, as I have three or four places to call at in my way to my couſin's; ſo farewel, my dear. I hope you will be as merry at the aſſembly, as I hope to be at the entertainment.

As I imagined Germanicus had ſomething in his head more than I knew of, by his being ſo haſty to be gone, I followed him cloſe at his heels, and found I had not been miſtaken in my ſuppoſition. He went into a tavern, where two gentlemen, whom he had deſired to meet him there, waited for him. The buſineſs he had with them, was to communicate the letter he had received from the unknown friend; and, after having conſidered a little on the matter, they agreed that they ſhould all three go together; not only to prevent any indiſcreet effects of his rage on the perſons who wronged him, in caſe the affair ſhould prove as the letter had repreſented, but alſo to be his witneſſes, if he thought proper to bring it before a court of judicature. They ſtaid till a little before ſeven; then went, according to the directions given by Roxana, and found every thing anſwered the deſcription. They were ſhewn up into the yellow chamber: I ſtill accompanied them; and made a fourth perſon, unfelt, as well as unſeen, by any of them.

They had not been there above half an hour, before Sabina came into the next room; Youngly ſoon after joined her; and the much-injured huſband, and his two friends, ſaw enough, from the peep-holes in the partition, to convince them of the truth of that information which had brought them thither. Difficult was it for Germanicus to reſtrain his fury on ſo ſhocking a ſpectacle; but his two friends reminding him that there was a much better way for him to ſhew his reſentment, he was at length prevailed on to retire. They both went home with him, as did myſelf; reſolving to ſee what farther events this night would produce. Sabina came not home till near two hours paſt midnight: but Germanicus had ordered that the door ſhould not be opened; and, after her chairmen had knocked two or three times, he went himſelf to the parlour-window, and ſpoke to her in theſe terms—

Germanicus.

Germanicus. Pleaſe, Madam, to return from whence you came, or wherever elſe you ſhall think proper. My houſe ſhall no longer be the ſhelter of a proſtitute.

Sabina. What, is the man mad! Sure you have been drinking bad wine to-night!

Germanicus. No, Madam, the beſt I ever drank in my life; it has opened my eyes, and ſhewn me the viper I have ſo long cheriſhed in my boſom, and now throw off for ever. But I would not wiſh you to ſtay longer in the cold; you can have no entrance here; Mr. Youngly will doubtleſs afford you a part of his bed.

With theſe words he ſhut the window; and Sabina, finding herſelf detected, and that her huſband was reſolute, ordered her chair from the door; and after ſome little conſideration how to diſpoſe of herſelf, thought it beſt to take her huſband's advice, and return to the place from whence ſhe came, as it was the only aſylum to which ſhe could have recourſe at ſo unſeaſonable an hour.

In the ſeveral viſits I afterwards made to Germanicus, I perceived he behaved with much more moderation than ſome huſbands would have done. Philoſophy had taught him to ſupport with patience a misfortune which was irremediable; he contented himſelf with taking ſuch revenge as the laws of England have provided in theſe caſes. Youngly was ſummoned before a court of judicature, and a penalty inflicted on him for his offence; but it would have been larger, had it not been proved, by inconteſtible evidences, that he had not been the firſt who had ſeduced Sabina from her marriage-vows. As for the lady, ſhe is now abandoned and deſpiſed by both her lovers; and if there be a poſſibility that any thing can bring her to a juſt ſenſe of the faults ſhe has been guilty of, it muſt be the contempt ſhe is treated with by all degrees of people.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

INVISIBLE SPY.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR CONFESSES HAVING BEEN GUILTY OF PETTY LARCENY; BUT HOPES THAT IT MERITS FORGIVENESS FROM THOSE INTO WHOSE HANDS THIS WORK MAY FALL, AS THE CHIEF MOTIVE FOR COMMITTING IT WAS TO OBLIGE THE PUBLICK.

I Have been intimately acquainted with Belinda for a conſiderable time in my viſible capacity, yet never once took it into my head to make her a viſit under the cover of my Belt, till her return from Bath this laſt ſeaſon; nor perhaps had done it then, if I had not been told that ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be conducted to that place by a certain gentleman whom I thought it highly improper for her to continue any converſation with, as he was a married man, and the ſame Philander hereafter mentioned in ſome of Selima's letters. On my entering her apartment, I found her buſy with her waiting-maid in unpacking her baggage; which coming by the waggon, it ſeems had arrived in town but the night before. As I could promiſe myſelf but little entertainment from the aſſortment of ribbands, jewels, &c. I was thinking to quit the place, and return at a more fit ſeaſon; when the maid, pulling out a ſattin bag full of papers, aſked her where ſhe would have thoſe writings laid; on which Belinda turned her head that way, and replied—'They are a 'heap of letters I received at Bath, of 'no manner of conſequence. I have no 'room for ſuch rubbiſh; take and throw 'them all into the fire.'

The maid was juſt going to do as ſhe was bid, but was ſtopped by Belinda, who ſuddenly ſcreamed out—'Hold! 'hold! I had forgot, that one day, in 'a hurry, I ſtuffed two or three letters 'and poems of Philander's among them; 'and I would not have one line of that 'dear witty creature's deſtroyed for all 'the world. Pour them all out of the 'bag, and look on the names ſub-'ſcribed, that I may direct you how 'to ſeparate the wheat from the chaff.' The maid then threw them all down upon the carpet, and opened them one by one; which done, Belinda added—'You need ſearch no farther; I have 'found all Philander's letters and 'poems in this drawer; ſo cram toge-'ther all you have there, and thruſt them

'into

'into the fire.' This ſentence was punctually executed, according to the beſt of the maid's belief; but the poor girl knew not there was an Inviſible Thief, who ſtood cloſe at her elbow, and while ſhe turned her head another way, had the dexterity to preſerve ſome part of the condemned cargo, and ſlip it into his pocket.

Selima at that time engroſſed great part of the converſation in town. She was a young woman of no fortune, and few other endowments beſides her beauty, of which, in the opinion of moſt people, ſhe has an uncommon ſhare; though to me there is a certain fierceneſs in her eyes, and a boldneſs diffuſed through all her features, which rob them of that lovelineſs which they would otherwiſe have. Such as ſhe is, however, ſhe captivated the hearts of two perſons who might have carried their addreſſes much higher without danger of a refuſal: the one is born to a title, and the other poſſeſſed of wealth which, whenever he pleaſes, may procure him one; and neither of them can be thought deficient in any of thoſe qualifications which conſtitute the fine gentleman. Yet Selima was ſtill unmarried; both her lovers were equally in ſuſpence, and nobody could tell which, or whether either of them, would be the happy man. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that a perſon of my humour ſhould be extremely deſirous of being let into a ſecret which ſeemed ſo impenetrable, even to thoſe who pretended to be moſt knowing in other things; nor that I gladly embraced an opportunity which bid ſo fair for the ſatisfaction of my curioſity, as the getting her letters into my poſſeſſion, Belinda having ſaid they contained the whole hiſtory of this affair.

Behold now my theft! Belinda's maid had no ſooner laid down the packet, by her lady's orders, than I kept my eye conſtantly fixed upon it, till a convenient moment offered for conveying it from among the others, which I did with great adroitneſs. After this I ſtaid no longer with Belinda, not doubting but I had now about me better materials for my entertainment, than any I could expect to be furniſhed with in her apartment, at leaſt for the preſent.

The diſtance between Belinda's lodgings and my own ſeemed now to be twice as long as uſual, though I believe I meaſured much fewer paces than ever I had done before, ſo great was my impatience to be at home, and examine the treaſure I brought with me. To avoid confuſion, I examined the dates of every letter, and ſhall preſent them to my readers in the order they were ſent to her while at Bath.

LETTER I.

'DEAR BELINDA,

'I Received the favour of yours with 'a double ſatisfaction; firſt, as it 'brought me news of your ſafe arrival 'at that agreeable place, and that every 'thing in it anſwered your wiſhes and 'expectations; and ſecondly, as it aſ'ſures me of your friendſhip, by the 'kind concern you are pleaſed to ex'preſs for my welfare. As to my 'health, I have quite loſt that ugly cough 'which ſo much perſecuted me when 'you left London; but as to my affairs, 'they are ſtill in the ſame fluctuating 'and unſettled condition as ever. Do'rantes ſtill continues his addreſſes, 'Vanucius does the ſame. How happy 'might I be if I was loved but by one 'of them! but both equally purſuing 'me, impedes all the good fortune I 'might enjoy with either.

'You may remember how much my 'mamma was tranſported when Do'rantes firſt declared himſelf my lover. 'Vanucius, though not quite dropped, 'was then little regarded either by my'ſelf or her: but now the caſe is altered; 'ſhe charges me to treat both with an 'equal freedom; and, indeed, I think 'it would be highly impolitick to do 'otherwiſe. The truth is, Dorantes 'does not come ſo directly to the point 'as could be wiſhed: his courtſhip is 'paſſionate, tender, and full of fire; he 'ſwears I am the idol of his ſoul, that 'he could not live without me, and that 'all his hopes are centered in being one 'day happy in poſſeſſing me; yet, 'among all theſe fine ſpeeches, he ſel'dom mentions marriage; and when 'he does, it is in ſo ſlight and evaſive a 'manner, as to give me ſometimes cauſe 'to fear his deſigns are rather on my 'heart than hand. If this ſhould be 'his intention, and I were weak enough 'to have fixed my affection on him, 'how miſerable ſhould I be! But, 'thank Heaven, I have none of that 'ſoft folly in my compoſition by which

'I have

'I have ſeen ſo many of our ſex miſled; 'my ruling paſſions are intereſt and 'ambition; and I would not heſitate 'one moment to give myſelf to Vanu-'cius, if the rank and title of Do-'rantes did not tempt me to wait awhile 'the reſult of his pretenſions.

'I was yeſterday morning in the Mall 'with Vanucius: Dorantes was walk-'ing there with ſome company; he 'changed colour, and ſeemed in ſome 'agitation on meeting us together. 'This I looked upon as a good ſign; 'but in the afternoon, when he came to 'viſit me, and I expected he would either 'have complained of my indifference to 'him, or reproached me for the publick 'encouragement I had given his rival; 'he did neither, but behaved the whole 'time with all the calmneſs and inſen-'ſibility of a Stoick. I muſt confeſs, I 'was never more diſappointed in all 'my life, as I had frequently ſeen him 'kindle into jealouſy on a leſs occaſion; 'and could not help thinking that the 'violence of his paſſion was in a great 'meaſure abated, according to this 'maxim of Mr. Dryden—

"Diſtruſt in lovers is too warm a ſun;
"But yet 'tis night in love when that is
"gone."

'On conſulting with my mamma, I 'found ſhe was of the ſame way of 'thinking; and it was agreed upon be-'tween us, not to ſuffer ourſelves to be 'trifled with any longer, but that the 'next time Vanucius made an offer of 'his hand, I ſhould accept it. But, 'my dear Belinda, this morning has 'put a ſtop to the reſolution of laſt 'night. I was ſcarce out of bed, 'when I received from Dorantes the 'moſt paſſionate billet that ever was dic-'tated by the heart of man; occaſioned, 'as he ſays, by dreaming he had me in 'his arms. If his love be half ſo im-'patient to have me there as he pretends 'it is, he will certainly be now more 'preſſing to make me his own than hi-'therto he has been.

'My next, perhaps, may bring you 'the deciſion of my fate: mean time, I 'ſhould be glad to hear what is doing 'at Bath, and what new conqueſts you 'have made there; for how much ſo-'ever you may be envied by ſome of 'your acqqaintance, be aſſured that 'every thing that contributes to your 'ſatisfaction, will always afford a ſe-'cret pleaſure to her who is, with the 'moſt perfect amity, &c.

'SELIMA.'

LETTER II.

'DEAR BELINDA,

'I Am ſorry to tell you, that the per-'plexity of my own affairs has hin-'dered me from being inquiſitive enough 'into thoſe of other people, for me to 'be able to ſend you the intelligence 'you requeſt; but as I flatter myſelf, 'that what regards myſelf will be al-'ways moſt intereſting to you, I ſhall 'give you a brief detail of what has 'happened to me in relation to Dorantes, 'ſince his laſt kind letter mentioned in 'my former.

'He came the ſame evening. The 'diſcourſe he entertained me with was 'of a piece with his epiſtle, all love and 'tranſport. He begged I would favour 'him with my company to the theatre 'in Drury Lane, where he had already 'ſent a ſervant to keep places in the 'box; I conſented, and went with him 'in his chariot. The play was Romeo 'and Juliet: he applied all the tender 'things ſpoke by the former of theſe 'lovers to his own paſſion, and preſſed 'my hand with a vehemence of fond-'neſs, whenever he had an opportunity 'of doing ſo unperceived by the audi-'ence.

'I ſaw him again next day. We 'were alone together in the dining-'room; and my gown being a little 'more off my ſhoulder than ordinary, 'he laid his face upon my bare neck, 'crying—"Oh, I could dwell for ever "here!" On this I took courage to 'ſay to him—"Yet, Dorantes, when "once I become your wife, theſe ar-"dours will perhaps ſink into a cold "indifference."—"No, my angel!" 'returned he, "deſire will rather in-"creaſe by enjoyment of your perſon; "the ſweets contained in this dear "frame are of too divine a nature ever "to ſatiate." In ſpeaking theſe words, 'he catched me ſuddenly in his arms, 'held me to his boſom, and joined his 'lips to mine with ſo newhat, I thought, 'of an unbecoming warmth. I ſtrug-'gled to get loote; and when I had 'done ſo, retired ſome paces from him, 'and ſaid, with all the haughtineſs I

'could assume—"Forbear these liber-
"ties, Sir, till authorized by law to
"take them." He asked my pardon,
'apologized for what he had done by
'the violence of his passion, and then
'sat down; but appeared more than or-
'dinarily pensive afterwards, spoke lit-
'tle, and made his visit much shorter
'than usual.

'On my acquainting my mamma with
'what had passed between us, she did not
'at all like it, and went directly to her
'old friend, you know who I mean, to
'be advised by him how to proceed in a
'circumstance at once so intricate and
'critical. He told her, that my father
'ought to appear in this business; that
'it was his place, and his alone, to de-
'mand of Dorantes an explanation of
'his designs in regard to the courtship
'he so long had made to his daughter.
'My mamma had always been of his
'opinion; but knowing the indolence
'of my father's temper, had forbore
'mentioning it to him: however, she
'urged it to him, but all she could say
'or offer has been ineffectual; his an-
'swer was, that he did not know how
'to speak to a person of Dorantes's qua-
'lity on any such matter; that he would
'not interfere in it, and we might act
'as we thought proper ourselves.

'This, you will own, is very vexa-
'tious; but there is no turning him out
'of his own way. Mamma is now re-
'solved, since there is no other remedy,
'to take the task upon herself, as soon
'as Dorantes comes to town: he is at
'present gone on a hunting-match with
'some gentlemen, but is expected to re-
'turn in two days at farthest, and we
'shall then see the event. For my part,
'my spirits are so much fatigued and
'harassed with this suspence, that there
'is but one thing hinders me from put-
'ting an immediate end to it by mar-
'rying with Vanucius. The persons
'of the men are equal to me; but, O
'Belinda! I am passionately in love with
'the title of Dorantes! Would he were
'half as much so with my person, he
'would not then delay one moment
'giving me the one in exchange for the
'other.

'The faithful Vanucius, whom I
'have flattered with the belief of not
'being indifferent to me, is every day
'soliciting me to fix a time to make him
'happy, while Dorantes seems to dally
'with my expectations; yet can I not
'resolve to reward the constant services
'of the one, nor to renounce for ever
'the charming hope of rank, pre-
'cedence, the thousand dear appen-
'dages of a woman of quality, which
'the other has it in his power to be-
'stow on me. But I will trouble you
'no farther, than to assure you, that in
'whatever station my fate shall place
'me, I shall be ever, with the best
'wishes for your happiness, &c.

'SELIMA.

'P. S. I am obliged to Philander
'for the part you tell me he takes
'in my concerns. Pray be so
'good as to make my grateful
'acknowledgments acceptable to
'him.'

LETTER III.

'DEAR BELINDA,

'I Would not let this post escape with-
'out writing. What I have now
'to say to you, though greatly to the
'purpose, must be comprized in a few
'words. I am engaged to go this
'evening with Dorantes, and some other
'company, on a party of pleasure, and
'am every moment expecting his lan-
'dau at the door, so can but just snatch
'time to inform you, that my mamma
'has talked to him on the affair in
'question, and that his answers have
'been conformable to our utmost wishes.
'Yes, I am now convinced that all my
'apprehensions were groundless, that
'he never meant to act otherwise than
'honourably with me: he has assured
'both her and myself, that every thing
'shall soon be settled for my future hap-
'piness. Rejoice with me, my dear
'creature! I have now a heart and
'head perfectly at ease; and nothing
'to employ my thoughts, but how to
'behave becoming of the dignity to
'which, I flatter myself, a few days
'will raise me. Farewel. The author
'of my joys is already come; they call
'me to receive him; and I can add no
'more, than that I am, as ever, with un-
'feigned regard, &c.

'SELIMA.'

LETTER

LETTER IV.

'DEAR BELINDA,

'LITTLE did I expect, and little 'is it in your power to imagine, 'what I have now to acquaint you with. 'So ſtrange a reverſe, ſo ſudden, ſo 'ſhocking a revolution, ſure never any 'woman but myſelf experienced! But 'I will keep you no longer in ſuſpence: 'I have loſt Dorantes, irrecoverably loſt 'him! not through any miſmanage-'ment of my own, nor any want of af-'fection in him, but through a previ-'ous, much worſe, and more irreme-'diable accident. This is the ſum of 'my misfortunes; I will now relate to 'you the particulars.

'He came to me the other day; and 'though the ſalutations he approached 'me with had their accuſtomed tender-'neſs, yet I thought there was ſome-'what in his countenance, and the 'whole air of his deportment, very dif-'ferent from any thing I had ever ſeen 'in him before. He had not been in 'the room many minutes, before he told 'me that he had ſomething of conſe-'quence to impart to me, and deſired I 'would order myſelf to be denied to 'whoever ſhould happen to come. I 'readily did as he deſired; after which, 'he drew his chair cloſe to mine, ſighed, 'and, looking me full in the face, ſur-'prized me with theſe words—"My "dear Selima," ſaid he, "I have de-"ceived you; have you love enough for "me to forgive it?"—"Firſt let me "know the nature of your offence," re-'turned I. "'Tis death to me to de-"clare it," anſwered he; "yet can it "be no longer hid. I have impoſed "upon you by a falſe pretence, pro-"miſed what is not in my power to per-"form—I cannot marry you!"

'Judge, Belinda, of my confuſion. 'But it is as impoſſible for you to con-'ceive, as it is for me to deſcribe, what 'I felt in that dreadful moment. Scarce 'could a thunderbolt have transfixed 'me more: I had no breath, no voice, 'but to echo part of his laſt words—"Cannot marry! cannot marry!" cried 'I; and this I repeated ſeveral times 'over.

'He ſeemed all this time in very great 'agitations; and, after taking one of 'my hands, and tenderly preſſing it to 'his lips—"Heaven knows," ſaid he, "how earneſtly I deſired the union I "propoſed! Gladly would I reſign the "one half of thoſe years fate has al-"lotted for my life, to have the other "bleſſed with the poſſeſſion of my Se-"lima in the way ſhe expects from me; "but, alas! that hope is vain. The "fatal ſecret is this: I am already mar-"ried; my heedleſs and unwary youth "was enſnared to give my hand to a "creature who, though I never did, "nor never will, live with as a wife, "will not, on any conſideration, be "prevailed upon to reſign the curſed "claim ſhe has to me as a huſband."

'Overwhelmed as I was with various 'paſſions, I at laſt aſſumed reſolution 'enough to tell him that he had acted a 'moſt ungenerous and diſhonourable 'part in making his addreſſes to me, 'knowing himſelf under ſo indiſſoluble 'an engagement to another. To which 'he replied, that at firſt he hoped to 'have got quit of his unfortunate tie; 'and that after he found all the offers 'he had made to that end were fruit-'leſs, the paſſion he had for me would 'not ſuffer him to reſtrain himſelf from 'ſeeing me, converſing with me, and 'telling me how much he adored me. 'He then made a long harangue on the 'reſiſtleſs power of my charms, and the 'violence of that flame they had in-'ſpired him with; ſwore a thouſand 'oaths, that the world had nothing in 'it but myſelf worth living for; and 'concluded with a propoſal, that ſince 'he could not make me his wife, he 'would ſettle a thouſand pounds a year 'upon me to be his miſtreſs; and that it 'ſhould be at my option either to live 'publickly with him as ſuch, or to 'continue with my mamma, and re-'ceive his viſits in a private manner.

'This offer I rejected with more diſ-'dain than I had ſhewn to any of the 'like nature which had ever been made 'to me ſince my firſt being in the way 'of temptation; nor will you wonder 'that I did ſo. To be courted for 'a miſtreſs by the very man who had ſo 'lately flattered me with the hopes of 'marriage, made me now look upon 'that as an affront, which, before my 'expectations had been raiſed to the 'height they had been, I might perhaps 'have taken as a proof of his affection. 'I ranted, ſtormed, concealed no part 'of the ſpite I was poſſeſſed of: but all 'I ſaid ſeemed to make no great im-

'preſſion on him; he bore it with a temper which I thought not at all conſiſtent with the violence of the paſſion he had pretended; and, on his going away, calmly told me, that he would make the ſame propoſal he had done to me to no other woman in the world; that it was no inconſiderable one; and that, as he could do no more, he hoped my cooler moments would repreſent it as a thing worthy my attention.

'Indeed, my dear Belinda, I was half mad; and believe I gave myſelf ſome airs not any way becoming in me to a man of his quality. I met him in the Park this morning; but though he was alone, and I had only Flavia with me, he never offered to join us, but paſſed by with a ſlight bow. I ſuppoſe he reſents my behaviour; but it is no matter, ſince he is married. Vanucius is now my laſt reſource. If I could perſuade the man to purchaſe a title, he would be full as agreeable to me as Dorantes; but he is an unambitious creature, and I almoſt deſpair of it: I ſhall try, at leaſt, how far the love he has for me will prevail. My next will bring you news of what ſucceſs my endeavours will meet; till when I am, even in the midſt of my perplexity, &c.

'SELIMA.'

LETTER V.

'DEAR BELINDA,

'IT is almoſt a ſin to diſturb the felicity you enjoy with any melancholy accounts: but freſh calamities will always occaſion freſh complaints; and while I am giving you a detail of my misfortunes, methinks I am eaſed of ſome part of the weight of them. You may ſay, indeed, that this is a ſelfiſh conſideration, and I cannot deny the accuſation; but have this to anſwer in my defence—"However diſagreeable the purport of my letters are, they ſhew, at leaſt, the perfect confidence I have in your friendſhip and good-nature."

'I am apt to think that, before I tell you, you will ſuſpect I am alſo deſerted by Vanucius; and though I cannot be poſitive that ſuch a conjecture would be entirely groundleſs, yet I have little reaſon to flatter myſelf with the contrary. I have neither ſeen nor heard from him for five whole days; and this morning he ſet out for Tunbridge, without taking any other leave of me, than ſending a ſlight excuſe for not waiting on me before he went. But this is not all: a relation of his, who I know has always looked upon his courtſhip to me with an evil eye, and had, not long ago, ſo great a quarrel with him on the occaſion, that he was forbid his houſe, is now ſo far reinſtated in his good graces, as to be gone with him into the country; and I do not doubt but will take this opportunity of filling his ears with a thouſand ſtories to my diſadvantage, as he has ever done ſince my firſt acquaintance with him.

'Thus, my dear Belinda, from having, as I thought, my choice of two of the beſt matches in town, I am likely to loſe all hopes of both, and alſo to fall into the contempt and ridicule of thoſe flirts who ſo lately envied my good fortune. This laſt circumſtance is above all ſo truly mortifying, that after it I know not whether I ſhall ever be able to ſhew my face in any publick aſſembly, but rather take the ſame pains to conceal myſelf, as I once did to be conſpicuous. But farewel. The more I reflect on theſe accidents, the leſs I am capable of reſtraining my paſſion enough to aſſure you, with how much ſincerity, &c.

'SELIMA.'

LETTER VI.

'DEAR BELINDA,

'I Expected no leſs, from your known goodneſs, than the conſolatory ideas you endeavour to inſpire me with. You would fain perſuade me that I have no reaſon for deſpair; and that the ſame beauty which attracted the hearts of Dorantes and Vanucius, will alſo gain others of equal eſtimation; but, alas! I have too much experience of myſelf, and of what the world thinks of me, to entertain ſo flattering a hope. You know very well, my dear, that on my firſt ſetting up for conqueſt, I ſhewed myſelf in all publick places, and expoſed to the view of all who ſaw me, almoſt every

'charm

'charm nature has beſtowed upon me; 'yet never was addreſſed, on the ſcore 'of marriage, by any but thoſe two 'whom I have now loſt. Beſides, I 'am now what they call blown upon: 'that admiration which my firſt appear-'ance excited, wears off by my being 'ſo often ſeen; and I begin to be con-'vinced, that it was more owing to the 'peculiarity of my dreſs, and manner 'of behaviour, than to any real perfec-'tions of my perſon, that I was ſo much 'followed by a gaping multitude.

'You ſee how I am humbled; and, 'by what I have ſaid, may perhaps 'imagine that I have ſo far done with 'the pride and vanities of the world, as 'to take up with a little mercer or wool-'len-draper, if ſuch a one ſhould offer. 'But do not harbour ſo deſpicable an 'opinion of your friend: no, I will never 'ſit behind a compter, or be the wife of 'one that does. But I need not make 'this declaration; as matters ſtand, I 'am not likely to be the wife of any 'body: but ſtill, with an inviolable 'reſpect, &c.

'SELIMA.'

LETTER VII.

'DEAREST BELINDA,

'NOW may all the gods of love and 'wit inſpire my pen, to deſcribe 'to you, as it deſerves, the bleſſed re-'verſe in my condition ſince the laſt 'melancholy epiſtle you received from 'me. I was then plunged in the loweſt 'pit of deſpair, and am now raiſed to 'the higheſt ſummit of human feli-'city. In a word, I am the contracted 'ſpouſe of Dorantes; and, as ſoon as 'the preparations for our wedding can 'be got ready, I ſhall be the declared '***** of *****. Methinks I ſee 'the ſurprize I put you in. You will 'doubtleſs cry out—"How can this be, "when Dorantes has already confeſſed "himſelf the huſband of another?" 'It ſeems, indeed, a paradox; yet ſtands 'in no need of ſchool-learning to be 'explained, as you will preſently diſco-'ver.

'After the loſs of both my lovers, as 'I then imagined, I ſcarce did any 'thing but lie upon the bed and weep 'for two whole days together. My 'father, inſtead of ſaying any thing to 'conſole my afflictions, added to them 'by his reproaches. He told me that 'he knew what it would come to; that 'dreſſing myſelf up like a Bartholo-'mew baby would never get me a huſ-'band; and ſuch like ſtuff, as you know 'his low way of expreſſing himſelf: 'but, thank Heaven! the tables are 'now turned upon him; and if re-'ſpect for my mamma did not reſtrain 'me, I ſhould return his flouts with in-'tereſt.

'One afternoon, as I was ſitting at 'the window, with the ſaſh up, muſing 'on my unhappy fate, I ſaw Dorantes's 'chariot at the door. While his foot-'man knocked, he looked out, and 'made me a very reſpectful bow. I 'was amazed; but thought it would be 'too groſs an affront to a man of his 'quality to be denied to him, as he ſaw 'I was at home; nor had I time for 'ſuch a thing, if I would have done it; 'for the maid, who opened the door, 'ſhewed him directly up ſtairs. On 'his entrance, I aſſumed one of thoſe 'haughty airs, which vulgar, low-bred 'people, are apt to call impudent and 'ſaucy; and, with my head half turned 'another way, ſaid to him—"I am ſur-"prized to ſee you here, Dorantes, af-"ter the converſation you entertained "me with at your laſt viſit."

"Oh, Selima," replied he, "I came "not now to repeat the audacity I was "then guilty of, nor to offend your "ears with any future diſcourſes of the "like nature, but to beg pardon for the "paſt; and hope that what I have to of-"fer will make ſome atonement."—"I "do not comprehend your meaning," 'returned I; "but, whatever it may "be, cannot think it becomes me to "continue any correſpondence with a "married man, who has pretended to "make his addreſſes to me."—"I am "not married," rejoined he eagerly; "and the trial I made of your virtue, "adds a double luſtre to the beauty "that firſt inflamed me, and I am "now much more your ſlave than "ever."—"Not married!" cried I; "why then did you tell me ſo?"—"Pardon the innocent impoſition I "practiſed on you," ſaid he, kiſſing 'my hand: "I was willing to ſee in "what manner you would reſent it; "your behaviour has anſwered to my "wiſh, and I now offer you a hand

"which,

" which I never had one thought or " wiſh to diſpoſe of to any other wo- " man."

' Oh, Belinda, how did my heart ' flutter at theſe words! As Semandra ' ſays in the play—

" I took them all, and died upon the ſound: " To the driv'n air my flying ſoul was " faſten'd.
" Each charming ſyllable he ſpoke was " mine."

' The many paſſionate and endearing ' things he ſaid to me would not come ' within the compaſs of twenty letters: ' you muſt therefore, till I have a better ' opportunity of relating the particu- ' lars, content yourſelf with a brief ' ſummary of the whole, which is this; ' that he is entirely at liberty to marry ' me, and he is reſolved to do ſo; that ' an agreement the ſame night was made ' between us for that purpoſe; and that ' mamma and her good friend, who ' luckily happened to be with her, were ' called in to be witneſſes of it.

' Since every thing has been ſettled ' thus happily for me, ſome people have ' been impertinent enough to aſſure me, ' that to their own knowledge Dorantes ' was married ſeveral years ago, and ' that his wife is ſtill alive; but this ' gives me no manner of concern. If ' there be any woman who has a claim ' of this nature on him, he has doubt- ' leſs found means to prevail on her ' to relinquiſh it; ſo I look upon it as ' none of my affair. He marries me in ' the face of the world; has promiſed to ' preſent me at court; and while I en- ' joy the title of ******* of ******, ' and the grandeur annexed to it, ſhall ' not trouble myſelf with any whiſpers ' that may go about the town in relation ' to the lawfulneſs or unlawfulneſs of ' my marriage.

' It is no inconſiderable addition to ' my contentment, to hear that you de- ' ſign to return to town in a ſhort time. ' I long to ſee you, and to give you an ' airing in my own coach and ſix, with ' three flaunting footmen on the back of ' it: we ſhall cut a better figure, Belinda, ' than when we made our little excur- ' ſions together in a mean, dirty hack. ' O, Fortune! Fortune! dear, propi- ' tious Fortune, how am I bound to ' praiſe thee! But no more at preſent, ' than that I am, with the greateſt good ' wiſhes, &c.

' SELIMA.

' P. S. I need not deſire you to tell ' Philander what has happened; I ' know you will, and alſo that his ' regard for you will make him ' participate in the happineſs of ' your friend. Once more, adieu.'

Here end the letters of this celebrated lady, who in a very little time after married Dorantes.

CHAP. VI.

CONSISTS CHIEFLY OF SOME REFLECTIONS OF THE AUTHOR'S OWN ON FALSE TASTE, THE MISTAKEN ROAD IN THE PURSUIT OF FAME, AND THE FOLLY OF AN ILL-DIRECTED EMULATION. TO WHICH ARE ADDED, A FEW FAINT SKETCHES TAKEN FROM THE MOST AMIABLE ORIGINALS IN MODERN LIFE.

THE celebrated Dr. Buſſy tells us, than when we ſay a man has a fine or true taſte, no more is meant by thoſe words, than that he has a ſound judg- ment, a clear head, and a nicely diſ- tinguiſhing capacity in judging of what is really worthy and becoming, and what is not ſo; whether it be in the choice of his amuſements, his equipage, his apparel, the furniture of his houſe, the covering of his table, or whatever elſe depends on the direction of the will and fancy. Now, as every thing is beſt ſhewn by it's oppoſite, if the definition given us by the French author of the true taſte be juſt, as I believe moſt peo- ple will allow it is, to think and act contrary to what he deſcribes, is what we call falſe taſte: but, in my opinion, to think and do always what is wrong, and at the ſame time imagine that all we think and do is right, is not of itſelf ſuf- ficient to take in the meaning of the phraſe in it's full extent; there muſt always be added an affectation of being ſingular, over curious, over delicate, over ele- gant, ſomewhat above the common le- vel of mankind; in fine, the man of a falſe taſte muſt not be a fool of Heaven's making,

making, but his own. The late witty Earl of Rocheſter has preſented us with a very pictureſque character of the man of falſe taſte, in the following lines—

'He was a fool through choice, not want
'of wit;
'His foppery, without the help of ſenſe,
'Could ne'er have riſen to ſuch an excel-
'lence.
'Nature's as lame in making a true fop
'As a philoſopher: the very top
'And dignity of folly, we attain
'By ſtudious ſearch, and labour of the
'brain;
'By obſervation, counſel, and deep thought.
'God never made a coxcomb worth a groat:
'We owe that name to induſtry and arts;
'An eminent fool muſt be a man of parts.'

A perſon may be endowed with great talents, yet, through a falſe taſte in the manner of diſplaying them, be rendered ridiculous inſtead of reſpectable; and, while he aims at attracting univerſal admiration, become the object of univerſal contempt. Hippias is profoundly learned, is well ſkilled in the moſt uſeful ſciences, and endowed, both by nature and education, with every requiſite to render him a worthy member of ſociety; yet, by ſome unaccountable oddities of manners and behaviour, he makes himſelf hated where he might be loved, deſpiſed where he might be reſpected, and a mere cypher in a world where he might be a figure of the greateſt conſequence. He is not at all diſſatisfied that every one knows and ſpeaks of him as a man poſſeſſed of a very opulent fortune, yet affects to look down with ſcorn on all the pleaſures, and even innocent amuſements, it might afford him; and to ſuch an exceſs does he carry this humour, that whatever is beyond the neceſſities of nature he treats as luxury and epicuriſms; vainly imagining that the wearing of a threadbare coat, and a wig that the head it covers ſcarce remembers ever to have had a curl, entitles him to the character of a philoſopher.

But this oſtentatious humility, as I think it may be juſtly called, is not the moſt unpardonable error into which Hippias is led by his falſe taſte: this ſerves only to make him ridiculous, but there is another which makes him hateful. The ambition he has of being reverenced as a Stoick, renders him deaf to the dictates of humanity, and wholly inſenſible of all ſocial feeling for his fellow-creatures. He partakes not in the joys or griefs of even thoſe he calls his friends; nor would lift a finger, move a ſtep, or ſpeak a ſyllable, either to promote the one, or diſſipate the other. The moſt diſtreſsful circumſtance has not the power to touch his heart; and if any one knows him little enough to employ his aſſiſtance or advice in the extremeſt exigence, he replies, with a ſolemn and magiſterial air, that he can ſay nothing to their complaints; that pity is a paſſion; and that, by the force of his reaſon, he has diveſted himſelf of all paſſions, of what kind ſoever. Thus does Hippias, by indulging one unhappy propenſity, forfeit all the love and eſteem the qualities he is poſſeſſed of would otherwiſe attract. The manner in which he is now looked upon gives me room to ſuſpect that, whenever he makes his exit from this world, he will have an epitaph ſomewhat like what I read on a tomb-ſtone in a country church-yard—

'Here ******, ſtretch'd at his full length,
'is laid;
'Whom, living, no one lov'd, nor mourn'd
'when dead.'

Numberleſs are the inſtances might be given to prove the beſt capacities may be, and frequently are, perverted by falſe taſte and miſapplication. As one of our moſt eminent authors tells us, the love of fame is the univerſal paſſion; it is imprinted, in a more or leſs degree, on every human heart. Thoſe who have great talents, are apt to think they can never render themſelves ſufficiently conſpicuous; and thoſe of weaker intellects, yet poſſeſſed of the ſame vanity, are ſometimes ſo infatuated, as, rather than not to make a noiſe in the world, to do things which may incur a lampoon, ſince they cannot deſerve a panegyrick. A private life, or, as they term it, a life of obſcurity, is to ſome people the ſevereſt misfortune they can labour under: they will tell you, that they may as well be out of the world, as of no conſequence in it; and few there are who will take the poet's word for a contrary paſſion—

'Th' unknown, untalk'd of man, is only
'bleſt;
'No anxious doubts his peaceful breaſt an-
'noy,
'From praiſe and cenſure equally remote;
'Nor

'Nor hope, nor fear, his happineſs deſtroys,
'But ſafe within himſelf, himſelf enjoys.'

There are alſo people who, having no peculiarities of their own, affect to imitate thoſe they may ſee in others; eſpecially if the perſon they copy after be of a ſuperior rank, or has the reputation of a wit. Theſe may properly enough be called ſecond-hand fools; for they generally take up the follies juſt when they are left off by the perſons they would be thought exactly to reſemble: according to a vulgar adage—'The fool will ſometimes peep out of 'the wiſeſt man.' The leaſt failing in a perſon of diſtinguiſhed character is preſently adopted by his inferiors, till it becomes a faſhion. Emulation, however, when well-directed, is one of the moſt noble propenſities of the mind; nothing can be more truly laudable than an endeavour to ſquare our actions by a praiſe-worthy model: but I am ſorry to ſay, that this is not ſo often the caſe as every good man would wiſh it were.

There are ſome people ſo unhappy, as to take for a pattern all the bad they can find, and neglect all the good; and this, too, without deſign, or any untoward inclination, but through mere careleſſneſs: and, provided they do ſomething ſuch a one or ſuch a one does, give not themſelves the trouble to examine whether what they imitate be a beauty or a blemiſh; or, indeed, whether it be either, or only a matter of indifference, and altogether unworthy of regard. And, now I am upon this head, I cannot forbear relating an example of the ſort I laſt mentioned; which, though it happened ſome years ago, and is extremely trifling in itſelf, may ſerve to ſhew how little care people ſometimes take in their choice of an object for imitation.

A young gentleman of my acquaintance, who paſſed in the world for a very pretty fellow, either was, or affected to be, becauſe it was the mode, a prodigious admirer of the late deſervedly famous Sir Iſaac Newton. He had the honour of being known to that truly great man, frequently viſited him, and had the opportunity of hearing many things from him, which doubtleſs were well worthy of being treaſured in his memory; yet I could never find he took particular notice of any thing but this I am now going to repeat. Sir Iſaac had him at his table one day, and happened caſually to ſay, that he thought nothing ſweeter than a bacon bone. My friend immediately catched up the word, and from that moment made it his own, and on all occaſions quoted it. If any one aſked him to eat with them, he would reply—'Yes, if you have any bacon; 'for, as Sir Iſaac Newton ſays, there is 'nothing ſweeter than a bacon bone.' In fine, he went to no place, mingled in no converſation, without finding ſome means to introduce the ſweetneſs of the bacon bone; and repeated the above-mentioned expreſſion ſo often, and ſo impertinently, that at laſt he became the jeſt of all his companions, who, in deriſion, called him by no other name than the Bacon Bone. Ridiculous as this may appear, I can aſſure my reader, that the gentleman I have been ſpeaking of does not ſtand alone, but has many parallels in my catalogue of obſervations on a miſguided imitation, as I could eaſily prove; but my humour has on a ſudden changed it's vein, and I begin to grow too ſerious to recite any farther inſtances of ſo ludicrous a nature. Degenerate as we mortals are ſaid to be, yet even now there are not wanting ſome few illuſtrious examples of both, whom even an endeavour to copy after would be ſome merit in the attempter.

See where the noble Altamont ſtands forth a ſhining pattern of exalted virtue! Dignity in his countenance; benevolence in his hand; the ſtricteſt juſtice, honour, and ſocial kindneſs, in his heart. Near him you will always find the chaſte and fair Euphemia, his illuſtrious conſort; a numerous and beauteous offſpring with joyous ſmiles play round their feet; Juno and Hymen hover over their heads, and ſhower continual bleſſings on the happy pair. From Altamont and Euphemia, ye huſbands, fathers, learn the duties due to thoſe endearing names, and ceaſe to imagine that to ſwerve from them is politeneſs.

Learn you who languiſh in a widowed bed, from Eliſmonda learn to ſupport the melancholy of your condition as becomes you—Eliſmonda, who though, as Lee expreſſes it, in all the full-grown pride of glorious beauty, diſdains all overtures for a ſecond marriage, ſhuns pomp and ceremony, nor haunts the court nor publick walks; but in her cloſet ruminates what good is in her power

power to do; who moſt deſerves, and who ſtands moſt in need of her relief; and all thoſe cares ſhe once employed to pleaſe the beſt of huſbands, are now taken up with acts of piety and ſoft compaſſion.

Learn, ye fair ramblers after ſhew and hurry, ye midnight gadders to maſquerades and balls, from lovely Amadea learn the timid modeſty that beſt befits and beſt ſecures the honour of a virgin ſtate. She takes no pains to attract the eyes of the gaping multitude, and rather ſhuns than covets popular admiration. She avoids being the firſt in any new faſhion, and never runs into the extremes of it; goes to no routes, aſſemblies, or maſquerades; ſeldom indulges herſelf even with a play or opera; and, when ſhe does, is always accompanied by ſome grave relation, whoſe preſence is a check on the impertinence of thoſe whifflers who ſkip from box to box, ſaying the ſame thing to every fine woman they ſee there. When ſhe walks in the Park, ſhe makes choice of thoſe hours when the leaſt company are there; and the only publick place you are ſure to find her in, is at church.

The example of Dorilaus is a noble reprimand to thoſe who ſuffer themſelves to grow old in riots and debaucheries. Early he quitted the levities of youth; and as the ſilver ſwan, emerging from the ſtream, ſhakes off the drops that hang upon it's wings, ſo Dorilaus but dipped into the follies of the times, juſt taſted the licentious pleaſures of the town, then deſpiſed and threw them from him with abhorrence. Temptations of every kind have ſince ſurrounded him, yet has he ſtill remained unmoved; equally inflexible to the inſinuations of luxury, and to the bribes of corruption. Steady in virtuous principles, the evil ones at length grew weary of their fruitleſs labour, and now ſuffer him to enjoy a calm and undiſturbed repoſe, in the ſociety of a few ſelect friends, who join with him in commiſerating the infatuation of others.

If there were no cards nor dice in the world, Favonius would be looked upon as an almoſt faultleſs being, and the voice of envy have nothing wherewith to caſt a blemiſh on his name. It cannot be denied, however, that Favonius has wit, honour, generoſity, affability, and an unaffected ſweetneſs of diſpoſition: qualifications which would greatly compenſate for his love of gaming, if it were not for two conſiderations, which are theſe. Firſt, That by indulging this unhappy propenſity, he laviſhes too much of that time which might be employed in the defence of the liberties of his country, and for the benefit of the commonwealth. Secondly, That his high character in the world makes many people ready, and even proud, to follow his example in this the ſole error of which he can be accuſed, while they neglect the leaſt endeavour to imitate any one of the numerous virtues he is maſter of.

There are many others of both ſexes ſtill living, whoſe characters would reflect honour on the imitators; and ſome who, though the world has been ſo unfortunate as to loſe, have left behind them ſuch monuments of their virtues as never can be forgotten; their memory ſtrikes a damp on guilt, and will be eternally venerated by all the wiſe and good. But this is a theme which, though perhaps little affecting to the greateſt part of my readers, may yet be too melancholy to ſome others, as well as to myſelf; I ſhall therefore dwell no longer upon it, but return to a ſubject more ſuitable to the preſent diſpoſition of the times, which I am not ſo ignorant as not to know an author ought always to conſult, if he regards either his own reputation, or the intereſt of his bookſeller.

CHAP. VII.

GIVES A SUCCINCT RELATION OF TWO PRETTY EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES THAT PRESENTED THEMSELVES TO THE AUTHOR IN A MORNING RAMBLE.

A Clear and undiſturbed ſky, illuminated with a ſmiling ſun, and perfumed with a thouſand odours from the new-budding ſpring, invited me to Hyde Park. I girded my inviſible Belt about me, for the reaſons I have already mentioned in a preceding chapter; and alſo put my Tablets in my pocket, though I had not the leaſt expectation of meeting with any thing in that place which ſhould give me occaſion to make uſe of them. The ſweet ſolemnity of this ſolitude afforded me infinitely more pleaſure than ever I had found in a crouded Mall: it inſpired me with the

moſt delightful ideas; which indulging, I wandered for I believe near two hours, without meeting with any one object to interrupt my contemplations. How much longer I might have continued in in this agreeable reverie, I know not; for I was rouzed from it by the ſudden appearance of a gentleman at ſome diſtance from me, but who was advancing directly towards the path where I was. On his approach, I ſtepped a little on one ſide, to prevent his running againſt me. He walked backwards and forwards with ſome emotion, looked often on his watch, and diſcovered many ſigns of the utmoſt impatience. By the cockade in his hat, I doubted not of his being a military gentleman, and imagined that ſome diſpute of honour was that morning to be decided by the ſword; but I was ſoon convinced of my miſtake, the officer having more of Cupid than of Mars in his head.

I had not been many minutes, before a coach came up, and ſtopped very near the place where I ſtood. There were three women in it; one of whom, and much the richeſt dreſſed, I preſently knew to be the celebrated Lipathea: the others, as I afterwards found, were her woman and nurſe; this, it ſeems, being the firſt time of her coming abroad ſince her bringing into the world a ſon and heir, to the great joy of that honourable family, as the news writers expreſs it. On ſight of the coach, the young officer advanced briſkly towards it. Lipathea ſaw him at the ſame time; and, thruſting out her head, and half her body, with her accuſtomed loud laugh, called to him to come in. With theſe words, the door was immediately opened; the two women came out, and the officer jumped in: after which, the coachman was ordered to drive, as ſlow as he could, to the Walnut-tree Walk, and ſo round to the Ha-ha Wall, and back to the ſame place again.

I had no opportunity to follow them, ſo was obliged to content myſelf with hearing the diſcourſe that paſſed between the two women who were left behind. To this end I kept as cloſe to them as I could, with my Tablets in my hand; but the ſubjects they talked on were ſo trifling, that I did not think it worth while to ſpread them for the impreſſion of their words, till all at once the nurſe began to run into a long detail of the particulars ſhe knew, or could remember, that had happened in the ſeveral families where ſhe had been; but the matters ſhe related being wholly inſignificant, and unworthy of record, I ſhut up my Tablets, and gave no farther ear to what ſhe ſaid. I quitted not the place, however, till the lovers returned from the tour they had been making. The coach ſtopped, and the captain was ſet down near the end of the ſame path where he had been taken up; and Lipathea beckoned her two attendants to come in, who by this time, I found, were heartily weary of their promenade.

The well-known character of Lipathea, one would think, ſhould have hindered me from being much ſurprized at any thing ſhe did; yet could I not be an eye-witneſs of the glaring affront ſhe now put upon her huſband, and the modeſty of her ſex, without being ſeized with a conſternation impoſſible to be expreſſed. My meditations on this adventure had perhaps laſted till I came home, if they had not been interrupted by another which fell in my way, and afforded me, in it's conſequences, more matter for diverſion than the former. Beauty, or what is more than beauty, the power of attraction, is not confined to perſons of a high ſtation: Nature can exert herſelf as much in the cottage as the palace; and we ſometimes find more real graces under a plain, homely coif, than under a fine gauze cap ornamented with jewels; as the little incident I am about to rehearſe will abundantly evince.

As I was paſſing through St. James's Park, I met a young woman with a porringer in her hand, neatly covered with a large earthen ſaucer. She advanced with ſlow and cautious ſteps, leſt ſhe ſhould ſpill any part of what ſhe had brought. When ſhe drew near the Parade, a tall grenadier, who I found was her huſband, ſtepped forth from among his comrades, and received the meſs from her, as alſo a pewter ſpoon, which ſhe took out of her pocket, and gave to him at the ſame time. Though every thing about her was clean, yet the reader may eaſily ſuppoſe extremely mean: ſhe had a face, however, that ſtood in need of no advantages from dreſs to ſet it off. Never had I ſeen a finer pair of eyes, or a more ſoft and delicate complexion; and, to crown all the reſt of her perfections, there appeared, not only in her countenance, but in every little motion and geſture, that which, in my opinion, is the

the very ſoul of lovelineſs—a moſt perfect innocence and ſimplicity. I was not, however, the only admirer whom her charms had that morning attracted; a certain officer of diſtinction, walking on the Parade with another gentleman, having ſeen her at ſome diſtance, quitted his companion, and came to the grenadier, accoſting him in theſe terms—

Officer. So, grenadier, you are taking your morning's refreſhment. Is this pretty damſel your wife?

Grenadier. Yes, pleaſe your honour.

Officer. She ſeems very young: you can't have been married long.

Grenadier. About three months, pleaſe your honour.

Officer. I hope you uſe her well; I dare ſay ſhe deſerves it.

Grenadier. I think ſhe has no reaſon to complain, Sir.—Have you, Peggy?

Wife. No, indeed.

Officer. I am glad of it. I would always have the women uſed well.

He ſaid no more, but turned upon his heel, and walked away with a careleſs air, as if nothing farther than what he had made ſhew of was in his head; but I perceived he removed no farther than the end of the Canal, and kept an obſervant eye on thoſe he had left behind. The grenadier having finiſhed his little repaſt, mingled with ſome ſoldiers who were on the Parade, and his wife tripped out of the Park with much more haſte than ſhe had come into it. The officer, who had never loſt ſight of her, followed, though for a while at ſome diſtance; and I kept very near him, reſolving to ſee what it was he aimed at, and what would be the iſſue of his deſigns, in caſe he had any of the nature I ſuſpected. She went through the Treaſury; and when he ſaw ſhe had entered there, he mended his pace; and coming up with her under the arched paſſage, gave her a little ſlap on the ſhoulder: ſhe ſtarted, and turned back; but, on ſeeing him, dropped a low curtſey, while he ſpoke thus—

Officer. Well overtaken, pretty laſs. I wanted to ſpeak with you: I fancy I have ſeen you ſomewhere or other. Pray what countrywoman are you?

Wife. I was born in Lancaſhire, ſo pleaſe your honour.

Officer. I thought ſo; for I have heard ſay all the Lancaſhire girls are very handſome. And pray what brought you to London?

Wife. The hopes of getting into a good ſervice, pleaſe your honour; but not hearing of one preſently, and happening to get acquainted with my huſband in the mean time, I changed my condition.

Officer. You did well: there is nothing like being your own miſtreſs. But you country folks are generally afraid of a red coat: how came you to venture on a ſoldier?

Wife. I don't know, Sir: it was my fate, I think.

Officer. Well, here is ſomething to encourage you to love the army.

With theſe words he drew a ſix-and-thirty piece of gold out of his pocket, and made an offer of putting it into her hand; but ſhe drew back, either aſhamed or unwilling to accept it, and cried—'Oh, Sir, I have heard ſay that wo-'men ſhould never take money from the 'men!' To which he replied—'That 'is from your mean, dirty fellows; but 'it is ill-manners to refuſe any thing 'given you by your ſuperiors.' He now took hold of her hand; and a ſecond effort obliging her to receive his preſent, ſhe looked on it, turned it two or three times, and then ſaid—'Bleſs 'me! what muſt I do with this great 'piece of money?'

Officer. Oh, you will find a uſe for it; that pretty face of yours requires a thouſand things that the grenadier's pay will not enable him to purchaſe for you. And, now I think on it, 'tis pity he ſhould continue in that low ſtation: I have it in my power to raiſe him, and I will do it; he ſhall have a halbert forthwith. But I muſt talk to you a little firſt on that ſcore. Where do you live? I will come and ſee you.

Wife. Oh, dear Sir, we have not a place fit for your honour to come into.

Officer. No matter for that. I am not proud; and never ſcruple to go to any place, how mean ſoever it be, where I can either do a pleaſure to myſelf, or a ſervice to my friends; therefore no excuſes.

Wife. Your honour is very good. But I do not know how to tell you, for there is no ſign near us. We lodge up one pair of ſtairs, at a button-maker's, the next door but one to a chandler's ſhop, in a little alley that turns out of King Street by a green ſtall, and is no thoroughfare.

Officer. I ſhall never find it by this direction; you ſhall ſhew me where it is now.

Wife. Lord, Sir, what will the people in the ſtreet ſay, to ſee me go cheek-by-jole with ſuch a fine gentleman as your honour?

Officer. Well, then, you ſhall walk before, and I will follow you.

Wife. But, Sir, my room is all dirty; I was juſt going home to clean it, now I have carried my huſband his breakfaſt.

Officer. I ſhall not go in, nor viſit you, till after dark; to hinder, as you ſay, the neighbours from ſtaring at me. I will come this evening, about nine or ten o'clock. Your huſband is to be upon duty, but do you take care not to be out of the way; for it is abſolutely neceſſary I ſhould have ſome diſcourſe with you before I do any thing for him.

Wife. Lord, Sir, what buſineſs can your honour have with me that he muſt not know!

Officer. You may tell him afterwards, if you will. But I won't detain you any longer; go home and pleaſe yourſelf that your huſband ſhall be a ſerjeant to-morrow, and that I ſhall raiſe him ſtill higher, ſo that he may come to be a captain at laſt.

Wife. A captain!—Oh la! I ſhould never have thought of ſuch a thing!

Officer. It all depends upon yourſelf, and what I have to communicate to you; ſo be ſure be at home, and alone when I come.

Wife. Yes, pleaſe your honour. I would not, for all the world, be ſo rude as to diſappoint you; though I am aſhamed you ſhould come into ſuch a poor habitation as mine.

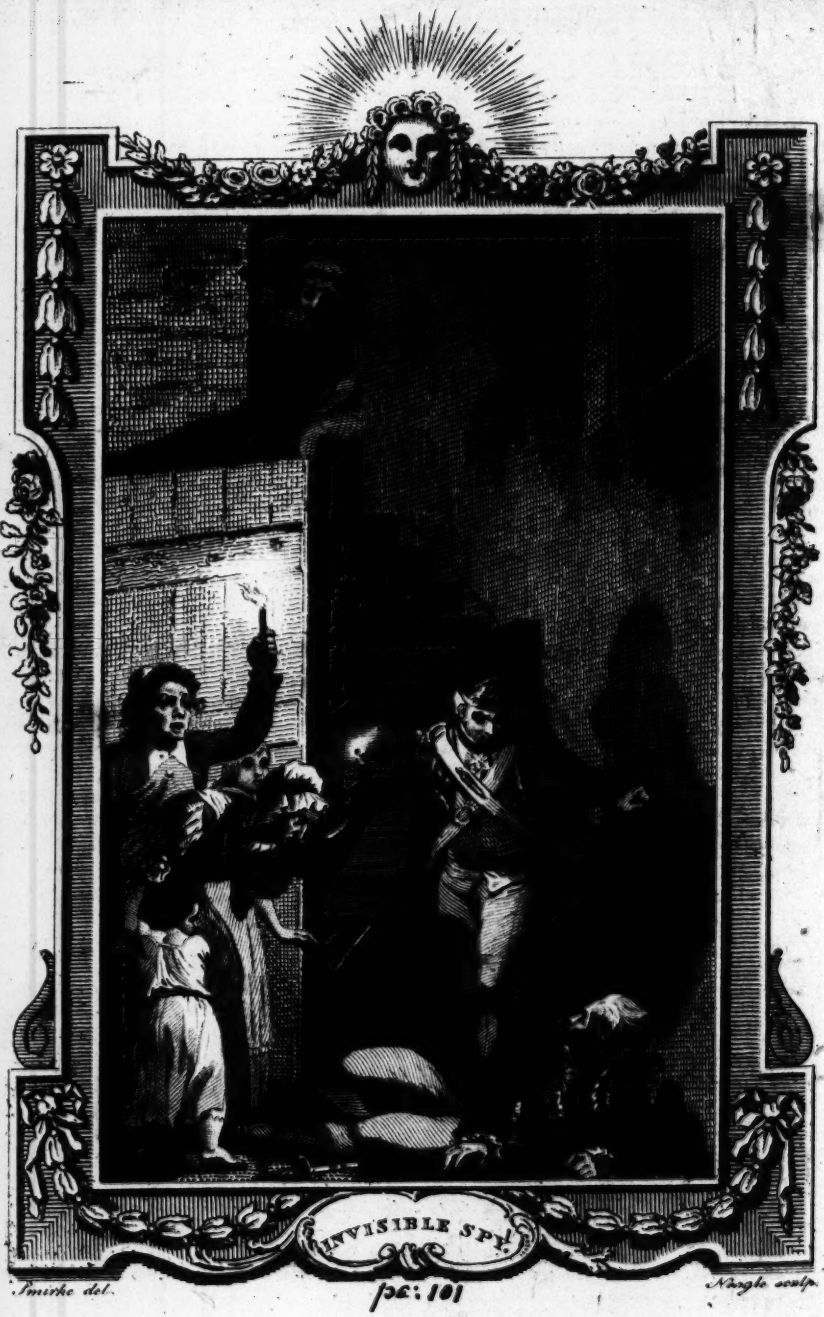
Officer. Never mind that, my pretty one; I ſhall look on nothing in the place but yourſelf.

While he was ſpeaking this, he caſt his eyes about, and finding there was nobody in ſight, gave her a kiſs; after which ſhe made a low curtſey, and turned away to go home, bluſhing all the way ſhe went like the ſun through a gentle ſhower in an April morning. He followed, as he ſaid he would, till he had ſeen her enter into her little dwelling; nor left the place, till he had taken ſufficient notice of every thing, to be able to remember and know it again. I was now under a moſt ſenſible concern for this poor young creature, thus likely to be betrayed; not by any inclination to ill, but merely through the fear of offending a perſon above her: quite ignorant of the ſnares of the world, and untaught how to reſiſt temptation, ſhe was, alas! juſt ready to fall into a real fault, by an endeavour to avoid an imaginary one. As Mr. Waller ſaid, though on a different occaſion—

> 'Innocence and youth oft makes,
> 'In artleſs virgins ſuch miſtakes.'

Though I had not the leaſt doubt but that the young wife of the grenadier would become a prey to the vicious inclination of her ſeducer, yet I had the curioſity to ſee in what manner ſhe would behave on the full diſcovery of his deſigns upon her. Accordingly, I went about nine o'clock to the little alley, and poſted myſelf on a bench at a door juſt oppoſite to the dwelling of the grenadier, reſolving to go in with the officer when he ſhould come. I had not waited above half an hour before he appeared: he was muffled up in his cloak; but, by the help of a ſmall winking light from an adjacent ſhop, I eaſily knew him. He had taken too much notice of the houſe to be miſtaken in it, and entered directly, the door being left open, as I ſuppoſe, for that purpoſe. I followed cloſe behind him; but never had my Inviſibility ſhip been in ſo much danger as it was now brought into by this adventure.

The grenadier, it ſeems, having been informed by his wife of every thing that had paſſed between her and the officer, and more zealous in the defence of his honour than perhaps ſome in a much higher ſtation would have been, had prevailed, for ſome pots of beer, on a brother grenadier to do duty for him that night, ſo returned home before the hour appointed for his rival's approach; and having armed himſelf with a good oaken cudgel, ſtood on the middle of the ſtairs, ready to give a proper reception to that invader of his rights. My leader had not advanced above five or ſix ſteps of the ſtairs, when he received a violent blow on the head; which, together with the ſurprize it gave him, made him reel back, and like to fall on the poor Inviſible; but I haſtily and prudently withdrew to the middle of the entry, and ſtood aloof, to hear, at a more ſafe diſtance, what would be the end of this affair. The grenadier purſued his ſtrokes; and the officer,



Smirke del. pg: 101 Nagle sculp.

Publish'd as the Act directs by Harrison & Co July 1. 1788.

officer, being in no condition to defend himself in that disadvantageous posture, thought it best to make his escape; but not having been accustomed to such steep winding stairs, fell down to the bottom. His antagonist, though better acquainted with the passage, in attempting to follow him, had the same fate; but being uppermost, soon recovered himself; and catching hold of the officer by the collar as he was endeavouring to rise, forced him on his knees, and continued buffeting him on the head and face till he was covered all over with the blood that gushed from his nose and mouth, as I afterwards perceived.

The officer made several efforts to draw his sword, and at length did so; but the other finding what he was about, immediately seized it by the hilt, wrested it from him, snapped it asunder with his foot, and threw it over his head. 'Rascal, 'will you murder me!' cried the officer. 'No,' replied the grenadier; 'I will only 'cool your courage, and make you re-'member running after other men's 'wives.'—'Dog! do you know who I 'am?' demanded he. 'I only know you 'for a villain,' said the other, 'that 'would debauch my wife, and as such 'I'll use you.'—'Sirrah,' returned the officer, 'I will make you pay dearly for 'this insolence! You know well 'enough that I am ******.'—'You 'lye!' rejoined the other, 'and deserve 'to be hanged for taking such a gen-'tleman's name in your mouth! ****** 'would scorn to sneak into such a poor 'hut as this, to seduce any man's wife.' The grenadier's hands were not idle all this time: but the officer having at length got upon his feet, they continued wrestling together for some minutes, in which combat the furious husband had much the better; which put me in mind of what Mr. Rowe says in Jane Shore—

'In spite of birth and dignity, a man
'Oppos'd against a man, is but a man.'

The officer now finding himself quite disabled, and being still under the gripe of his unrelenting enemy, called vehemently out for help; on which several of the neighbours ran in with lighted candles in their hands, and the entry was presently full of men, women, and children; but never was such a spectacle as this demolished beau. 'Bless me! 'what is the matter?' cried one; 'what 'is the matter?'—'Ask no questions. 'Here is half a crown for any one that 'will get me a chair immediately,' said he; and the word was scarce out of his mouth, before a cobler ran with all the speed he could, to do as he desired. The grenadier now affected the utmost surprize, and said—'All the world should 'never have made me believe it was your 'honour! I protest I took you for a 'rogue that wanted to come to bed to 'my wife while I was abroad, and 'thought I could not use such a one 'too ill.' The women, on hearing this, guessed how the business was, and looked at one another, and grinned: one of them, however, was so charitable, as to fetch a bowl of water, to wash the blood off his face and garments. He made use off what she brought, but gave no other answer to what the grenadier had said, than a look full of resentment and confusion.

A chair being brought, he catched up his hat and wig, which had fallen off in the scuffle, went into it, leaving behind him sufficient matter to employ the conversation of the whole alley for a considerable time. On hearing afterwards the whole truth of the affair from the grenadier and his wife, every one applauded the conduct of them both, and laughed heartily at the disappointment and correction of the lascivious officer. For my own part, after I got home, the satisfaction of finding myself safe from the dangers into which my curiosity had brought me, was succeeded by some contemplations on the passages I had been witness of; and I could not help being filled with the utmost astonishment, that persons endowed with a liberal education, and from whom much better things might be expected, should, for the sake of gratifying a foolish inclination, the fleeting pleasure of a moment, not only be guilty of the greatest injustice to others, but also of the most abject demeaning of themselves.

CHAP. VIII.

IS CALCULATED RATHER FOR ADMONITION THAN ENTERTAINMENT, AND THEREFORE LIKELY TO BE BUT LITTLE RELISHED.

HOW vainly do we boast the light of reason, when we refuse to submit either our wills or actions to the guidance

guidance of it's direction; when, through every ſtage of life, we ſuffer ſome darling paſſion to gain dominion over us, and utterly extinguiſh that glorious lamp we ſeem ſo proud of, and would be thought ſo eminently to poſſeſs above the reſt of the creation! Prodigality is generally the vice of youth, and avarice of age: but though both theſe propenſities proceed from a wrong turn of mind, and are diametrically oppoſite to ſound judgment, yet I think ſomewhat more be ſaid in excuſe of the one than of the other. The prodigal laviſhes his ſtores in ſuch things as do a pleaſure to himſelf; and if he ſquanders away his patrimony in riotous living, and becomes miſerable in the end, there are ſome who profit by his misfortunes; his money circulates, and the publick ſuffer nothing by his private ruin. The miſer, on the contrary, not only denies himſelf all enjoyment of the goods of fortune, but alſo withholds them, as much as in his power, from every one elſe: he parts with nothing he can get into his clutches; amaſſes heaps of treaſure; and ſmiles, with a wicked ſatisfaction, to ſee it lie ruſting in his coffers, while numbers of his fellow-creatures are periſhing for want of it.

Avarice, above all other paſſions, ſo takes up the ſoul, that it leaves not the leaſt room for any of the nobler ſenſations. Love, friendſhip, pity, and even natural affection, are excluded thence. The covetous man regards only the gratification of that one ſordid view; all his fears, his hopes, his cares, are centered there, and he ſeldom ſticks at any thing to obtain it. Beſides, what can be more abſurd in itſelf, than for people to labour with all their might in heaping riches which they neither uſe, nor can aſſure themſelves but that the next moment may diſpoſſeſs them of? And it is remarkable, that the nearer they approach to the time when they can expect no other than to be ſnatched for ever from the idol they had worſhipped, they grow the more eager to preſerve it. The condition of thoſe children who have the misfortune to be deſcended from parents of the humour I am ſpeaking of, can never be too much commiſerated, eſpecially if they happen to be born with notions more juſt and elevated; an inſtance of which kind I am now going to relate.

A gentleman, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Avario, is ſprung from a very ancient family in the weſt of England, has a large eſtate, and might have been beloved and reſpected by his neighbours, if the exceſſive parſimoniouſneſs of his diſpoſition did not make him do things which demean his rank, and even render him contemptible in the eyes both of his equals and inferiors. He was married, in his youth, to a lady of birth and fortune, but had no child for near twelve years; at the end of which time, however, ſhe brought a ſon into the world; which, one would imagine, ſhould have filled the father's heart with the higheſt ſatisfaction; but, inſtead of thanking Providence for ſending him an heir of his own bowels for his eſtate, he only repined at the additional expence the new comer muſt neceſſarily occaſion. His lady was ſenſibly afflicted at the little notice he took of the young Clyamon, for ſo the ſon of this unworthy father was called; but when ſhe reproached him with his unkindneſs, he only gave her this churliſh anſwer—That he ſaw no cauſe for any great rejoicing; for he ſuppoſed, as ſhe had now began to teem, he ſhould in a few years have more children than he ſhould be able to maintain.

Clyamon, notwithſtanding, grew a very fine boy; but would have had little to boaſt of from education, if his uncle by the mother's ſide, who was exceeding rich, and had no children, had not conceived a more than ordinary affection for him, and reſolved to beſtow on him all thoſe advantages which were denied to him by the niggard diſpoſition of his father. He told Avario, that if he would truſt him with his ſon, he would breed him as his own, and take care he ſhould want for none of thoſe accompliſhments which conſtitute the truly fine gentleman, in caſe he were capable of receiving them; 'Which,' added he, 'I do not at all doubt of, from 'the early promiſe of his childhood.' This offer was too agreeable to both the parents not to be readily accepted: the father rejoiced at being eaſed of an expence he could not foreſee without regret: and the mother was highly pleaſed to think that her little darling would now receive a more polite education than ſhe could hope the too great frugality of her huſband would have allowed him.

Clyamon was about ten years of age when Sir Arthur Frankwill, for ſo this worthy

worthy uncle was called, took him under his protection, and carried him to a fine ſeat he had about twelve miles diſtant from Avario's. Doubly happy for him was now this change in his ſituation; for his mother dying ſoon after his removal, he would doubtleſs have been deprived of many indulgences he had hitherto enjoyed at home, but which were abundantly made up to him by the tender affection he was treated with by the good baronet. Sir Arthur, not approving of any of the ſchools in that part of the country, ſent him to Eton, under the conduct of a faithful old ſervant; and in that place it was he received his firſt rudiments of learning. The improvements he made there were ſuch as did honour to the maſters, as well as to his own capacity. The accounts thoſe gentlemen gave of him, in their letters to Sir Arthur, were confirmed by their pupil's behaviour whenever the times of breaking up gave him the liberty of going into the country. Both uncle and father were ſurprized on finding the ſwift progreſs he made in his learning; the one was charmed with the ſucceſs of his endeavours, and the other quite tranſported that his ſon was in a fair way of being poſſeſſed of ſo many accompliſhments without any coſt to himſelf.

Having perfected himſelf in all he could be taught at Eton, he quitted the ſchool, by his uncle's permiſſion, and returned to the weſt; where, after having ſtaid ſome time to make an acquaintance with the gentry, and take ſuch diverſions as the country afforded, his uncle thought proper he ſhould finiſh his ſtudies at one of the univerſities, and, for ſome reaſons which he had within himſelf, made choice of Oxford. Clyamon accordingly went thither at the age of eighteen, and had the good fortune to have for his tutor a gentleman of deep learning, a keen diſcernment, and an unprejudiced judgment; who inſpired him with ſuch principles of juſtice and true honour as I believe he will never depart from. The admonitions of this worthy tutor, joined to a natural love of virtue in himſelf, entirely preſerved him from running into any of thoſe exceſſes too many of his age are guilty of: though nothing could be more gay and ſpirituous, yet every thing he ſaid or did was governed by a certain decorum, without ſeeming to be ſo. He could be chearful among the men of his acquaintance, without immorality or prophaneneſs; courtly among the ladies, without flattery or inſincerity; reſpectful to his ſuperiors, and maintain a proper diſtance to thoſe below him without pride or ill-nature. In fine, his character and manners were ſuch as made him highly eſteemed by all the wiſe and good, and beloved even by thoſe who would not be at the pains to imitate him.

After a ſtay of about three years at the univerſity, he returned to Sir Arthur's; for that kind uncle and patron would needs have him continue to look upon his houſe as his chief home: nor did Avario at all oppoſe this motion, though he was now extremely proud of his ſon, went often to ſee him, and would always make him be preſent at every publick aſſembly or meeting in which he was himſelf a party. It is certain, indeed, never any young gentleman was more happy or contented in his mind than Clyamon at the time I am ſpeaking of; he had but one wiſh beyond what he already poſſeſſed, and that remained no longer ungratified than while he forbore to mention it. He was as well acquainted, as books could make him, with moſt foreign parts, eſpecially with thoſe kingdoms and ſtates which compoſe this quarter of the globe; but when he conſidered that the beſt deſcription cannot but fall infinitely ſhort of the proſpect, he was very deſirous of being an eye-witneſs of thoſe things and places he had read of.

Sir Arthur highly approved of his nephew's inclination to travel; it ſeemed laudable to him, as he had himſelf often thought it was the only thing wanting to compleat his other accompliſhments: and one day, as they were talking on that ſubject—'My dear Clyamon,' ſaid he, 'the deſire you have of ſeeing the 'world is truly praiſe-worthy, and I 'think you cannot better employ two 'or three of thoſe years which I hope 'Heaven has allotted for you, than in 'viſiting the ſeveral courts of Europe: 'it will enlarge your ideas; and the 'difference of their manners and poli-'cies will, I doubt not, enable you to 'make ſuch obſervations as may here-'after be of ſervice to your country. 'I think,' purſued he, 'there is no ne-'ceſſity for putting you under the care 'of any perſon by way of governor; 'you are now arrived at years, and, I

'flatter

'flatter myself, at diſcretion enough to be 'truſted by yourſelf: as to the reſt, you 'may depend that I ſhall ſpare nothing 'to render the tour you make agreeable 'to you; and that, whatever remit-'tances you ſhall have occaſion for, 'from time to time, ſhall be punctually 'ſent to you, on a letter of advice.'

This crowned all the other favours Clyamon had received from his indulgent uncle; and, it is not to be doubted, drew from him the moſt grateful acknowledgments. It was neceſſary, however, Avario ſhould be conſulted: the matter accordingly was propoſed to him; on which he teſtified that he was not void of natural affection, by the reluctance he expreſſed for expoſing ſo deſerving a ſon to the dangers of travelling; but the arguments urged by Sir Arthur, and the entreaties of Clyamon, at length prevailed on him to conſent. Clyamon ſoon made it appear that it was not to gratify a vain, unprofitable curioſity, but the laudable ambition of improving his mind, that had made him ſo deſirous of going abroad. The letters he wrote to his father and uncle, from France, Italy, Sweden, and ſeveral parts of Germany, would have been very well worth inſerting in this work; but, to the misfortune of the publick, I was not then in poſſeſſion of my wonderful Tablets; and though I heard them read more than once, can remember little of the particulars they contain. This worthy young gentleman had gleaned from every field he paſſed through whatever he found capable of increaſing the treaſures of his mind; and, in ſomewhat more than two years, returned to England, full fraught, though not burthened, with underſtanding, and an experience far above his years.

I might here entertain my reader with the joy he was received with by his father and uncle, the compliments made to him by the gentry in that part of the country, and acclamations of the lower ſort of people; but I have no time to waſte in ſuch minute particulars, and muſt proceed to more material circumſtances. Clyamon had no great reliſh for the country; he ſoon grew weary of it's amuſements: he loved company, and had been accuſtomed to a good deal, both at Oxford, as well as while he was on his travels; and, on account of the great diſtance between the gentlemen's ſeats in that country, his uncle's love of retirement, and his father's parſimony, neither of their houſes were much frequented. He wanted to come to London; he had never been three whole weeks together in it, and thought he ought to be better acquainted with what was done in the capital of the kingdom. Sir Arthur was alſo willing he ſhould be known in a place where the accompliſhments he had given him might be rendered more conſpicuous; but as he had more than performed the part of an uncle, and fully diſcharged him of the promiſe he had made to Avario concerning his education, he thought it was now high time for that gentleman to take upon him the father, and make a ſettlement for his ſon ſufficient to enable him to appear in the world according to the eſtate he was born to inherit. This propoſition was not altogether ſo pleaſing to Avario as it ought to have been; but as he could find nothing to alledge againſt the reaſonableneſs of it, he only evaded complying with it at preſent by ſome trifling excuſe or other, till Clyamon, unable to conceal his diſcontent, Sir Arthur preſſed more ſtrenuouſly in his favour than he had done before, and at length, though with much difficulty, drew from that niggardly parent the ſcanty ſum of fifty guineas. This was a light loading for the purſe of a young gentleman bred in the manner Clyamon had been, and could not be expected to hold out long in ſo expenſive a town as London. Avario, however, accompanied it with a promiſe of letting him have more as ſoon as he received money from his tenants, who, he pretended, had been tardy in their payments of late, and occaſioned his being very much out of caſh.

Clyamon could not keep himſelf from being extremely ſhocked at this treatment from a father who had been at no expence for him ſince he was ten years old. Sir Arthur was no leſs chagrined, though he concealed it from his nephew; and putting a Bank bill of fifty pounds into his hand, ſaid to him—'My dear Clyamon, I would not have 'you be diſconcerted. You know your 'father's temper; but the more he 'hoards, the more will be your own at 'his deceaſe. In the mean time, be 'aſſured I will not forſake you; I will 'continually urge him on your behalf, 'and alſo privately ſupply you when-'ever he is deficient: live therefore like 'yourſelf,

'yourſelf, and be entirely eaſy.' Theſe comfortable words, from a mouth on which he knew he might depend, made Clyamon ſet out chearfully for London; but what happened to him after his arrival, muſt be the ſubject of another chapter.

CHAP. IX.

IS A CONTINUANCE OF WHAT THE FORMER BUT BEGAN.

THOUGH Clyamon never had an opportunity of making much acquaintance in this metropolis, and now arrived here at a ſeaſon in which great part of the nobility and gentry retire to their country ſeats, yet was he ſoon known, and his converſation courted by thoſe of the beſt rank who ſtill remained in town. There were no operas indeed, no plays, no maſquerades, to entertain him, but the gardens of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Mary-le-bon; or, to ſpeak more properly, the gay company that frequent thoſe places left him no want of any other amuſement. The love of pleaſure can never continue ungratified in a town like this; and it is not to be wondered at, if it ſometimes got the better of all Clyamon's diſcretion; nor, if ſurrounded, with temptations, that he could not always keep himſelf from giving way to paſſions which, in youth, and a ſprightly diſpoſition, are ſo natural, that they ſcarce deſerve the name of faults. It is not my buſineſs to detain the reader's attention with an account of his gallantries with the fair-ſex, if any of the particulars had come to my knowledge, which I freely confeſs they did not; I ſhall only ſay, that he had no amour which could call his honour in queſtion, bring him into quarrels, or be productive of any other unhappy conſequences.

The only miſtake in conduct he had any great reaſon to repent of, he was led into more by the prevalence of example than inclination. He had never been in the leaſt tainted with that epidemick vice the love of gaming, and rather wondered at the pleaſure he ſaw it give others, than deſired to be a partaker of it himſelf; yet did he inadvertently ſuffer himſelf one evening to engage in a party at that dangerous amuſement, which he knew had proved ſo fatal to many of the moſt opulent fortunes, and utterly unſuitable to a perſon in his preſent circumſtances. The perſons he played with were well experienced, and great proficients in their arts: they let him win at firſt ſome pieces; and this imaginary ſucceſs luring him to go on, he became at length a loſer of about ſeventy pounds; a trifling ſum to a gentleman of his appearance, yet three times more than he at that time was maſter of.

He diſſembled his chagrin as well as he was able, but confeſſed he had not that ſum about him, and would ſend it the next morning: on which they told him his honour was a ſufficient ſtake for ten times as much as he had loſt, and would fain have prevailed with him to have played on; but he now ſaw the folly he had been guilty of, ſo pretending he had buſineſs, took leave of the company, carrying with him a humour very different from what he had brought, and from what he had ever been poſſeſſed of in his whole life before. Impoſſible is it to expreſs, as he afterwards told me, how much he was diſconcerted at this unlucky event: he knew it was expected he ſhould promiſe to ſend the money next morning, and by what means he ſhould acquit himſelf of that promiſe, and redeem his honour, puzzled him to a degree that made him almoſt diſtracted. He has often proteſted that he never cloſed his eyes in ſleep during that whole night, but paſſed his reſtleſs hours in contriving how to extricate himſelf from the labyrinth into which he had ſo fooliſhly ſtrayed. After much revolving in his mind, he at laſt bethought himſelf of borrowing the ſum he wanted of a young gentleman with whom he was extremely intimate, and had a good fortune.

Purſuant to this reſolution, he roſe the next morning more early than he was accuſtomed, and went to his friend, who was not yet ſtirring; but on ſaying he had buſineſs of importance to impart to him, was eaſily admitted to his chamber. He told him, in few words, what had happened, the vexatious ſituation he was in, and the neceſſity he was under of borrowing a ſmall ſum, till he could receive a remittance from the country; to which the other replied—'Upon my 'ſoul, dear Clyamon, I ſhould be glad 'to ſerve you on this occaſion, but, 'faith, it is not in my power at preſent; 'it is not a week ago ſince I loſt five

'hundred pounds at that damned whift; 'and this, with ſome other demands 'lately made upon me, have quite 'drained me of all my ready caſh. But 'I will tell you what I can do for you; 'I know a man who has often ſupplied 'me, and ſeveral of my acquaintance, 'when they have had a bad run at play. 'He has always money by him, and 'will lend you what ſum you pleaſe on 'your advancing a premium. I will 'riſe this minute, and go with you to 'him.'

Clyamon was highly pleaſed at this offer; and, while the other was dreſſing, reflecting within himſelf how his affairs ſtood, and that the little preſents he had received from his father and uncle being now almoſt exhauſted, he ſhould ſoon have calls for more money than his gaming debt; thought it beſt, ſince he muſt borrow, to borrow as much as would ſupply his expences till his father ſhould be prevailed upon to make him a ſettlement, which he flattered himſelf would be in a ſhort time. He communicated his intention to the gentleman, who approved it; and having got himſelf ready, they went together to old Grub, for ſo the uſurer was called. The wretch was juſt coming out of his houſe when they came to it. On ſeeing them, he turned back, and conducted them into a little dirty parlour; but as the diſcourſe that paſſed between them was ſomewhat extraordinary, I thought it worth writing down, as Clyamon ſome time after repeated it to me word for word.

Grub. So, my young ſquire!—'Tis a wonder to ſee you out of your bed before the ſun has run three quarters of his courſe at leaſt. I ſuppoſe you want a little of my aſſiſtance; that brings you abroad thus early.

Gentleman. No, faith, Grub, not at preſent; but I have a friend here that does.

Grub. Your friend is welcome; I will ſerve him if I can.—Pray, Sir, what can I do for you?

Clyamon. Sir, a preſent emergency lays me under a neceſſity of raiſing two hundred pounds immediately; if you have that ſum by you, this gentleman will inform you who I am, and that I want neither the power nor the will to diſcharge any obligation I ſhall enter into on that ſcore.

Gentleman. Aye, aye, Grub, his note is as good as the Bank of England; you need not fear your money. His name is ****; he is an only ſon, and heir to near two thouſand pounds a year.

Grub. The gentleman has an honeſt face, indeed.

Gentleman. If you have any ſcruple, Grub, I will join in the note with all my ſoul.

Grub. I believe there is no great occaſion; only in caſe of accidents a collateral ſecurity may be neceſſary.

Gentleman. Well, well, you ſhall have it.

Grub. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have acquainted the gentleman with the common way of dealing in theſe affairs?

Clyamon. Sir, I am willing to allow you any intereſt for your money that you can in reaſon deſire.

Grub. Sir, I am never out of reaſon with any man. As to intereſt, it is quite out of the queſtion; I ſhall take no more than what the law allows: but when we advance money upon a pinch, a certain premium is expected.

Clyamon. Pleaſe to name it.

Grub. Let me ſee—you want two hundred pounds immediately, you ſay. It is but a trifling ſum, indeed; but too much for a poor man like me to loſe: we who lend money this way run a great riſque. Not that I doubt you, nor am unwilling to advance the money; but I think you can do no leſs than add an odd fifty in the note you make.

Clyamon. How, Sir! fifty pounds for the loan of two hundred, beſides the intereſt!

Grub. Lookye, Sir, I would not have you imagine I deal hardly with you. If you brought me a note on the beſt tradeſman in the city, payable one month after date, I do aſſure you that I would not diſcount it a farthing leſs than twenty per cent. Conſider, Sir, I may lie a great while out of my money. Diſappointments ſometimes happen; and when they do, I have not the heart to be ſevere in point of time; I ſcorn to diſtreſs a gentleman when I find he has it not in his power to pay, unleſs I hear he is going out of the kingdom, or to enter into the army; and then, indeed, it behoves me to take care of myſelf.

Clyamon, in favouring me with the recital of this dialogue, told me, that he had not preſence enough of mind to keep the ſhock he felt at ſo exorbitant a demand

mand from being viſible to the uſurer; who looking on him with no very pleaſing aſpect, ſaid to him—

Grub. I perceive you are diſſatisfied, Sir; and if ſo, I can keep my money, and you may try to ſupply yourſelf at a cheaper rate elſewhere. For my part, I am at no loſs how to diſpoſe of the little I have: there are enow will be glad to receive it on the terms I offered you; and, it may be, not grumble to allow me a better advantage.

Gentleman. Nay—pſhaw—pr'ythee, Grub, don't be out of humour! My friend is not accuſtomed to theſe things, and I had not time to inform him before we came.

Grub. Sir, I bear a conſcience, and am above impoſing on any one. I am aſhamed to think of what is practiſed at ſome great coffee-houſes that ſhall be nameleſs; where, if a gentleman is neceſſitated to borrow ten pieces, he returns twenty for it the next morning, or, it may be, the ſame night. No, no; ſuch things are an abomination to me: I deſire no more than a living profit; and whoever does not approve of my conditions, is at liberty to reject them; there is no harm done.

Clyamon. Not in the leaſt, Sir: and as this is the firſt time I ever had occaſion to become a borrower, and was utterly ignorant of the methods I ſhould take in ſuch a ſituation, I may deſerve forgiveneſs.

Thus was poor Clyamon compelled, by his impatience to diſcharge his debt of honour, to acquieſce to the excuſe made for him by his friend, and comply with the extortioner's demand. On which Grub was eaſily brought into temper again; a note was preſently drawn for two hundred and fifty pounds; and being ſigned by both the gentlemen, the whole ſum mentioned in it was delivered to Clyamon, who put two hundred pounds into his pocket, and returned the other fifty to Grub: 'This, 'Sir,' ſaid the old wary curmudgeon, 'I receive as a preſent from you, and 'thank you for it.' Clyamon alſo, in his turn, thanked him for the favour he had juſt conferred upon him; after which they departed, ſeemingly with the moſt perfect good-will towards each other: but it is a truth almoſt unqueſtionable, that the lender of this money had infinitely more ſatisfaction in his mind than the borrower could poſſibly have. Dearly, indeed, did he pay for the means of diſcharging an obligation which his inadvertency had brought him under: it was, however, of this ſervice to him, that it made him deteſt high gaming ever ſince, and careful to avoid all company that might draw him into a ſecond misfortune of the ſame kind; as I remember to have formerly read in a very old, and now almoſt exploded author—

'Wiſe is the man who, by one error taught,
'No more is in the ſame temptation caught.'

There is a way of refraining from being guilty of indiſcreet actions, without affecting to be over wiſe. Clyamon had this happy talent. He knew very well, that for a perſon of his years to ſet up for a dictator, inſtead of reforming his companions, would only incur their ridicule; and therefore contented himſelf with not making a party in the modiſh vices and follies he was ſpectator of, without ſeeming to condemn or be diſpleaſed at them. Conſcious that, on his firſt arrival in town, he had not taken all the care he ſhould have done to regulate his way of living according to his preſent circumſtances, he began to retrench his expences as much as poſſibly he could, without letting the world ſee he did ſo, or ſinking too much beneath the character of a gentleman born to inherit the ample fortune he was. But in ſpite of this ſomewhat too late aſſumed œconomy, he ſoon found himſelf in a very great neceſſity for a freſh ſupply. He had been in London from the latter end of May to the beginning of October, and had received no remittances from the country ſince he left it. All his uncle's remonſtrances had not yet prevailed upon his father to make the propoſed ſettlement on him: the uſurer's loan was quite exhauſted; and he had, beſides, other ſmall debts to his tradeſmen, ſome of whom had already ſent in their bills.

To add to theſe vexations, Grub viſited him almoſt every day, complained he was out of caſh himſelf, and at length grew very importunate, and plainly told him, that he could lie no longer out of his money, and that if he did not ſpeedily diſcharge the note, he muſt take proper meaſures to force him to it. In this exigence, he wrote a very preſſing letter to his father, intreating an order on his banker in London: but the obdurate

Avario only ſent him an anſwer to this effect; that it was inconvenient for him to break into the ſum in the hands of his banker; ſaid he muſt wait awhile; that he ſhould be in town himſelf the enſuing November, on the meeting of parliament, and that then he would do ſomething for him: in the mean time bid him live ſparingly, and ſhun all places and company that might draw him into any unneceſſary expence.

Poor Clyamon had need enough for all that ſtock of ſpirits which nature had endued him with, to enable him to bear up amidſt the perſecutions of his voracious creditors, and the unnatural behaviour of his father. He had now no other reſource remaining, than an application to Sir Arthur; but very loth he was to be troubleſome to that dear and beneficent uncle, to whom alone he was indebted for what he looked upon as infinitely more valuable than his being, his education; and was with much debate within himſelf, whether it were not better to endure the inſults he was expoſed to, rather than run the riſque of diſpleaſing a patron he had ſo much cauſe to love and reverence. But while he continued thus irreſolute in his mind, an accident happened which put a final end to all the contention in his thoughts on that ſcore, by preſenting him with a misfortune, which was the more ſevere, by it's being ſudden and unapprehended.

The good Sir Arthur Frankwill died: Fate ſnatched him from the world at once, without the leaſt previous warning; and allowed no time for the making bequeſts, either to his beloved Clyamon, or any other perſon, who elſe he might have thought worthy of a place in his remembrance; ſo that leaving no will behind him, his whole eſtate, together with all the perſonal effects he was poſſeſſed of, devolved on a ſon of his elder ſiſter, as being the firſt of blood, and heir at law; a gentleman who had always looked upon Clyamon with too envious an eye to have any ſincere friendſhip for him. The firſt account of this misfortune was tranſmitted to Clyamon in a letter from the above-mentioned kinſman, and contained the following lines—

'DEAR COUSIN,

'THIS comes to acquaint you with 'the loſs we both ſuſtain by the 'death of our dear uncle, who departed 'this life ſix days ago. He was ſeized 'with an apoplectick fit, out of which 'he never recovered, in ſpite of all the 'endeavours that could be uſed. I did 'not ſend to deſire your company at 'the funeral, as it would have been a 'ſuperfluous compliment to him, and 'a great fatigue and expence to your'ſelf in coming ſo long a journey; but 'as I am ſenſible of the affection he had 'always for you, I incloſe a Bank bill 'of twenty pounds for mourning. I 'intend to diſpoſe of my uncle's houſe 'as ſoon as I can hear of a purchaſer, 'and am now ſending away all the fur'niture, ſo can make no invitation to 'you to come hither; but ſhall be glad 'if you paſs a few days with me at 'T——, on your return into the coun'try. So the hurry I am in at preſent, 'permits me to add no more, than that 'I am, &c.

'G. HAWKSMORE.'

It is certain, at this time, and indeed almoſt at any other, there were few things could have happened more unfortunately for Clyamon than the death of his uncle; as he had not only loſt in him an indulgent parent, a tender friend, and a kind protector, who had promiſed never to forſake him, but alſo the only perſon in the world who had the moſt influence over his father, and by whoſe interceſſion he hoped to have been ſoon relieved from the precarious ſituation he was at preſent in. He had ſcarce time enough to recover himſelf from the firſt emotions of grief, on the above-mentioned melancholy account, when he received private intelligence that Grub intended to arreſt him, and had even employed a ſheriff's officer for that purpoſe. He had no way to prevent this affront but by flying for refuge to the verge of the court; which he accordingly did, and took a lodging in Scotland Yard. Grub ſoon heard of his retreat; traced him to his aſylum; and endeavoured, by all the means he could, to render it of no ſervice to him: but Clyamon had laid his caſe before the board of green cloth, who had aſſured him of their protection, till the arrival of his father ſhould diſcharge this troubleſome affair.

The time was now near in which Avario was expected, and he ſtaid not many days beyond it; but his preſence rather augmented, than put an end to the

the diſtreſs of Clyamon. That unnatural parent, on finding the condition he was in, flew into the extremeſt rage; reproached his extravagancies, as he called them, in the moſt bitter terms; ſwore he would ſee him ſink under the calamity to which he had reduced himſelf, rather than give a ſingle guinea to relieve him from it; and even curſed the memory of the good Sir Arthur, for having indulged him, as he ſaid, in notions ſo contrary to what he ought to have been inſpired with. It was in vain that Clyamon endeavoured to alleviate his fury; he would hearken to no excuſes, be ſoftened by no ſubmiſſions he could make. One of the gentlemen of the honourable board, at Clyamon's requeſt, urged the defence of that young gentleman in the ſtrongeſt terms; but Avario for many days continued deaf to all remonſtrances in his behalf, and gave no other anſwer, than that, as his ſon had brought himſelf into this trouble by his folly, he muſt endeavour to get out of it by his wit. This cruel ſarcaſm, when repeated to Clyamon, made him almoſt forget the duty of a ſon; and, as he confeſſed to me, ready to burſt into exclamations which he would afterwards have reproached himſelf for having been guilty of uttering, or even thinking of.

Grub, and ſome other of his creditors, finding they could do no more to him in the place where he was, took their revenge in perſecuting him with unceaſing clamours; which threw him ſometimes into ſuch fits of melancholy, that if he had not been furniſhed with a great ſtock of morality and good ſenſe, would doubtleſs have puſhed him on ſome deſperate method to end thoſe misfortunes which he ſaw no probability of being removed from. Avario, in the mean time, notwithſtanding his churliſh and ſordid diſpoſition, was far from being eaſy in his mind. The firſt guſt of paſſion being blown over, the merits of Clyamon roſe in oppoſition to the fault he had been guilty of, and made it by degrees ſeem leſs; he could not forbear remembering that he was his ſon, and ſuch a ſon as every one who was a father wiſhed his own might copy after. In fine, nature and reaſon joined their forces, and pleaded ſtrongly in behalf of Clyamon, and almoſt wrought him to forgiveneſs; but as often as he reflected how much it would coſt to pardon him, and that he could not receive him into favour without payment of his debts, the thoughts of parting with his money gave a ſudden check to his paternal inclinations.

At length, however, ſome hints which Clyamon dropped in one of the many petitionary letters he ſent to him, making him apprehenſive that the moſt dreadful conſequences might attend the deſpair of his offending ſon, he became determined to do ſomething for him. He ſent a perſon to him with ten guineas for his preſent ſupport, and an offer of making up his affairs, in caſe he could prevail on his creditors to compound for the one half of what was owing to them. Clyamon accepted of his father's preſent, trifling as it was, with ſubmiſſion; but could not forbear teſtifying the utmoſt diſdain at propoſing of a compoſition; for beſides being certain that it would never be complied with, the thing itſelf appeared to him ſo abject, that he choſe to ſuffer any thing rather than demean himſelf to mention it. This refuſal put Avario into a ſecond flame; but he ſoon cooled again: and, after ſome little conflict within himſelf, the neceſſity there was of reſtoring the liberty of an only ſon, got the better of his love of money. Loth, however, to part with his darling pence as long as there was a poſſibility of keeping them, he found out an expedient to protract the doing a thing ſo irkſome to him: he communicated his intentions to Clyamon in a letter, which that young gentleman ſhewing me afterwards, I found contained words to this effect—

'SON,

'THOUGH I have been juſtly irri-
'tated againſt you, firſt by your
'extravagancies, and ſince by your late
'obſtinacy, yet I cannot forget I am
'your father, nor ſuffer you to ſink be-
'neath thoſe misfortunes your folly
'and diſobedience have brought you
'into. I have reſolved to pay all your
'debts before I leave London; but as it
'is not convenient for me to do it
'ſooner, would not have you venture
'out of the verge, for fear of bringing
'yourſelf into diſgrace, and an addi-
'tional expence on me for your re-
'leaſe. In the mean time, am content
'to allow you two guineas and a half
'per week, for the ſubſiſtence of your-
'ſelf and ſervant. It is expected we

'ſhall

'shall be diſſolved about the middle of 'February, when writs will be iſſued 'out for a new election; and I ſhall 'then ſet you clear in the world, and 'take you home with me; for I do not 'think it adviſeable you ſhould live in 'this luxurious town, till you are bet-'ter acquainted with the true value of 'money than you ſeem to be at preſent. 'I hope, notwithſtanding, that your 'future behaviour will atone for the er-'rors of the paſt, and I ſhall have no oc-'caſion to repent the proof I now give 'you of being your affectionate father,

'AVARIO.'

The joy Clyamon would have felt, on finding full ſatisfaction would be given to the demands of his impatient creditors, was very much abated by the thoughts of being obliged to reſide conſtantly with his father in the country; as the manner in which he knew he muſt live would be very diſagreeable to his humour, and widely different from what he had been accuſtomed to with his uncle. It alſo ſeemed a little hard to him, that by delaying the diſcharge of his debts till his departure, he ſhould be ſecluded from all enjoyment of the pleaſures of the town, even while he continued in it: but he ſaw into the policy of his father in doing this; and, as there was no remedy, endeavoured to be as contented as poſſible. In the anſwer he gave to his father's letter, he expreſſed himſelf in terms highly pleaſing to him, and brought on a perfect reconciliation, as will preſently appear, on occaſion of an accident which happened ſoon after.

CHAP. X.

CONCLUDES A NARRATIVE WHICH HAS SOMEWHAT IN IT THAT WILL, IN A MANNER, COMPEL THOSE WHO SHALL BE MOST OFFENDED TO COUNTERFEIT AN APPROBATION, FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR OWN REPUTATION.

THOUGH the greateſt intimacy with Clyamon, and a long acquaintance with Avario, made me no ſtranger even to the minute particulars of the tranſaction I am relating—I mean as far as I could be informed by the perfect confidence with which I was honoured by both theſe gentlemen—yet, as no ſure dependance can be placed either on what people ſay of themſelves, or the report given of them by others, I ſhould never have ventured to ſpeak ſo poſitively in many things as I have done, if the gift of Inviſibility had not afforded me an opportunity of accompanying them when they thought themſelves entirely alone, and of beholding them in thoſe unguarded attitudes which are the beſt and only certain diſcoverers of the inward workings of the human mind.

It was my dear Belt could have alone convinced me that, contrary to the general opinion of the world, it was not ill-nature in Avario, or the ignorance of what he ought to do, which had hindered him from being an affectionate huſband, a tender father, a faithful friend, and an indulgent maſter; but merely his inordinate love of money, and an unaccountable apprehenſion of being reduced to the want of it, that made him center his whole cares in his bags, regardleſs of all the ties of blood and nature, and rendered him almoſt incapable of practiſing any ſocial virtue.

It was by this beneficial preſent that I became aſſured Clyamon was much more worthy than he took any pains to appear; that in all ſerious matters he was ſteady and unſhaken, and in his pleaſures decent and well-mannered; and that, young as he was, he had ſet up a tribunal in his own heart, where reaſon preſiding as his ſole judge, carefully examined all his actions, and whatever unruly paſſion had got the ſtart, ſtopped it in it's career, and brought it back to obedience.

Many intereſting circumſtances relating to this affair between father and ſon, are loſt to the publick by my having been deprived for ſome time of my Chryſtaline Tablets, which had been ſtolen from me, with ſeveral other things of much leſs, though more ſeeming value, by an unfaithful ſervant; but the villain finding, I ſuppoſe, that he could make nothing of the Tablets, and looking upon them only as a curioſity which would pleaſe nobody ſo much as myſelf, ſealed them up, and cauſed them to be left for me at a coffee-houſe. My joy at getting them again, made me forgive the reſt of the robbery, and ſeek no farther after the thief. I recovered my purloined treaſure juſt about the time that

that Clyamon was in the above-mentioned ſituation; ſo that what remains to be recited of this narrative, will be chiefly taken from the mouths of the perſons concerned in it. I was one morning in Clyamon's apartment, under the cover of my Belt, when a young gentleman of the name of Careleſs came to viſit him. After exchanging the *bon jour*, and ſome other cuſtomary ſalutations, Careleſs began the converſation between them in theſe terms—

Careleſs. Where do you think I was yeſterday?

Clyamon. I am no conjuror.

Careleſs. Gueſs.

Clyamon. It would be a needleſs trouble; pr'ythee ſpare it me.

Careleſs. Why, faith, in the gallery of the Houſe of Commons.

Clyamon. The Houſe of Commons! It muſt be a buſineſs of vaſt importance ſure, that could carry a fellow of thy gay, ſprightly temper, into that grave, venerable place.

Careleſs. No, thank Heaven! buſineſs and I are perfect ſtrangers to each other; but I had an hour or two upon my hands, and went thither merely to kill time: but was never more diverted in my whole life, than to ſee how ſome young members, who had got their heads together, and were giggling over a copy of verſes inſcribed to Fanny Murray, were put to ſilence in an inſtant, and looked as ſilly as a ſchool-boy under the laſh of correction, on the ſpeaker's crying out, with an audible and auſtere voice—'To order, gentle-'men!—for ſhame!—to order.'

Clyamon. Methinks, indeed, they might have found a more proper place and time for laughter. Was my father in the houſe, pray?

Careleſs. O yes; and I aſſure you the old gentleman made as wiſe a figure as any there: he ſaid nothing indeed, but ſat as ſerious as a judge upon a criminal cauſe, leaning both his hands upon his gold-headed cane, and his chin upon his hands, and liſtening with great attention to a very long, and, I ſuppoſe, learned harangue, of a leading member.—How do you deſign to diſpoſe of yourſelf to-day?

Clyamon. I have not yet conſidered.

Careleſs. 'Tis a glorious morning!—Are you for the Park? I come on purpoſe to aſk you.

Clyamon. With all my heart.

Careleſs. Come along, then. I dare ſwear the Mall is half full by this time. Let us go, and laugh at the great vulgar and the ſmall, as Cowley ſays.

Juſt as they were going out of the room, a letter was preſented to Clyamon from his father; which he turning back to read, I ſtepped behind him, and found it contained theſe lines—

'DEAR CLY,

'I Have ſomething to impart to you, 'which is of the utmoſt conſequence 'to my peace of mind, and your future 'happineſs: be careful, therefore, not 'to be out of the way to-morrow morn-'ing, when I ſhall call upon you as I 'go to the Houſe; for what I have to 'propoſe cannot be ſettled too ſoon. Be 'aſſured I am impatient to ſee you make 'as good a figure in the world as I 'think you deſerve; and that no more 'is required of you, than a juſt ſenſe 'of your duty to me, and a regard for 'what is your own intereſt, to preſerve 'me always your very indulgent and 'loving father,

'AVARIO.'

Clyamon was ſo tranſported with the kindneſs of this epiſtle, that he could not forbear ſhewing it to Careleſs; who, knowing the temper of Avario, had no ſooner looked over, than he ſaid—

Careleſs. I will lay my life upon it, that the old gentleman has found out ſome rich widow or heireſs for you, with whoſe fortune you may make a figure in the world, and ſave his own till he can keep it no longer.

Clyamon. I hope not ſo, for as yet I have no inclination to marry; and, whenever I do, ſhall like to have a wife of my own chuſing.

Careleſs. You muſt be cautious, nevertheleſs, not to venture a ſecond *brulée* with him; for he ſeems to have ſet his heart very much upon this buſineſs, whatever it is that he has now got into his head.

Clyamon. Deuce take you for putting it into mine! But I will think no more on it. If the thing ſhould be as you imagine, I ſhall have time enough to be uneaſy after knowing it. But come, 'tis almoſt two o'clock; let us away.

With theſe words they went to the Mall, and I returned home; where reflecting, as I always did after theſe excurſions, on what I had ſeen and heard,

I could

I could not help being of the ſame opinion with Mr. Careleſs, as touching the intentions of Avario; and feared that poor Clyamon, with all his merit, would be obliged to become a prey to ſome old well-jointured Jezebel, or rich dowdy who owed her virginity to her ugline ſs. By what I have often freely confeſſed concerning the inquiſitiveneſs of my diſpoſition, the reader will eaſily ſuppoſe I felt no ſmall impatience for the event of Avario's viſit to his ſon; and indeed, I believe that young gentleman himſelf could ſcarce be more anxious. That I might loſe nothing of what ſhould paſs between them, I took care to poſt myſelf very early in Clyamon's apartment; and it was well I did ſo, both for the ſatisfaction of my own curioſity, and the emolument of the publick, for Avario came in preſently after me.

As they had not ſeen each other for ſome time, Clyamon threw himſelf on his knees, and in that poſture thanked his father for the pardon he had vouchſafed to his offence, as well as for his kind promiſe he had given for the diſcharge of his debts. Avario ſeemed very much pleaſed with this ſubmiſſion, raiſed and embraced him with great affection; and, after they were ſeated, replied to what he had ſaid in theſe terms—

Avario. It is a great deal of money, indeed, the folly you have been guilty of will coſt me; but it is the firſt, and, I flatter myſelf, will be the laſt I ſhall have to complain of: ſo we will ſay no more of what is paſt. I came now to talk with you on a ſubject more agreeable to us both.

Clyamon. I have the greateſt reaſon in the world, Sir, to hope every thing from your goodneſs.

Avario. Aye, Clyamon, you are my only ſon. You may be ſure I have nothing ſo much at heart as your welfare, and I think I have now hit upon ſomething that will make you as happy as you can wiſh to be. Your late uncle, Sir Arthur, was always teazing me on the ſcore of a conſtant allowance for you out of my eſtate, to the end you may be in a manner independent, and I have at length reſolved to do it.

Clyamon. Whatever you are pleaſed to grant, Sir, I ſhall take care to employ ſo as to give you no cauſe to repent your bounty.

Avario. But that is not all, Clyamon: what I ſhall do for you will put you in a way of making yourſelf a much greater man than you would be by what you will enjoy on my deceaſe.

Clyamon. I am not ambitious, Sir; but ſhall readily embrace any laudable means of raiſing my fortune.

Avario. Why, that's well ſaid; and what I have to propoſe is not only laudable, but honourable too. It is this; you ſhall be a member of the Houſe of Commons.

Clyamon. Sir, I ſhould be proud to ſerve my country in any capacity; but in this, fear my youth and inexperience will be very juſt objections.

Avario. Tut, tut! there are much younger than you in the Houſe; and, though I ſay it, of much leſs underſtanding too. As to the forms that are to be obſerved there, I can inſtruct you in them; and as to the reſt, you will eaſily come into it yourſelf; therefore no more of ſuch idle ſcruples: an over modeſty and diffidence of yourſelf is the worſt quality a man that aims to riſe in the world can be poſſeſſed of. I have conſidered on this matter in all it's circumſtances, before I mentioned it to you; and, in order to qualify you for a member, have reſolved to aſſign over to you five hundred pounds per annum of my eſtate.

Clyamon. That, Sir, is more than I could have preſumed to aſk.

Avario. I mean, the rents of ſo much ſhall be received in your name; as to the caſh, I think it much ſafer in my own hands than yours; but you ſhall want nothing that is neceſſary: and when the buſineſs of parliament calls you to London, give you leave to draw upon me for what ſum, or ſums, you ſhall find occaſion for, in reaſon.

Clyamon. This, Sir, is far from putting me out of a ſtate of dependance.

Avario. You ought not to deſire it. Your uncle talked fooliſhly, very fooliſhly, on this head; and if it had not been for the obligation I had to him on the ſcore of your education, I ſhould have told him ſo. A ſon ought always to be dependant on his father; and I think you have very great cauſe to be content in being ſo, as you have experienced the paternal affection I have for you, by my readineſs to forgive your faults, and to diſcharge thoſe debts your extravagancies had contracted.

Clyamon. Sir, I ſhall always retain a grateful

grateful ſenſe of all you have done for me. But pray, Sir, ſince it is your pleaſure that I ſhould be a candidate at the enſuing election, what place have you in your eye for me? I ſuppoſe for ſome borough.

Avario. No, no; for our own county.

Clyamon. Then, Sir, do you decline ſtanding yourſelf?

Avario. Yes, Clyamon. I grow old, and am weary of the fatigue of coming up to London once every year. I find it very expenſive, as well as troubleſome; for though I board while I am here at a pretty cheap rate, with one that was formerly my ſervant, yet I know not how it is, money runs ſtrangely away in this town. Beſides, I do not think I have been well uſed: I have had the honour of repreſenting the county of ***** in three ſucceſſive parliaments, and have got nothing by it, but the honour; and though I have conſtantly voted on the ſide of the court, and whenever any debate of conſequence was to come upon the carpet, have always previouſly attended the levee of the miniſter, to know his will and pleaſure; all the recompence I have had, has been ſometimes a ſhake of the hand, a gracious nod, a ſmile, and 'How does my 'good friend Avario?'

Clyamon. You amaze me, Sir! I never imagined a gentleman had any other intereſt in his election than the pleaſure of having an opportunity to ſerve his country.

Avario. Serve his country!—a fiddle on the country! It would be well worth a gentleman's while, indeed, to cajole, treat, and bribe, every little dirty fellow that has a vote to give; to ſpend ſo much time and money; and, it may be, drink himſelf half dead into the bargain, at his election; if it were not for the ſake of ſerving himſelf, inſtead of the rabble who make choice of him for their repreſentative. No, no, boy; if we had not honour, favour, and preferment, in view, our electors would be obliged to court us to accept their votes, not we to ſolicit them.

Clyamon. But, Sir, ſuppoſing this to be the caſe, how do you think it poſſible I ſhould acquire any of thoſe advantages which you ſay you have failed in the purſuit of yourſelf?

Avario. I'll tell you, Clyamon. I could only give my bare vote for or againſt any queſtion; I never had the gift of either ſpeaking or writing: now I am pretty ſure you can do both; and a pathetick ſpeech, or a ſtrong pamphlet, are prevailing arguments with the miniſtry; a man that can do theſe may have any thing, may make his own price. So, Cly, it will be your own fault, if in a ſeſſions or two you are not above receiving any aſſiſtance from me.

Clyamon. Sir, I ſhall be always ready to exert the little talents I am maſter of to promote whatever I think is for the good of the commonwealth.

Avario. Tut! what have you to do with the commonwealth? You are not to ſet up for a judge of what is for it's good, or what is not ſo; your buſineſs is to pleaſe the miniſter, and to think every thing right he takes upon him to maintain.

Clyamon. But, Sir, how is this conſiſtent with my conſcience or my honour?

Avario. Idle, very idle. I do not like theſe notions, Clyamon; they may tempt you to an oppoſition. I ſhall be afraid you are a Jacobite.

Clyamon. Why, Sir, are all men of honour Jacobites?

Avario. No; but this romantick, unprofitable honour you talk of, is either Jacobitiſm, or ſomething as bad—enthuſiaſm and bigotry. Is not the court the ſource of true honour? Do not all honours, dignities, and promotions, flow from thence? Therefore I ſay, whoever is againſt the court will never riſe to honour, or any thing elſe that is valuable.

Clyamon. Sir, you may be perfectly aſſured, that I ſhall always do my beſt in ſupport of every meaſure which tends to the real honour of his majeſty, and the good of my country; and never oppoſe any which do not oppoſe the conſtitution.

Avario. But you muſt not examine too ſcrupulouſly into theſe things. You are to ſuppoſe that thoſe who are entruſted with the management of publick affairs are better acquainted with the conſtitution than you can pretend to be; and muſt therefore take it for granted, that whatever they ſay or do is right.

Clyamon. But, Sir, does not this implicit faith in the judgment of others, and giving up my own entirely, ſavour ſomewhat of a ſlaviſh ſubmiſſion?

Avario. No, it is only good policy, and looked upon as ſuch by all who know the world. Indeed, if after your voting, ſpeaking, and writing, they ſhould take no notice of you, it would behove you to pluck up a ſpirit, and extort that reſpect to your reſentment, which they were not grateful enough to pay to your complaiſance. I ſhall then give you leave to oppoſe them in every thing, whether it be wrong or whether it be right.

Clyamon. But would not this changing ſides, Sir, make me become contemptible to both parties?

Avario. Not at all; it is a thing too commonly practiſed to be wondered at, and has often had a very good effect, when nothing elſe would do. Publico, for example. It was a good while, indeed, before they bid up to his price; but they found it neceſſary at laſt, and he now enjoys the fruits of his labour.

Clyamon. Yes, Sir, I have heard of many others who have been bought off the ſame way; but whatever has been done in former adminiſtrations, I hope the preſent will attempt nothing that ought to be oppoſed.

Avario. No, no, you are not to ſuppoſe they will; unleſs, as I juſt now obſerved, they force you to it by neglecting to recompenſe your ſervices.

Clyamon. According to this, Sir, it will be very difficult, if not altogether impoſſible, for the people to diſtinguiſh between thoſe who would defend, and thoſe who would betray and ſacrifice, the liberties of their conſtituents.

Avario. If the people are betrayed and ſacrificed, as you call it, they can blame nobody but themſelves. Why do they take money for their votes? Why do they, like Eſau, ſell their birthrights for a meſs of pottage? When a gentleman buys a county, a borough, or a corporation, he has doubtleſs a right to make the moſt of it he can.

Clyamon. This, Sir, is puniſhing corruption with corruption.

Avario. Aye; is it not juſt it ſhould be ſo? Lookye, Clyamon, you are a novice in theſe affairs as yet, but a little time will make them familiar to you. I do not doubt but I ſhall hear of your being cloſeted by the great man; and when once you are cloſeted, your buſineſs is done; you will have no farther occaſion for my inſtructions or aſſiſtance either. But I ſhall ſay no more at preſent on this head: you muſt think of preparing yourſelf to ſet out on your journey to *****, in a day or two.

Clyamon. What, Sir, before you go?

Avario. Yes, yes. We ſhall not be diſſolved ſo ſoon as we expected. I do not believe I ſhall be able to get down theſe ſix weeks or two months. There have been ſome odd turns of late: but no matter; they are ſecrets, and muſt be kept ſo. But it is highly neceſſary you ſhould begin to make your intereſt: you are already known to the greateſt part of the gentry, and I am pretty ſure they will be all for you to a man. You muſt cultivate an acquaintance with the freeholders, ride about among them, invite ſome of the moſt leading men home, treat them handſomely, and make little preſents to their wives and daughters, of ſnuff-boxes, rings, necklaces, and ſuch toys, to pleaſe their fancies. I will get a friend of mine to purchaſe a cargo of them for you to take down, and will write to my ſteward to furniſh you with what money you ſhall have occaſion for.

Clyamon. Do they know, Sir, that you intend to decline ſtanding any more?

Avario. Not yet; but I ſhall write to-night to inform them of it, and to urge all my friends in your behalf. I hear your couſin Hawkſmore has taken it into his head to offer himſelf as a candidate; and though he is not beloved, on account of the buſtle he made about turnpikes, yet the large eſtate he is now in poſſeſſion of by the death of Sir Arthur, may give him an influence over ſome people. So there is no time to be loſt: I would have you leave London on Monday next. I have given orders that all your creditors ſhall be paid their full demands this day, and I think you can have no other buſineſs of conſequence to detain you here.

Clyamon. None at all, Sir.

Avario. Well then, what friends you have to take leave of, you may ſee this afternoon; and come and dine with me to-morrow. It is Sunday, and you know is a leiſure day, and I ſhall be at home. Though I am a boarder, I believe you will be welcome; or it may be I ſhall add a diſh to the table; therefore do not fail to come.

Clyamon. You may depend, Sir, that

that this command is too agreeable to me not to be punctually obeyed.

The old gentleman then ſaid no more; but, after giving his ſon a gracious nod, went out of the room, with a countenance which denoted the moſt perfect ſatisfaction of mind. Clyamon waited on him down ſtairs; and I intended to follow, as ſoon as his return ſhould give me an opportunity of going down; but was retarded by Mr. Careleſs, who came in immediately after Avario was out of the houſe. This gentleman, who it ſeems has a ſincere friendſhip for Clyamon, had been extremely impatient, and indeed more anxious than could have been expected from a perſon of his gay, thoughtleſs diſpoſition, to know the event of the letter he had received from his father, had been come to the houſe ſome time, and waited in the parlour till the departure of Avario made it proper for him to appear. Almoſt the firſt ſalutation he gave to Clyamon contained an entreaty for the ſatisfaction of his curioſity in this point, which the other very readily complied with, in general terms; but had too much diſcretion to expoſe his father's mercenary views; or, by relating the deſign he had of making him a member of parliament, reveal the motives he had for doing ſo, or the inſtructions he had given him for his behaviour after he ſhould be elected.

Mr. Careleſs, after having congratulated his friend on his being re-eſtabliſhed in the good graces of his father, and the honour that was about to recede to him, ſaid a great many pleaſant and ſpirited things to him on the occaſion of his being likely to become a member of that auguſt and reſpectable aſſembly. But the particulars of this diſcourſe, entertaining as it was, I am entirely unable to repeat, my Tablets being already crouded with the preceding dialogue; and all I can remember is, that the two gentlemen, after chatting away an hour, agreed to dine together that day, and to that end adjourned to a tavern in the neighbourhood, leaving me at liberty to retire to my own apartment. I was extremely pleaſed with finding, by what I had ſeen that day of Clyamon, that I had not been deceived in the high-raiſed expectations I had entertained of his good ſenſe and probity; and alſo with perceiving that Avario, in ſpite of his ſordid and avaricious diſpoſition, could not help allowing the merits of a ſon, whoſe ſentiments and principles were, in almoſt every thing, ſo directly oppoſite to his own.

The evening of the next day this worthy young gentleman called upon me, as he returned from having paſſed the former part of it with his father. He was much leſs reſerved with me than he had been with Mr. Careleſs, which convinced me he knew how to refrain unboſoming himſelf to thoſe whoſe ſolidity he had cauſe to doubt, and took a pleaſure in being entirely open to thoſe on whom he could depend that his confidence would not be abuſed either by wantonneſs or neglect. He repeated to me the rules preſcribed to him by his father for the regulation of his conduct in parliament, and expreſſed the little obligation he thought himſelf under to him on that ſcore, in terms the moſt ſtrong and pathetick. Theſe are ſome of his words—'The love of my country,' ſaid he, 'I look upon as the firſt and 'greateſt moral duty of mankind; and I 'think I may venture to aſſure myſelf, 'that I ſhall never be tempted to re-'nounce it on the proſpect of any ad-'vantage offered, in what ſhape ſo-'ever.'

I then told him, that I believed the bulk of the people owed the grievances they complained of, greatly to the luxury of their repreſentatives; who, having impaired their eſtates in the modiſh exceſſes of the times, found themſelves under a neceſſity of entering into meaſures which otherwiſe they would never have complied with. 'Perhaps, too,' added I, 'to gratify the ambition of a 'beloved wife, or prevent the clamour 'of a turbulent one, may be one rea-'ſon to which the infringement of pub-'lick liberty may be aſcribed.' Clyamon liſtened with great attention to what I ſaid; and joining in my opinion, replied, that his own obſervation of ſome late inſtances confirmed the truth of this argument. 'The firſt of theſe 'excitements,' continued he, 'I have 'already experienced the danger of 'through my inadvertency, and ſhall 'be wary to avoid the ſnare in which I 'have been once entangled; and, as for 'the other, if ever I marry, ſhall en-'deavour to get a wife as near as poſ-'ſible to the deſcription given by the 'poet of his miſtreſs—

' ——————————A maid
' Who knows not courts, yet courts does far
' outſhine
' In every ſtarry beauty of the mind;
' One who, array'd in native lovelineſs,
' And ſweet ſimplicity, deſpiſes art;
' And has a ſoul too great to ſtoop to
' pride,
' With the mean ways by which it aims at
' grandeur.'

With theſe diſcourſes we paſſed the time he ſtaid. I have not ſeen him ſince, but heard of his ſafe arrival at *****. Whether he will be elected for that county, cannot be determined at the time of my writing this; ſo can only ſay, that if he is, I doubt not but his character will appear to much more advantage, than in the faint ſketch I have here been able to give of it.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.